

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL

VOL
14

WARRIORS

3104/11
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ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN



WARRIORS

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WARRIORS

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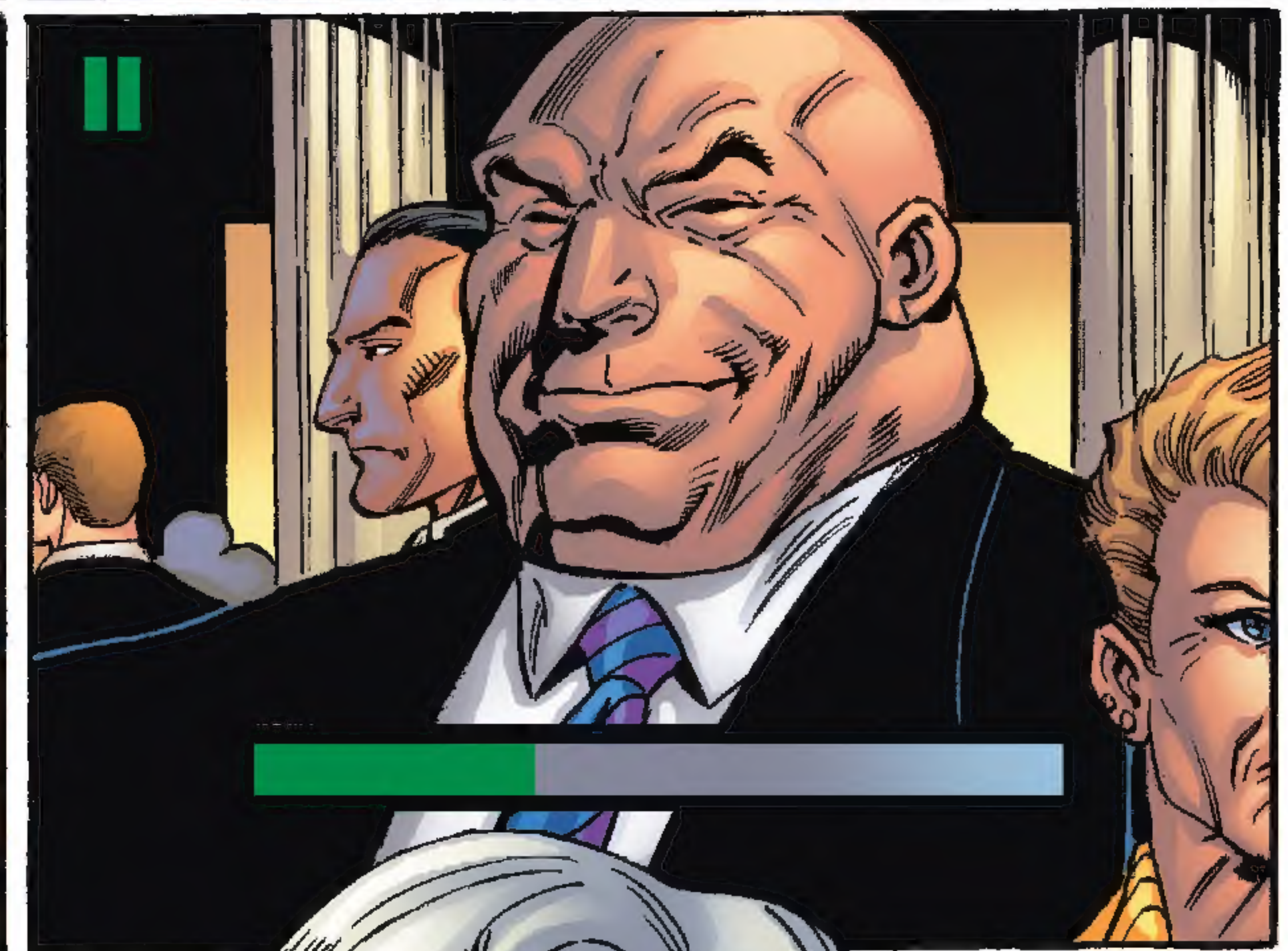
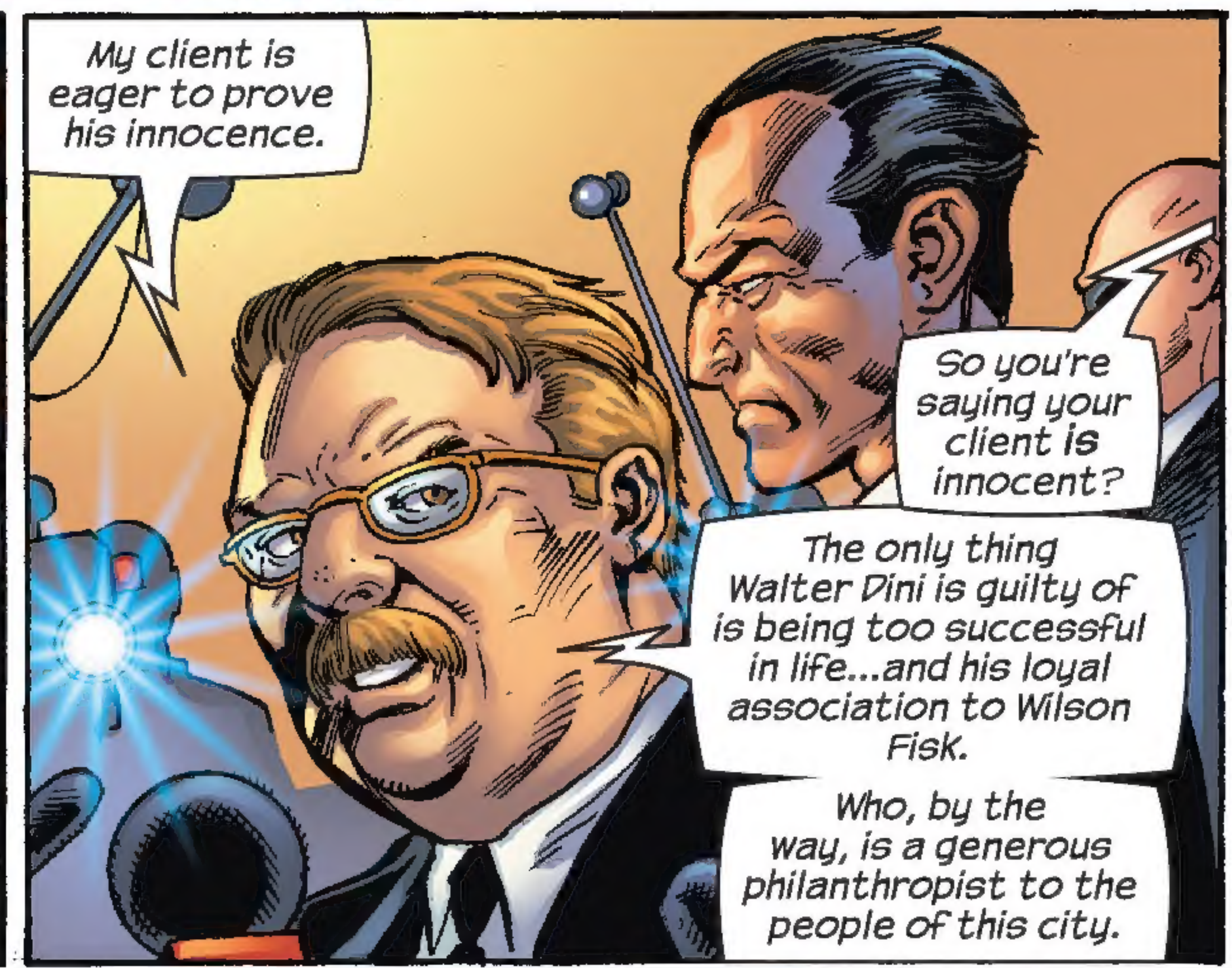
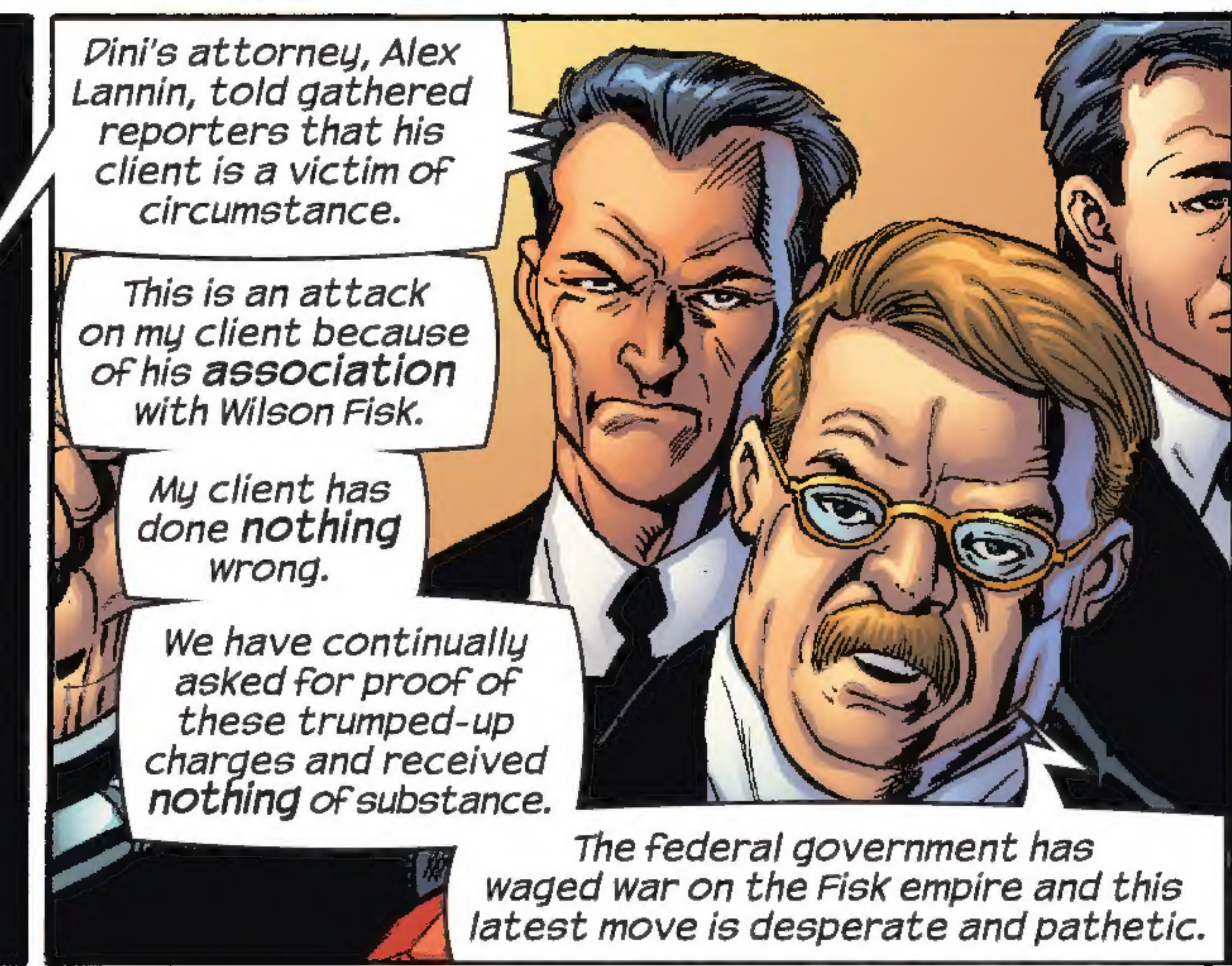
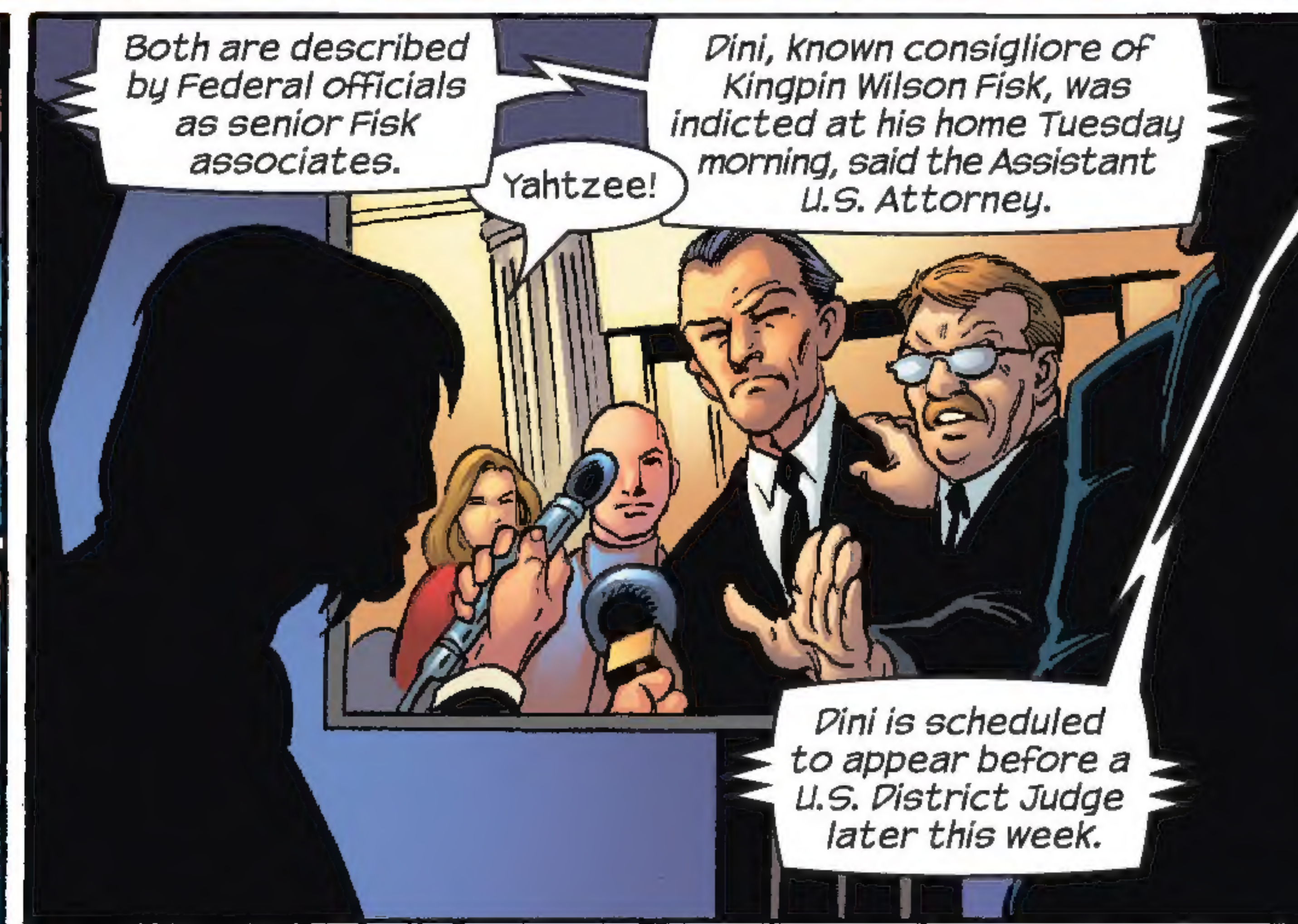
PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN ...

The past few weeks haven't been easy for Peter Parker. Tensions between Peter and his girlfriend Mary Jane come to a head when MJ is nearly killed during a battle between Spider-Man and the demonic villain, Hobgoblin. Realizing that his relationship with Mary Jane will always end up putting her in danger, Peter breaks up with her.

Meanwhile, New York City's underworld is in shambles. A government crackdown that forced Wilson Fisk—the Kingpin of Crime—to go into hiding has left his territory ripe for the taking. Rival mobsters, such as Allan Silvermane, are now faced with an unexpected opportunity: the chance to once and for all wrest control of New York's mob away from the Kingpin. However, the Kingpin might not be as helpless as he appears...



[Signature]
ISANOVE





Wilson Fisk has a kink in his chain-link fence.

Finally.

Yes.

Exactly.

It's all coming back to bite him in that *incredibly* fat tuchas of his.



So, my *thinking* is, with you back in town. The *timing* of it all...

Maybe it's time for you and me to, finally, you know, do this right?



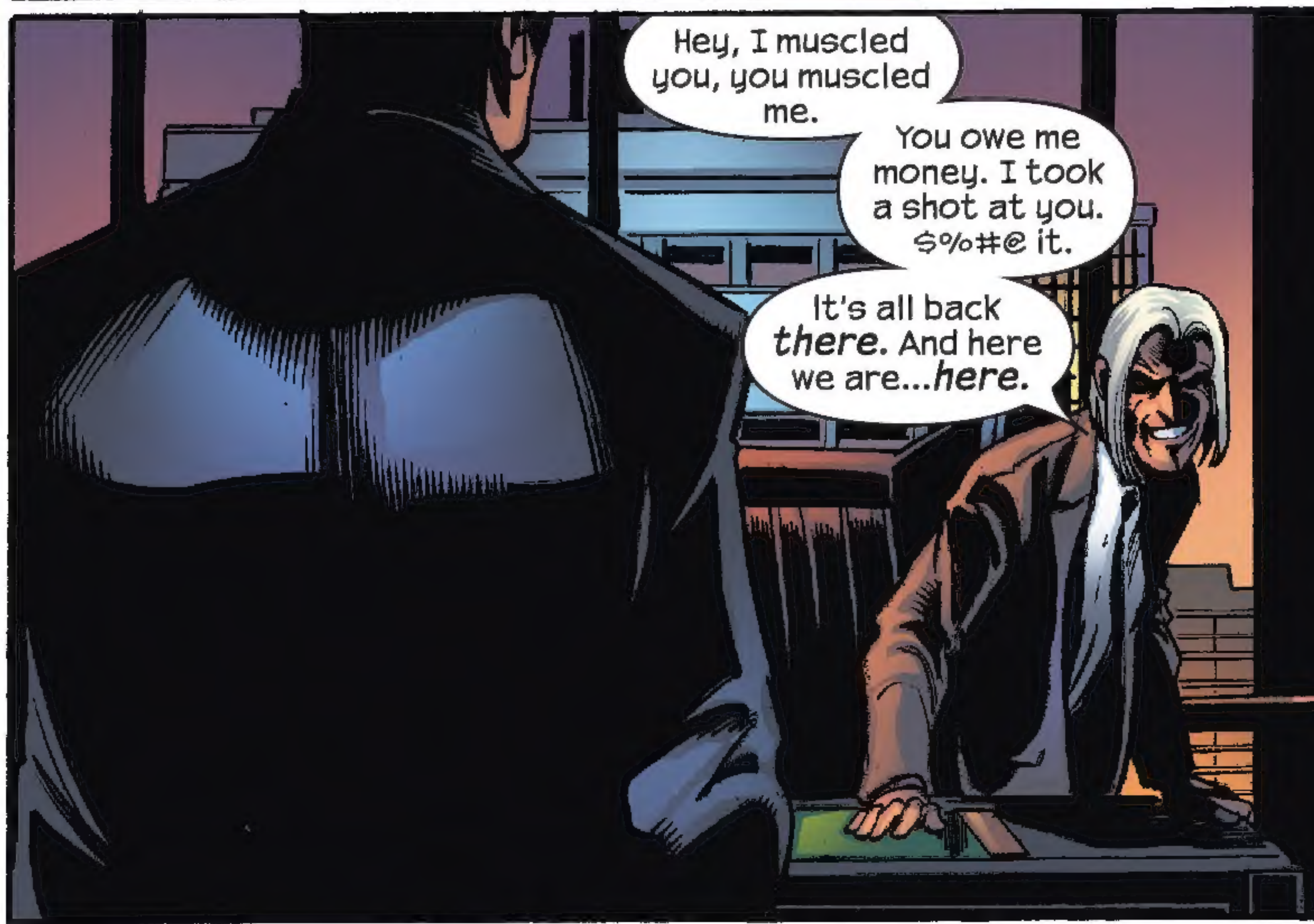
You want to work *together*.



It was going to happen eventually.



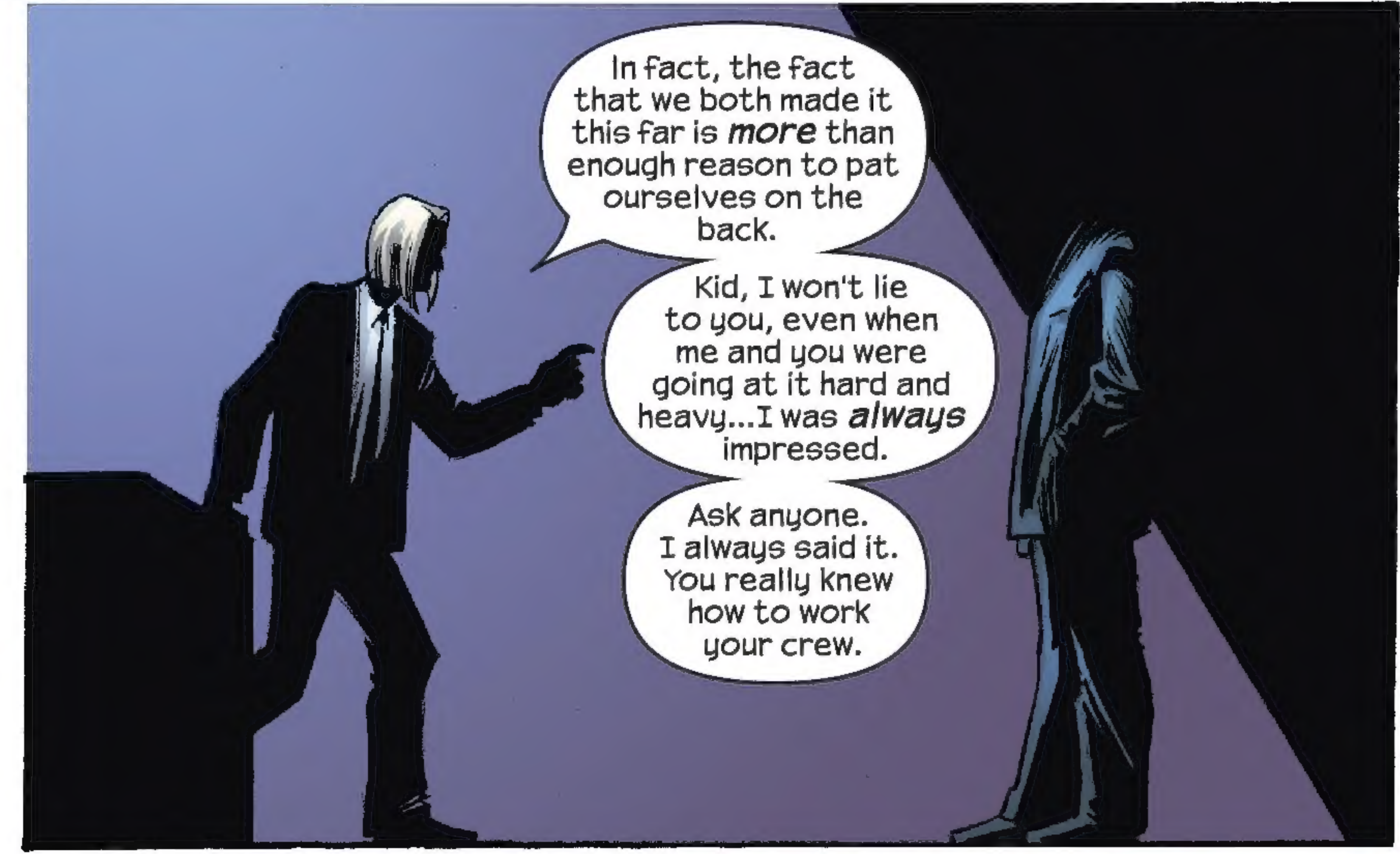
Really?



Hey, I muscled you, you muscled me.

You owe me money. I took a shot at you. \$%#& it.

It's all back *there*. And here we are...*here*.



In fact, the fact that we both made it this far is *more* than enough reason to pat ourselves on the back.

Kid, I won't lie to you, even when me and you were going at it hard and heavy...I was *always* impressed.

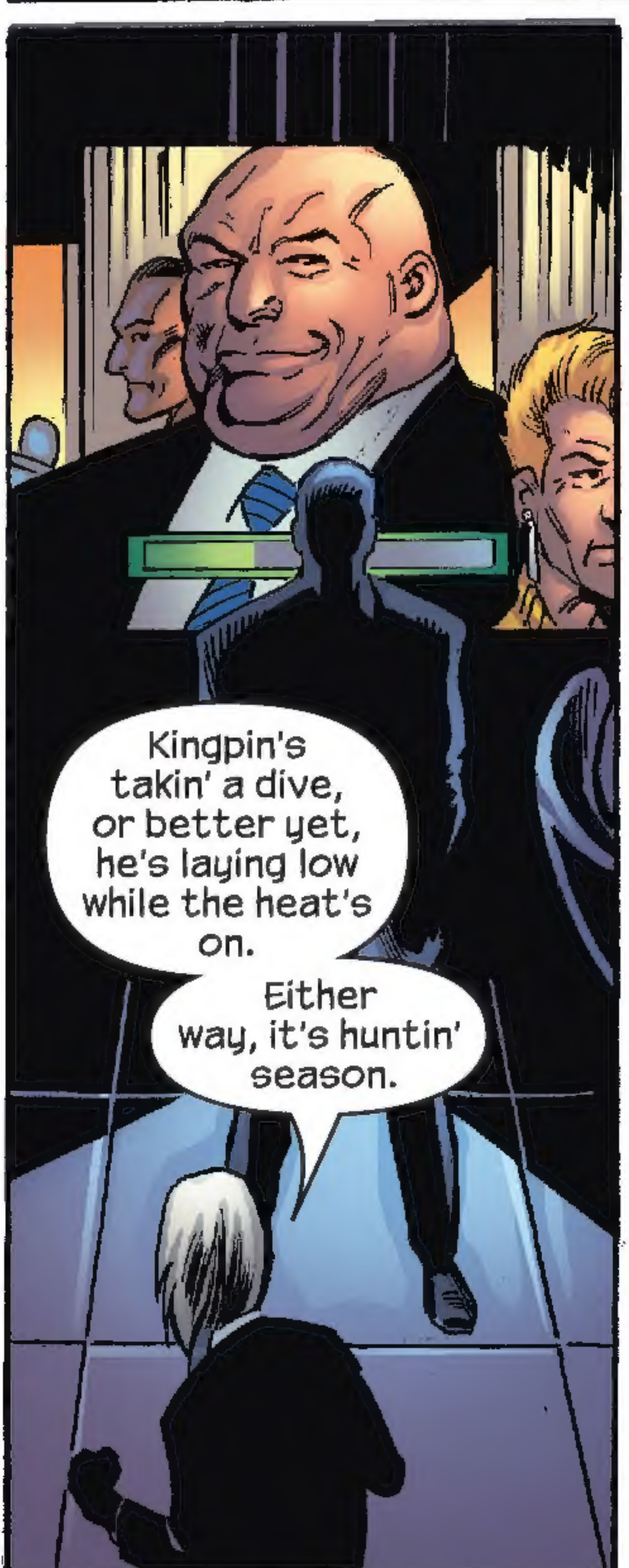
Ask anyone. I always said it. You really knew how to work your crew.



What you *needed* was- and I say this in all due respect- you needed what I have up here.

A little bit more of this and you could'a been Kingpin.

See what I'm saying?



Kingpin's takin' a dive, or better yet, he's laying low while the heat's on.

Either way, it's huntin' season.



So, huh?

Me and you.

Finally.



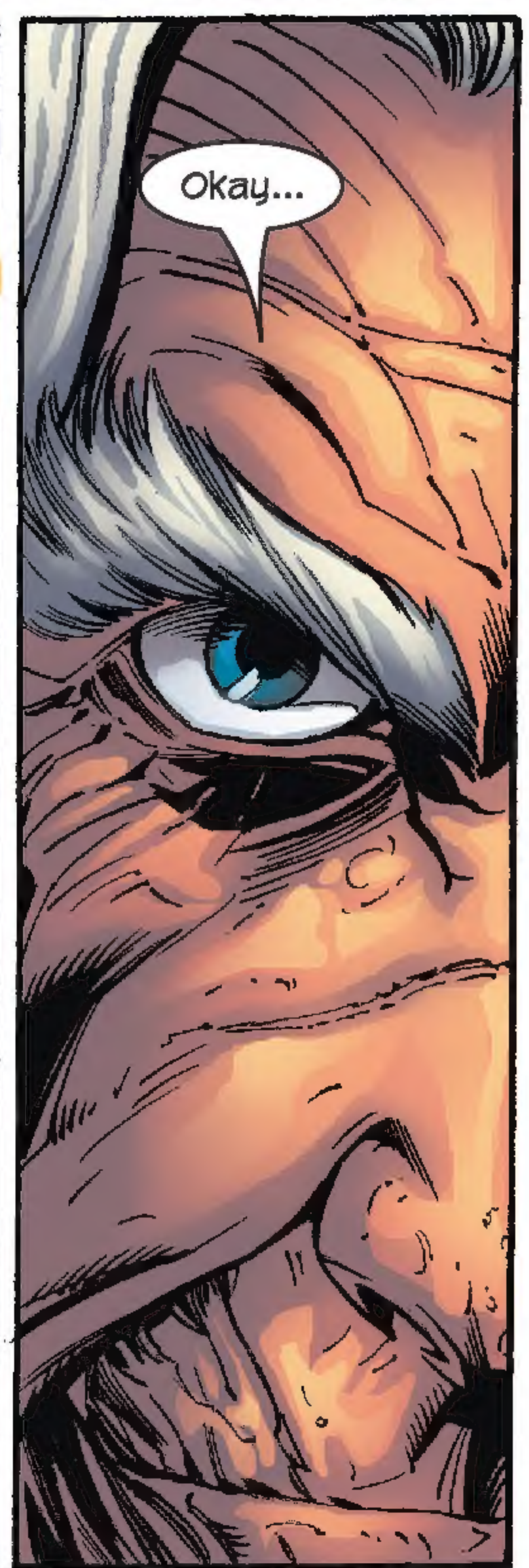
What do you think?



I like a lot of what you said.

A lot of it.

Except the one part.



Okay...





You had to watch a DVD!

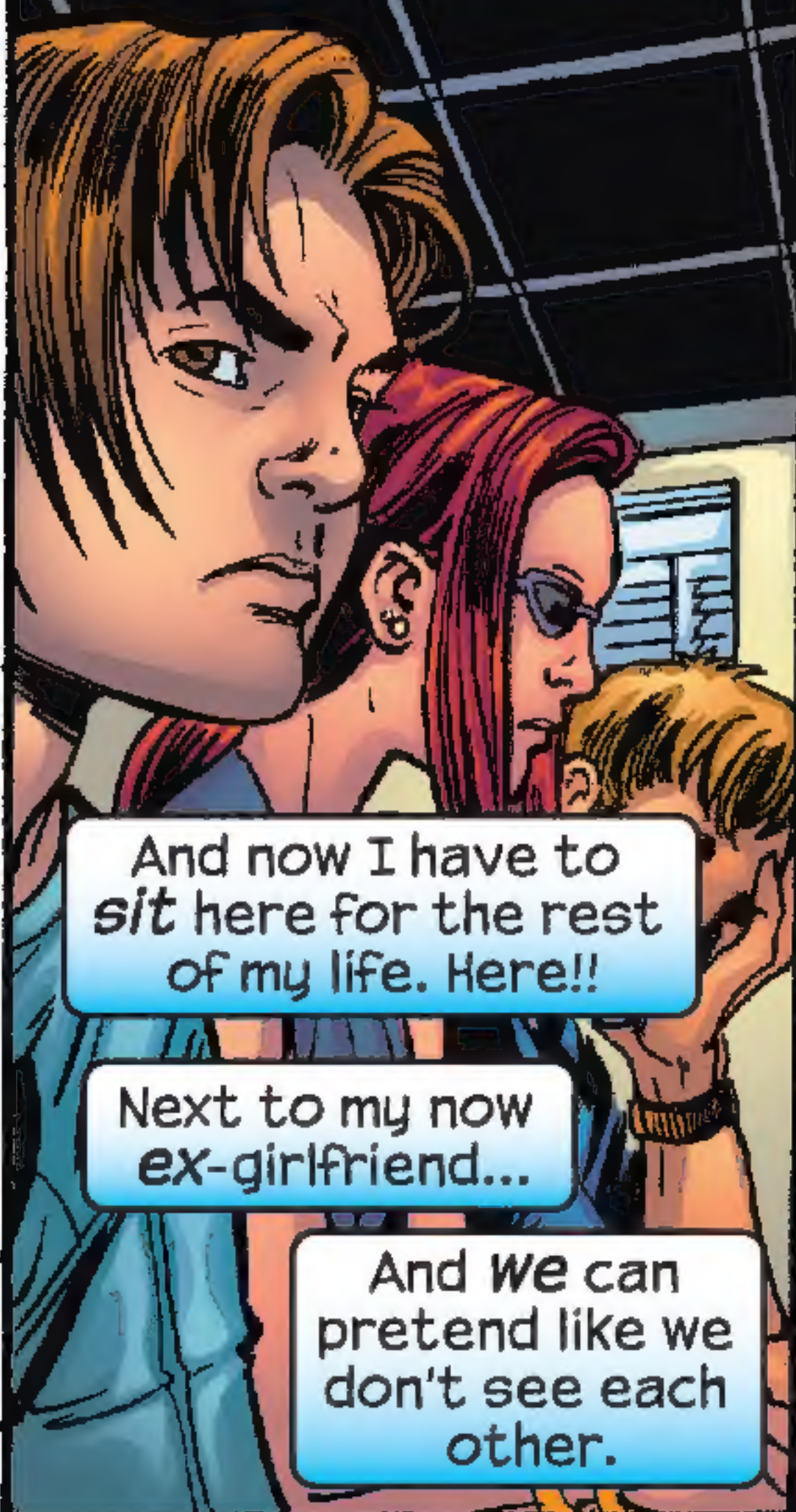
A DVD!!

Your homework was to watch a DVD and *still* you did not do it!!

Shut up, idiot.

Teaching tenth grade on a sixth-grade level.

I'm bored out of my mind.



And now I have to *sit* here for the rest of my life. Here!!

Next to my now ex-girlfriend...

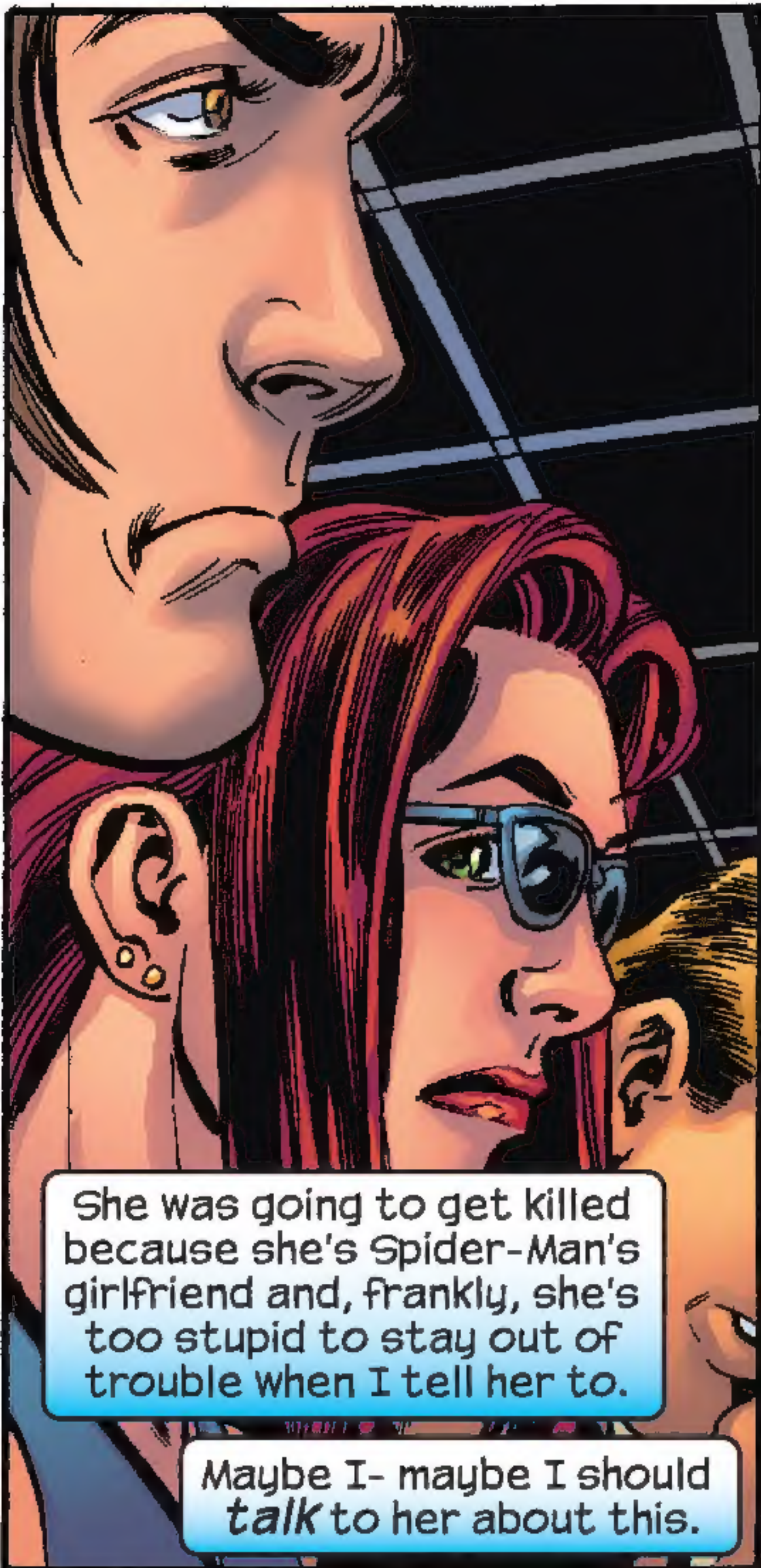
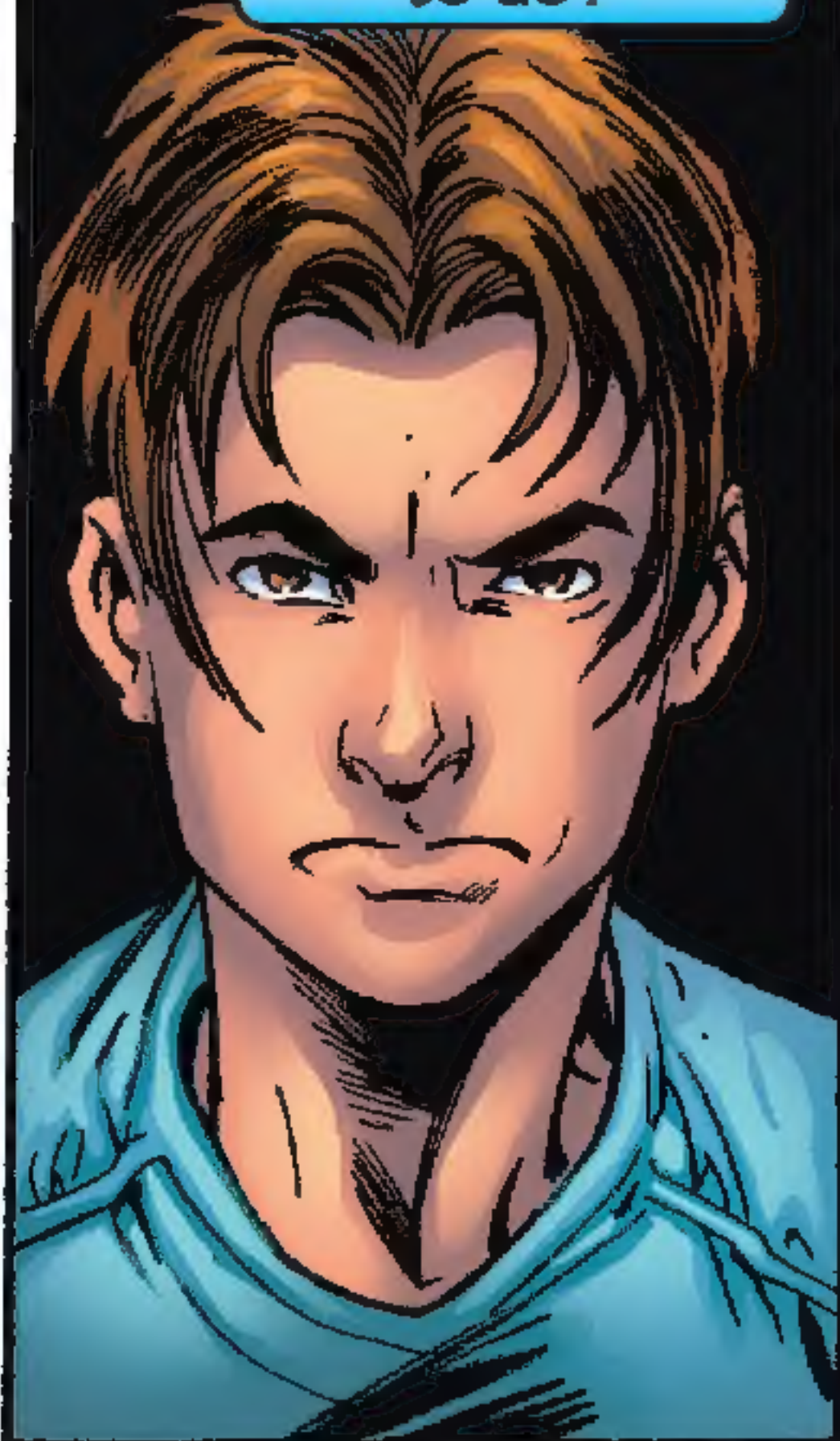
And *we* can pretend like we don't see each other.

I should change my seat.

I thought she'd change *her* seat. So I didn't.

(I can't believe I broke up with her.)

But what else was I supposed to do?



She was going to get killed because she's Spider-Man's girlfriend and, frankly, she's too stupid to stay out of trouble when I tell her to.

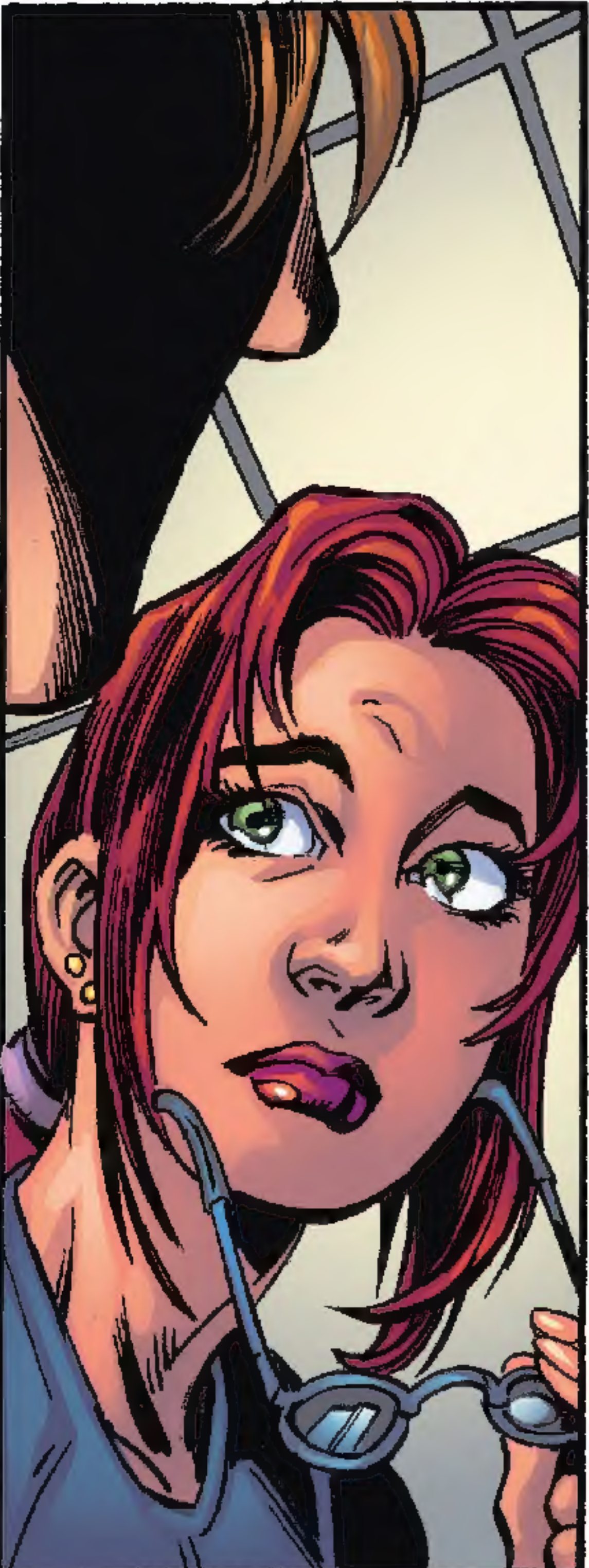
Maybe I- maybe I should *talk* to her about this.

Maybe in a couple of months she'll figure out how to be *smarter* about being with me and I won't have to- *no*.

No!! No.

She almost got killed six times out of the last twelve big Spider-Man adventures.

There is no *way* I am putting her in danger because I don't have anything to do on Friday nights.



No.

No. Leave her alone.

Just let her be happy.

I want her to be happy. And I want her to- I wish I could just lean over and tell her- I want her to be happy.



And alive.

Preferably more *alive* than happy.

So I break up with her, which had to be done, but now I have to sit next to her for- what year is it?



What am I? A sophomore. Tenth grade?

Almost done with tenth grade?

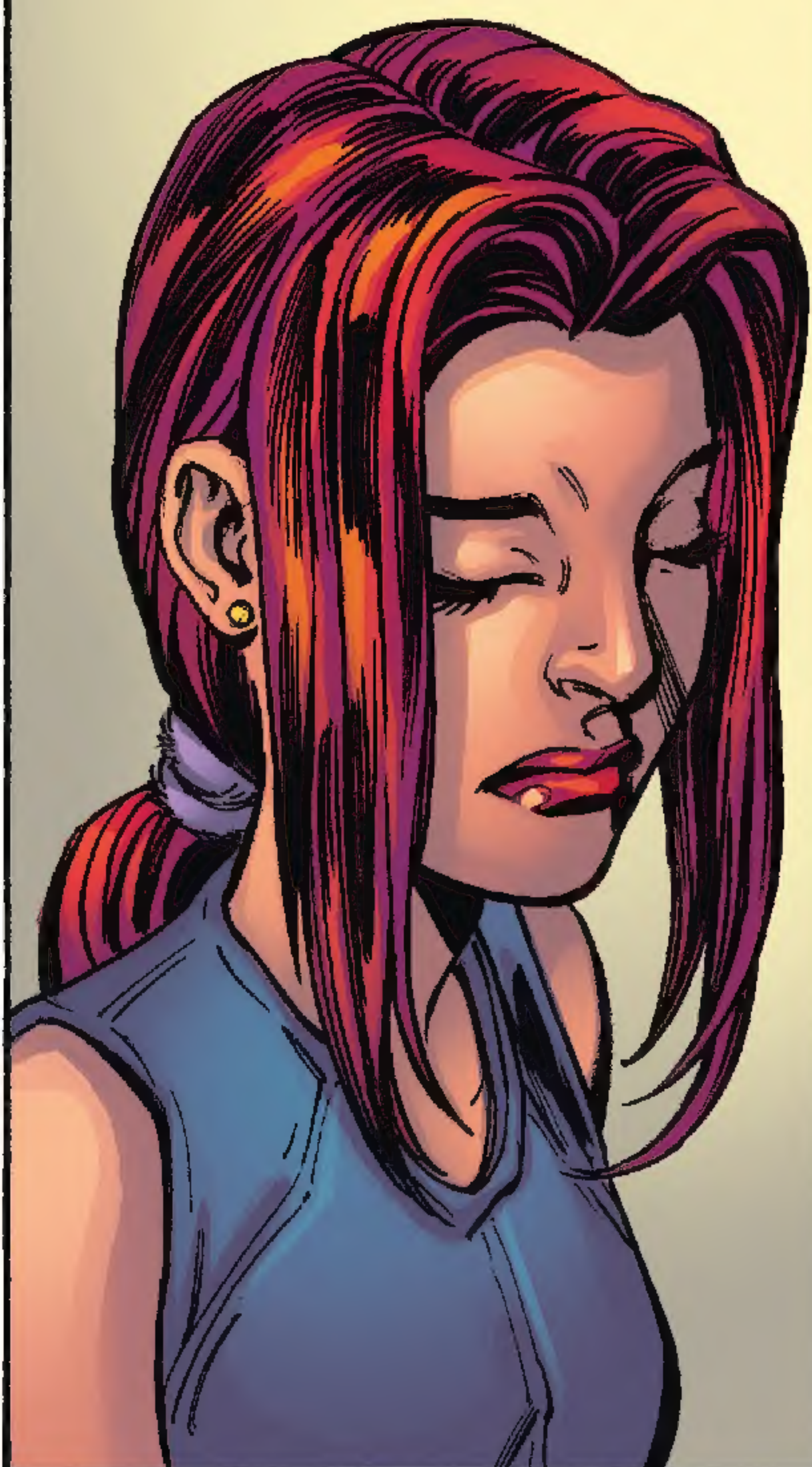
Well, that means I only have a couple of *years* left to sit and feel her not look at me as I don't look at her.



But of course, she'll probably end up dating someone new by next week!

Knowing *her*, someone stupid like Flash Thompson.

You know, to *show* me.



And then I have to pretend I'm not looking at them making out in the lunchroom.

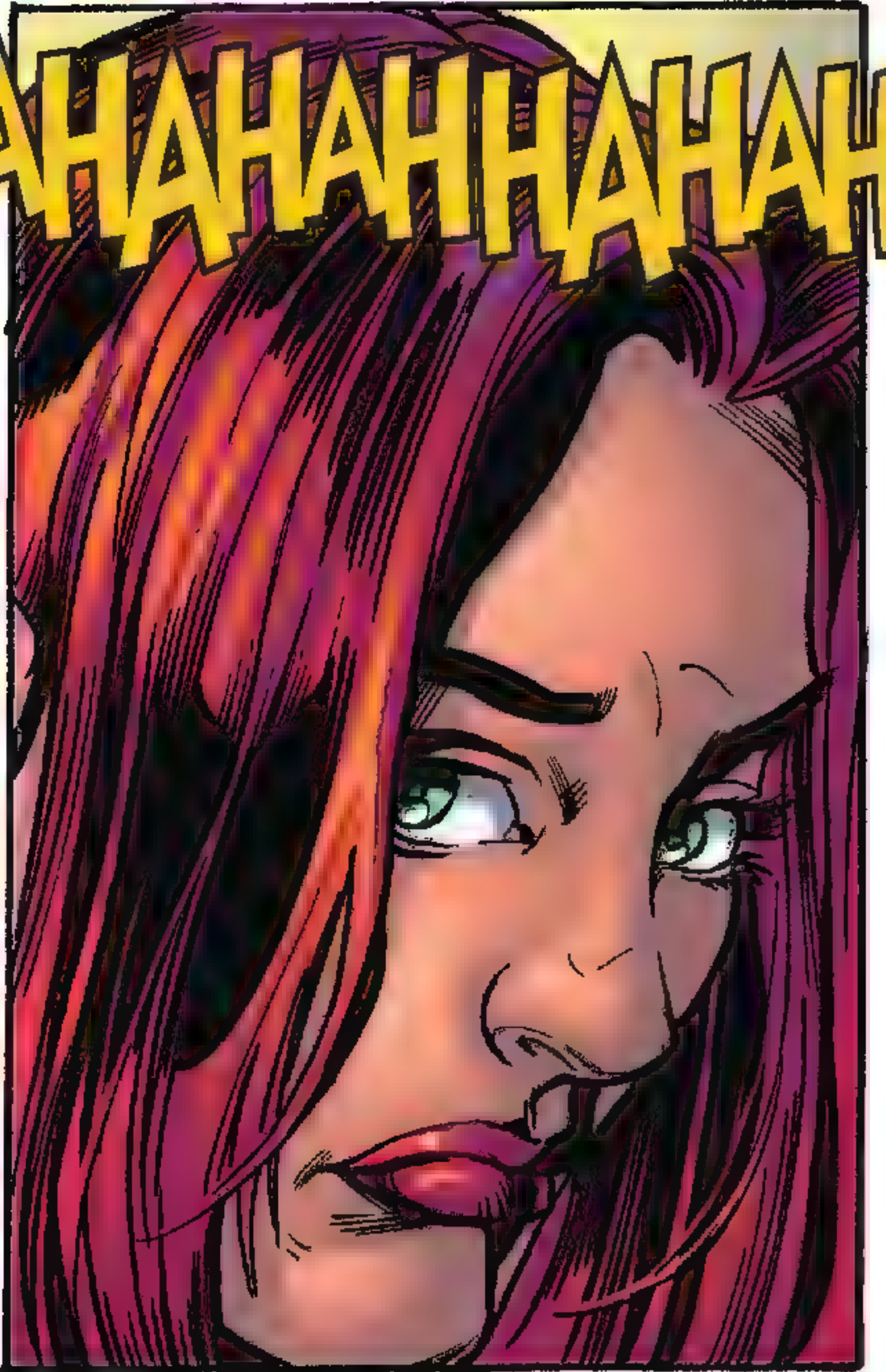
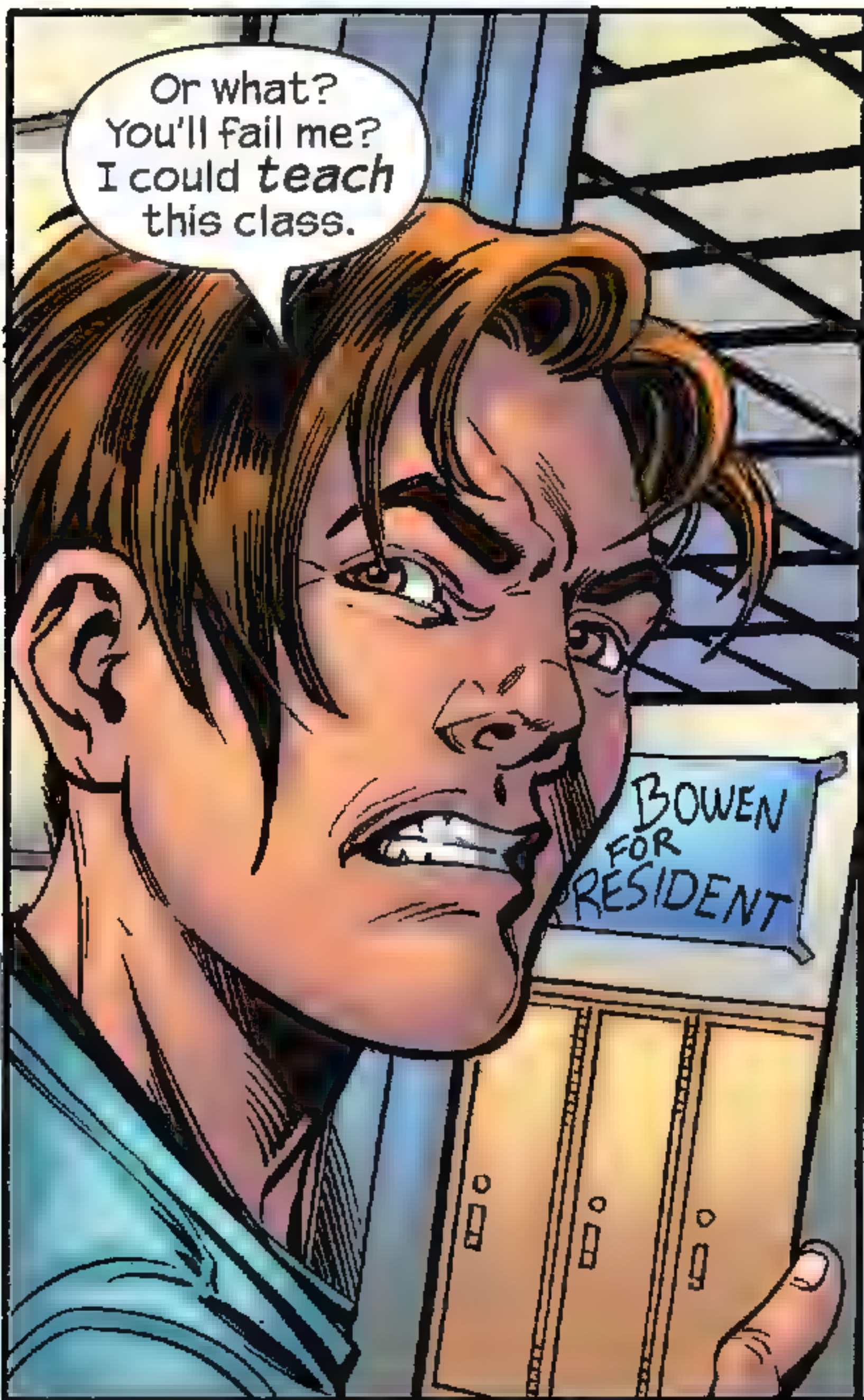
Oh, that'll be a treat.



So she'll be making out with Flash Thompson and I'll be *not* making out with anyone ever again because I *can't* have a girlfriend because I'm Spider-Man and with great power must come not making out with my girlfriend, ever again!!!

Oh, enough of this.







"Spider-Man
no more."

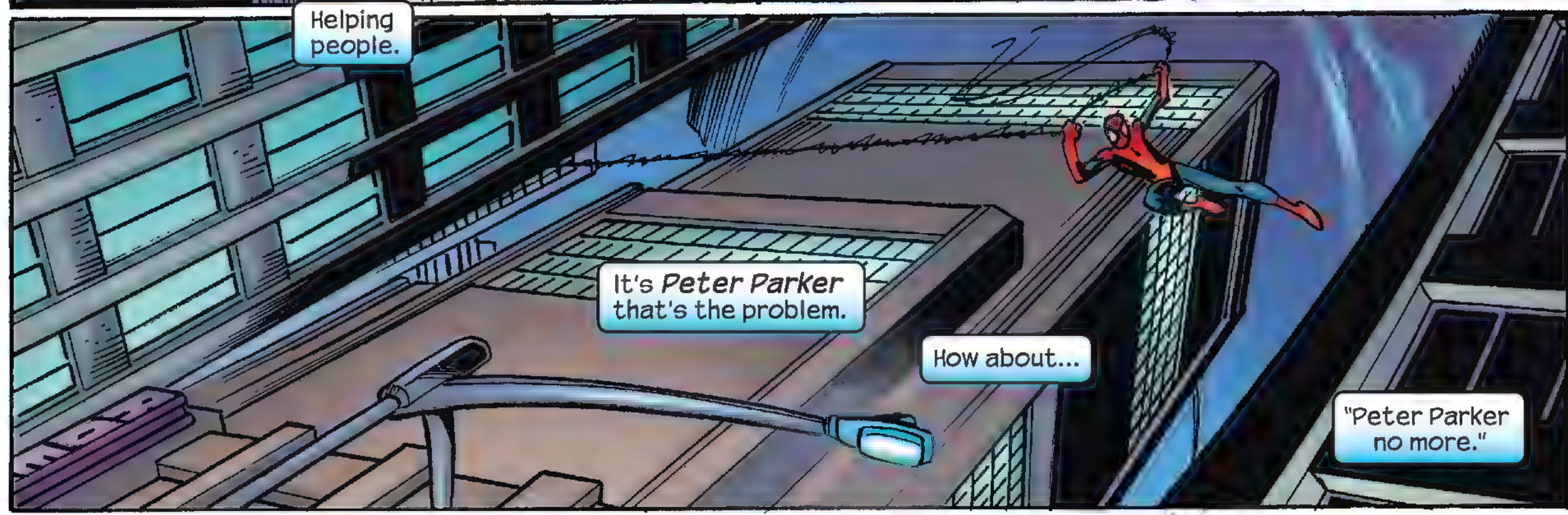
Why was I all,
like, "*Spider-Man*
no more?"

Spider-Man's not
the problem.

When I'm Spider-Man,
everything's fine.

I'm free. I'm
proactive. You
know...doing
stuff.

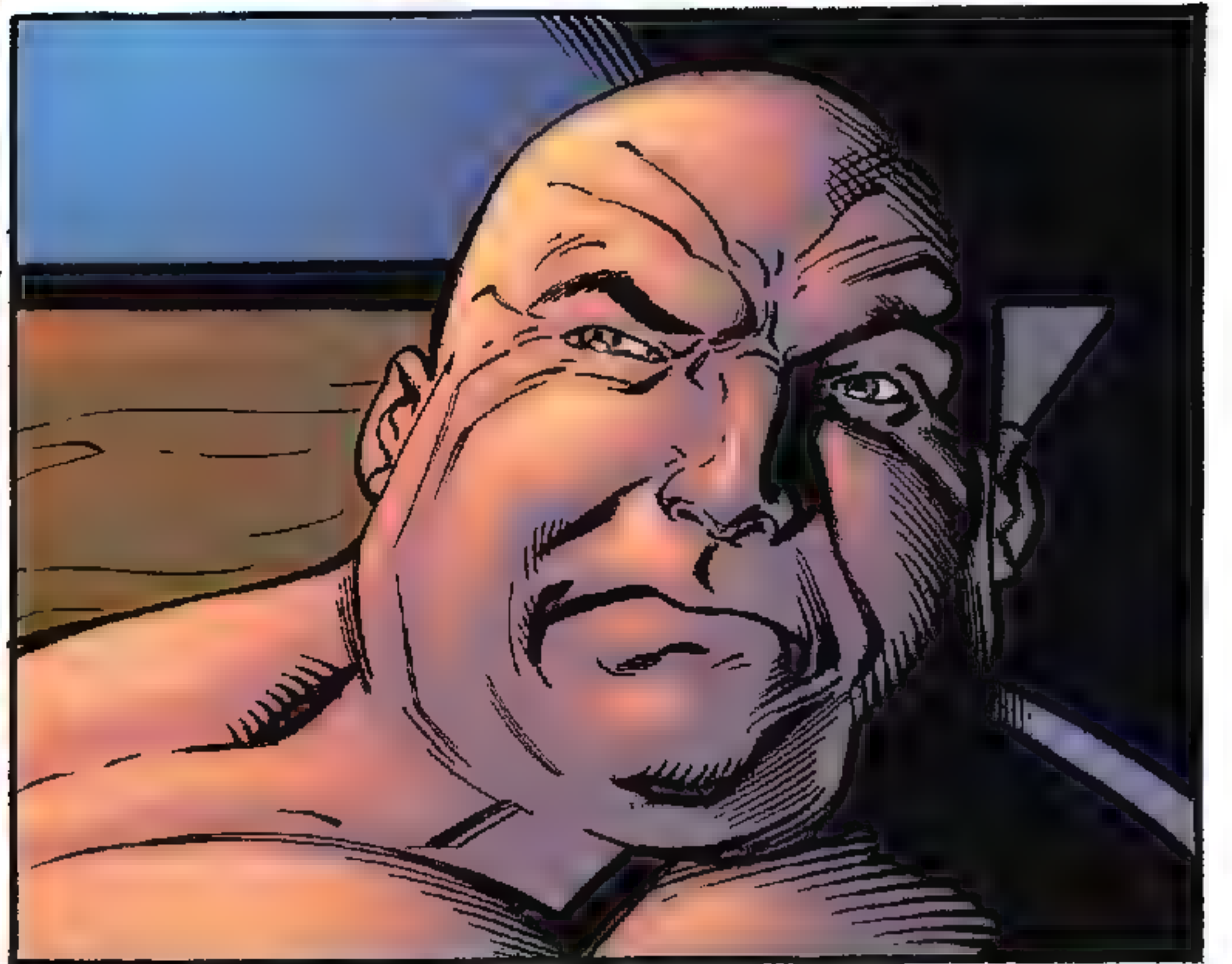
Helping
people.

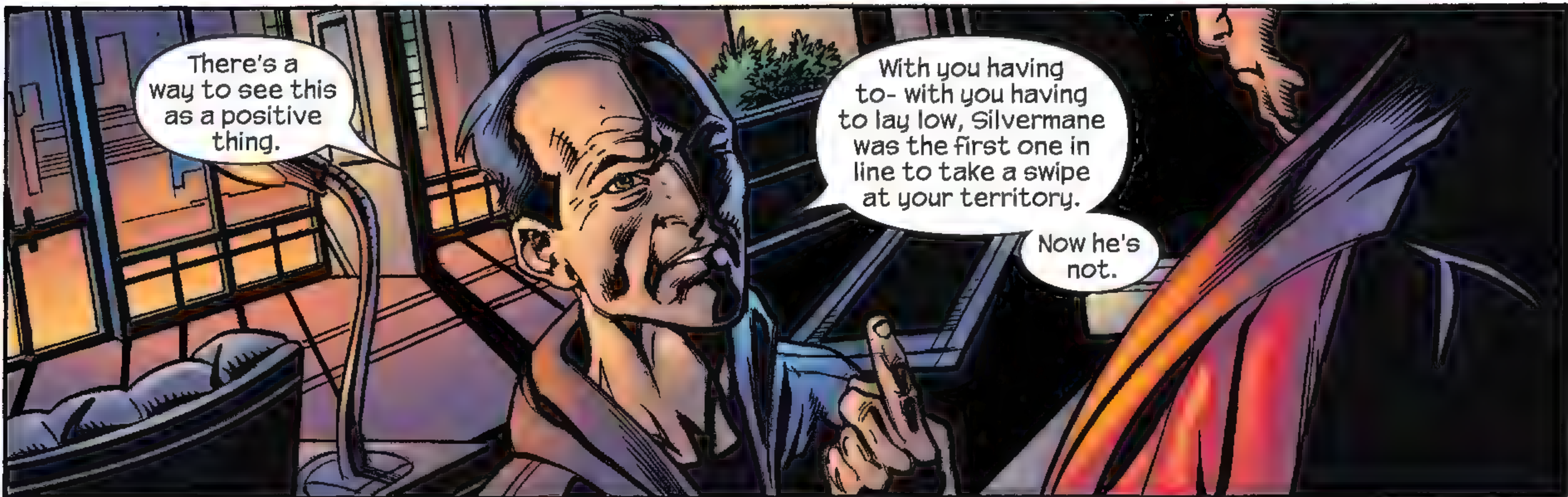


It's *Peter Parker*
that's the problem.

How about...

"Peter Parker
no more."



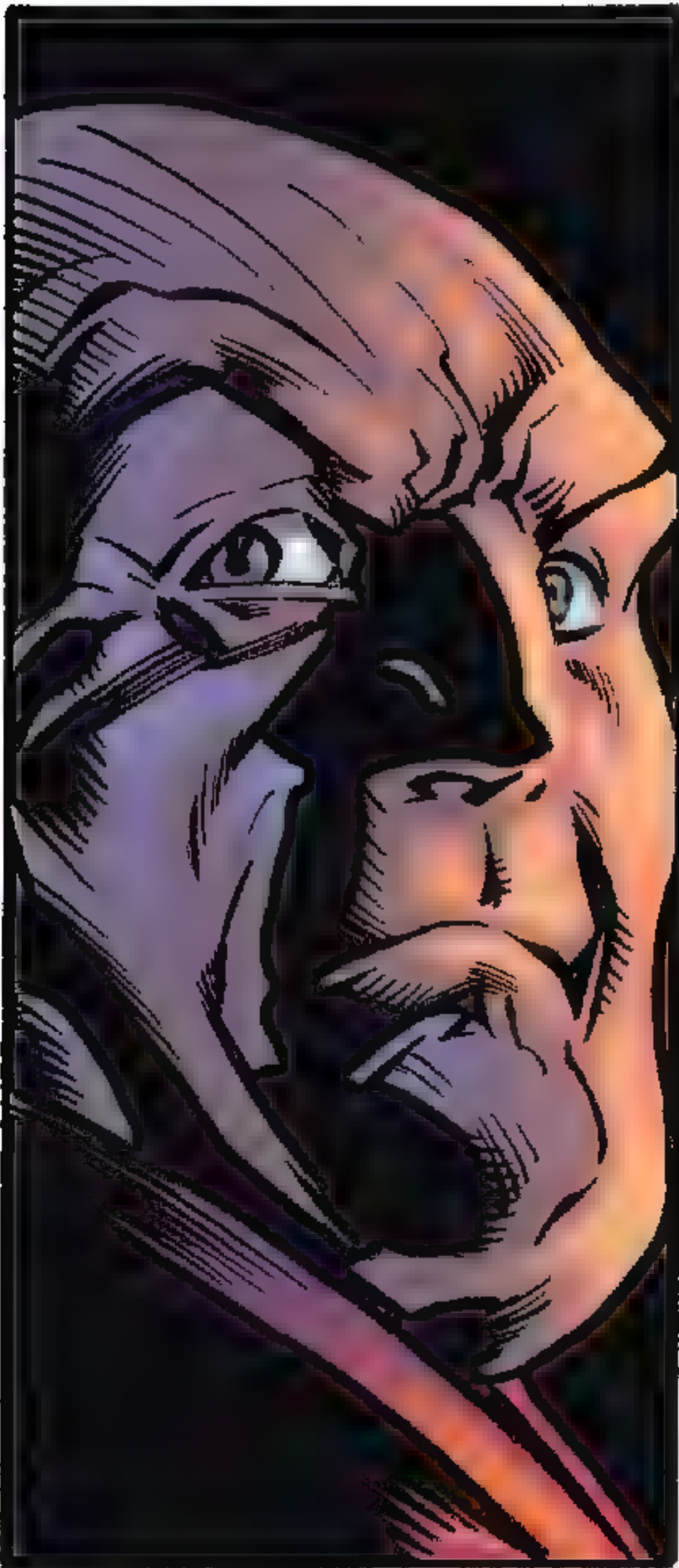




Oh no.
No.
Sir,
I- no.

I can't
let you do
that.

The spotlight
is too bright. You
can't. Not now.



You
know I'm
right.

I know
you know I'm
right.



They've
been waiting
for this.



You *have* to stay
above water *until*
the federal prosecutor
blows his case. It's
the *only* way.

Even the
slightest- even
the slightest hint
that you're
not...



Get me
Elektra.

They
need to
know--



Know
what?



To be
afraid of
me.

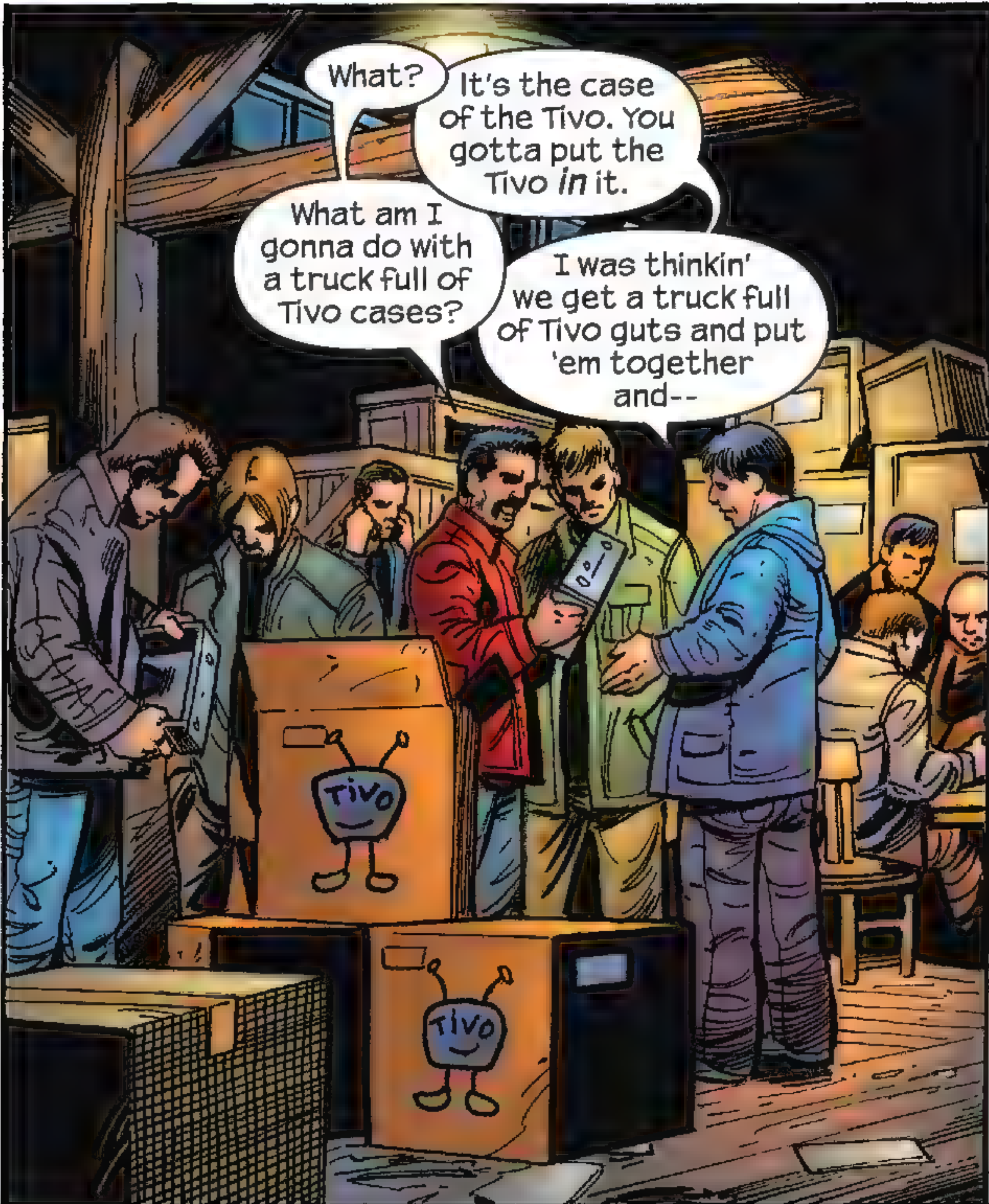


What is this?

Tivos.

It's empty.

It's the case.



What?

It's the case of the Tivo. You gotta put the Tivo *in* it.

What am I gonna do with a truck full of Tivo cases?

I was thinkin' we get a truck full of Tivo guts and put 'em together and--



Where'm I gonna get- get the s%#@ out of here with this!

No, I mean, we get the Tivo and put them in and we sell--

Get the- what am I? Radio Shack?



Times are tough.

Holy....!!

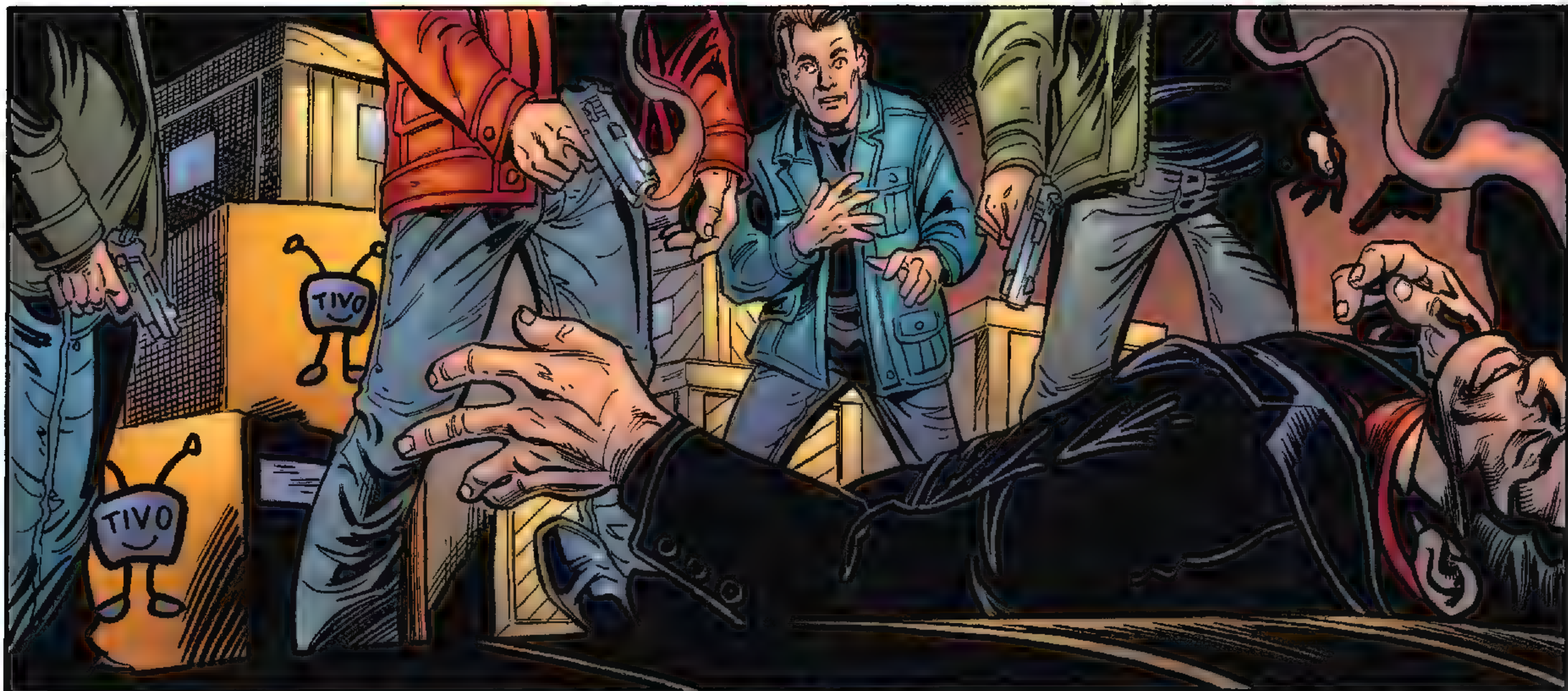


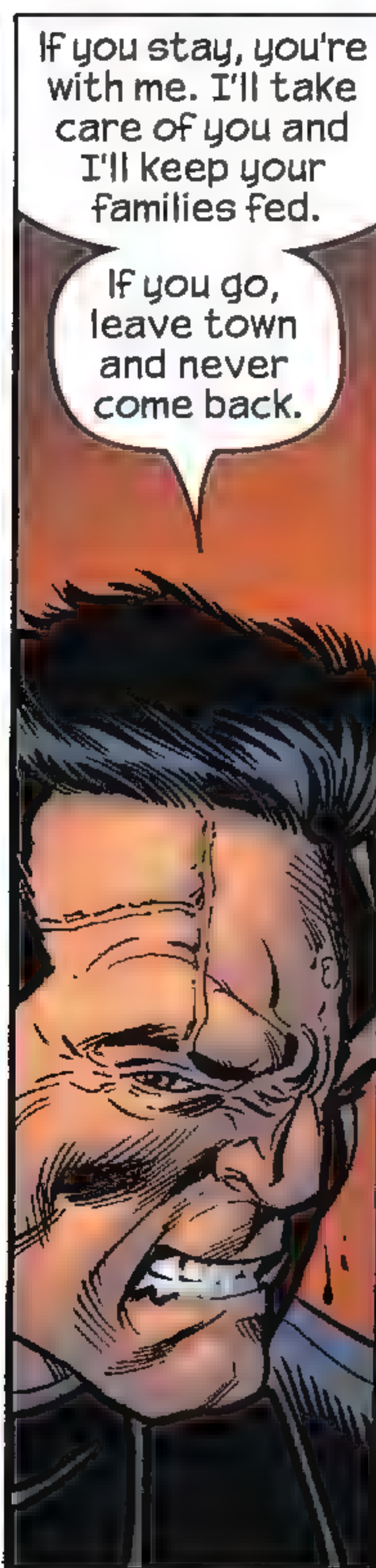
Guys trying to make a living.

Fisk cut you guys off at the knees.

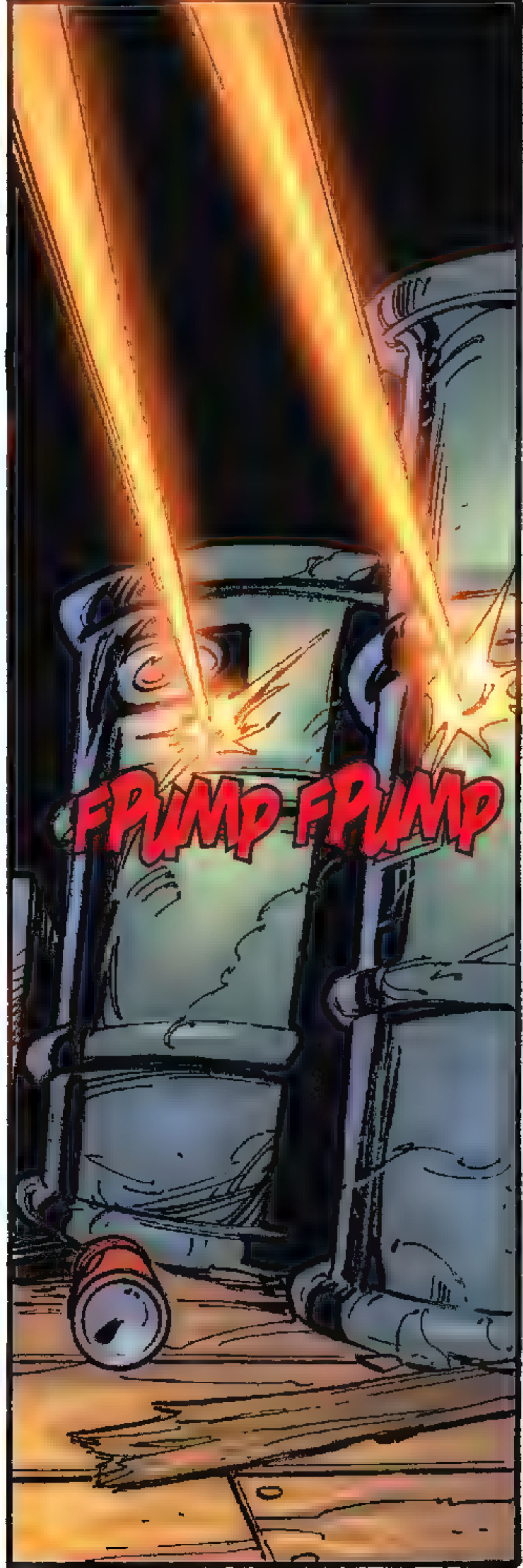
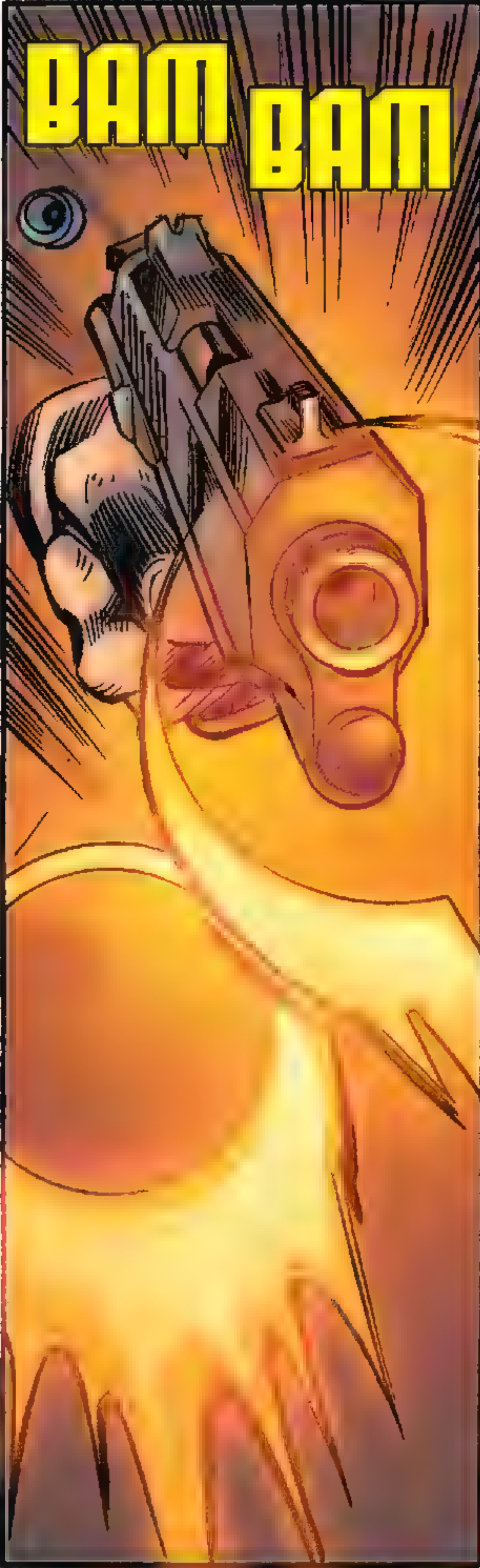
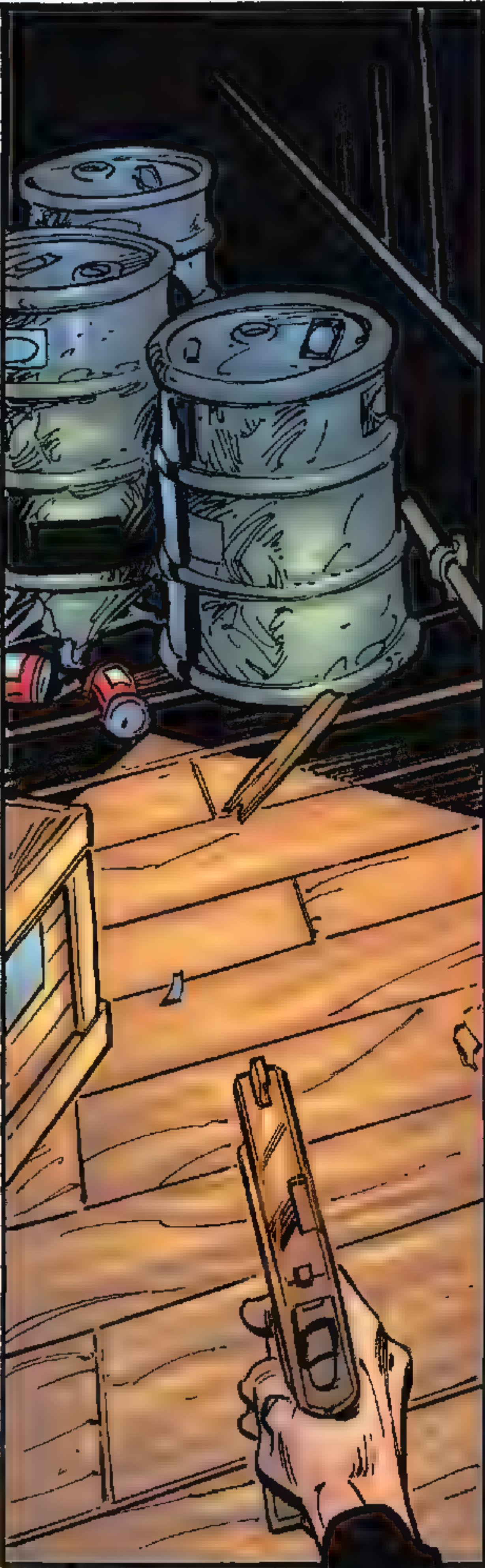
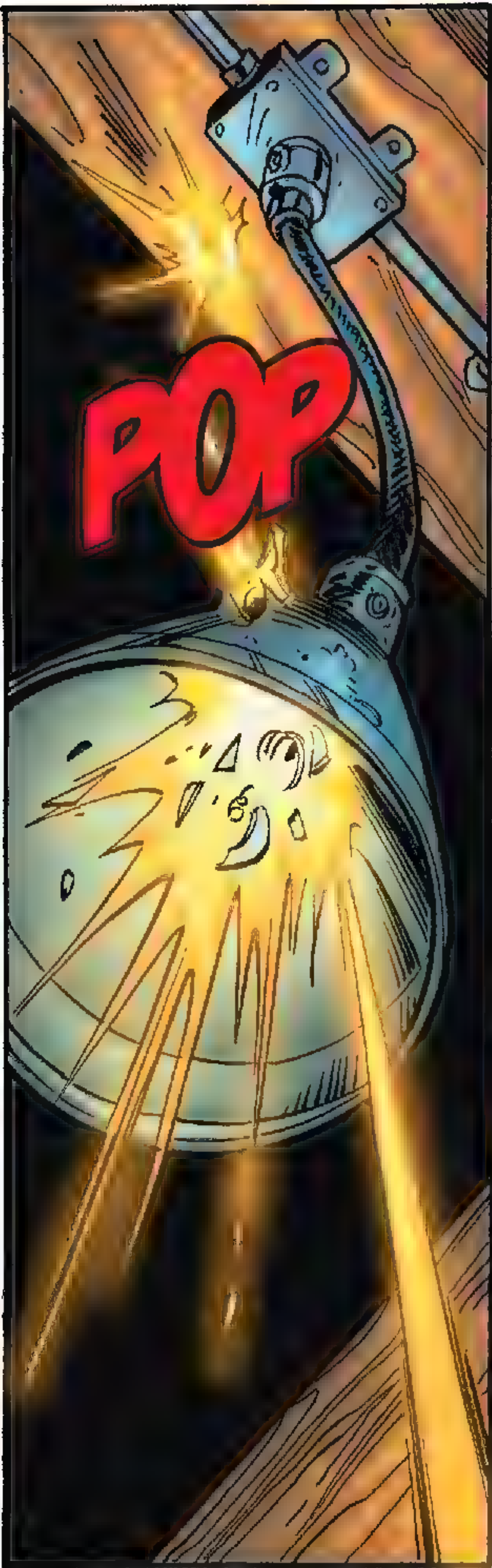
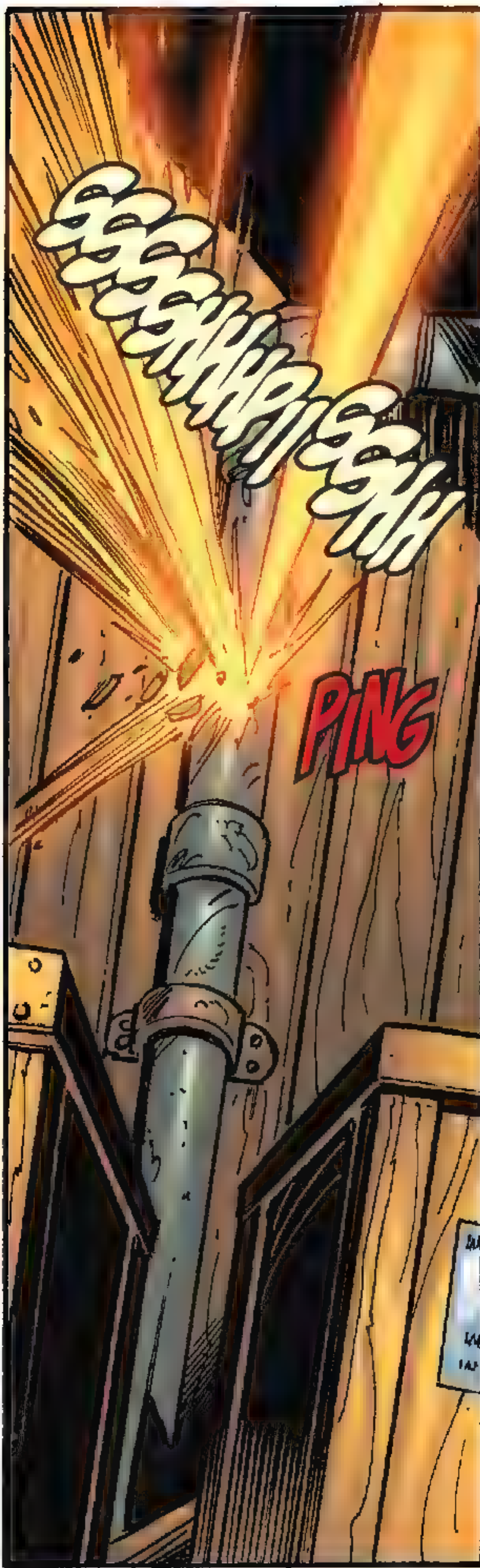
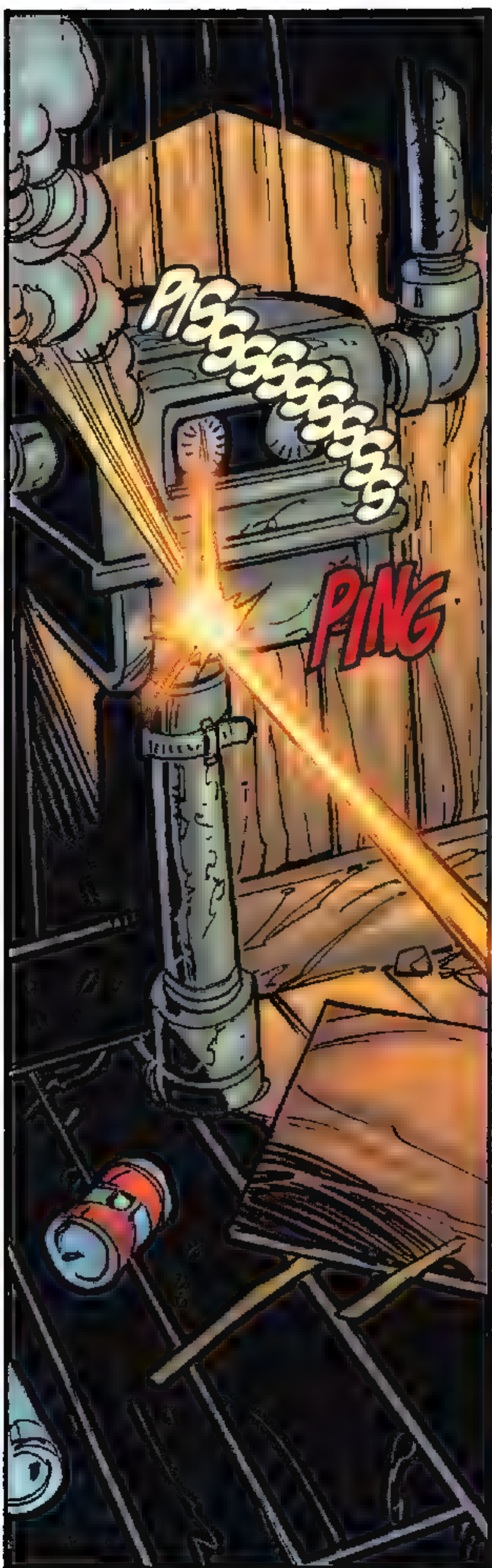
I get it.

Believe me, I get it.







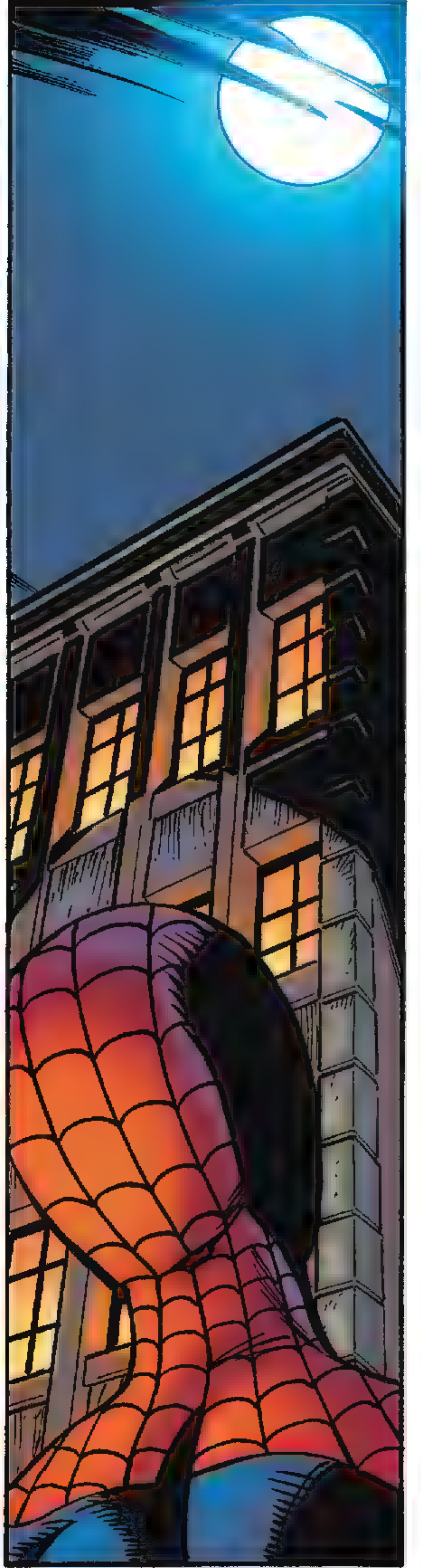
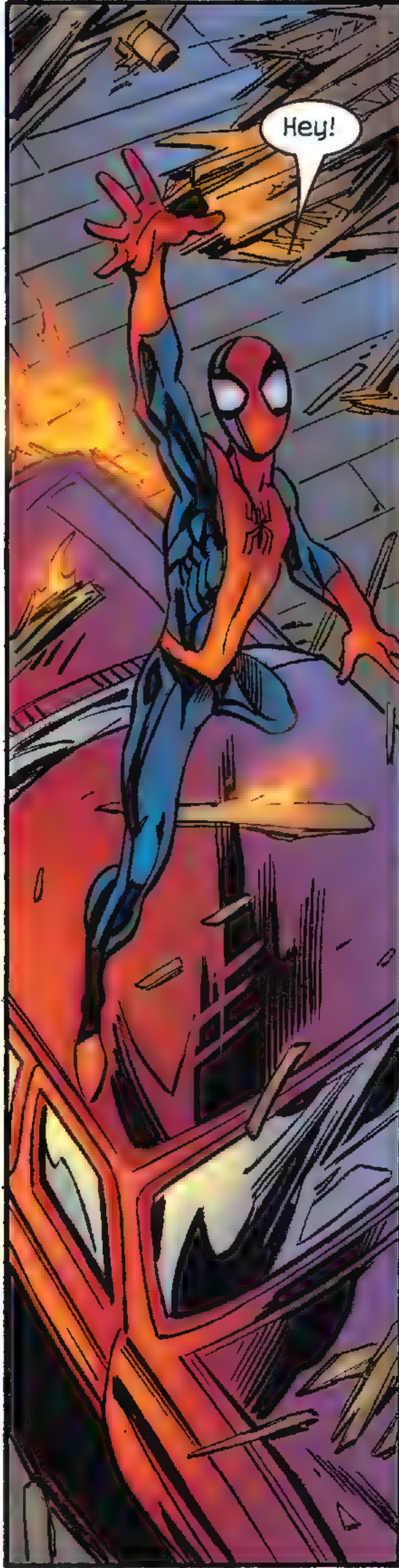


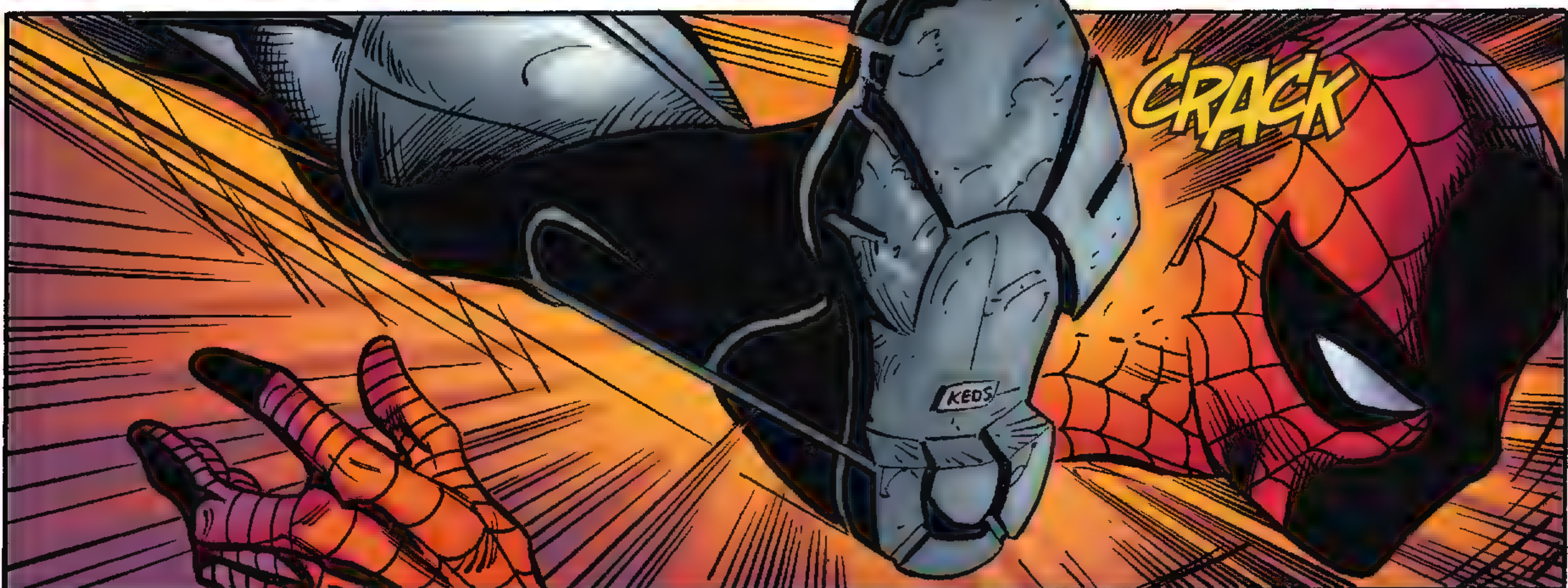
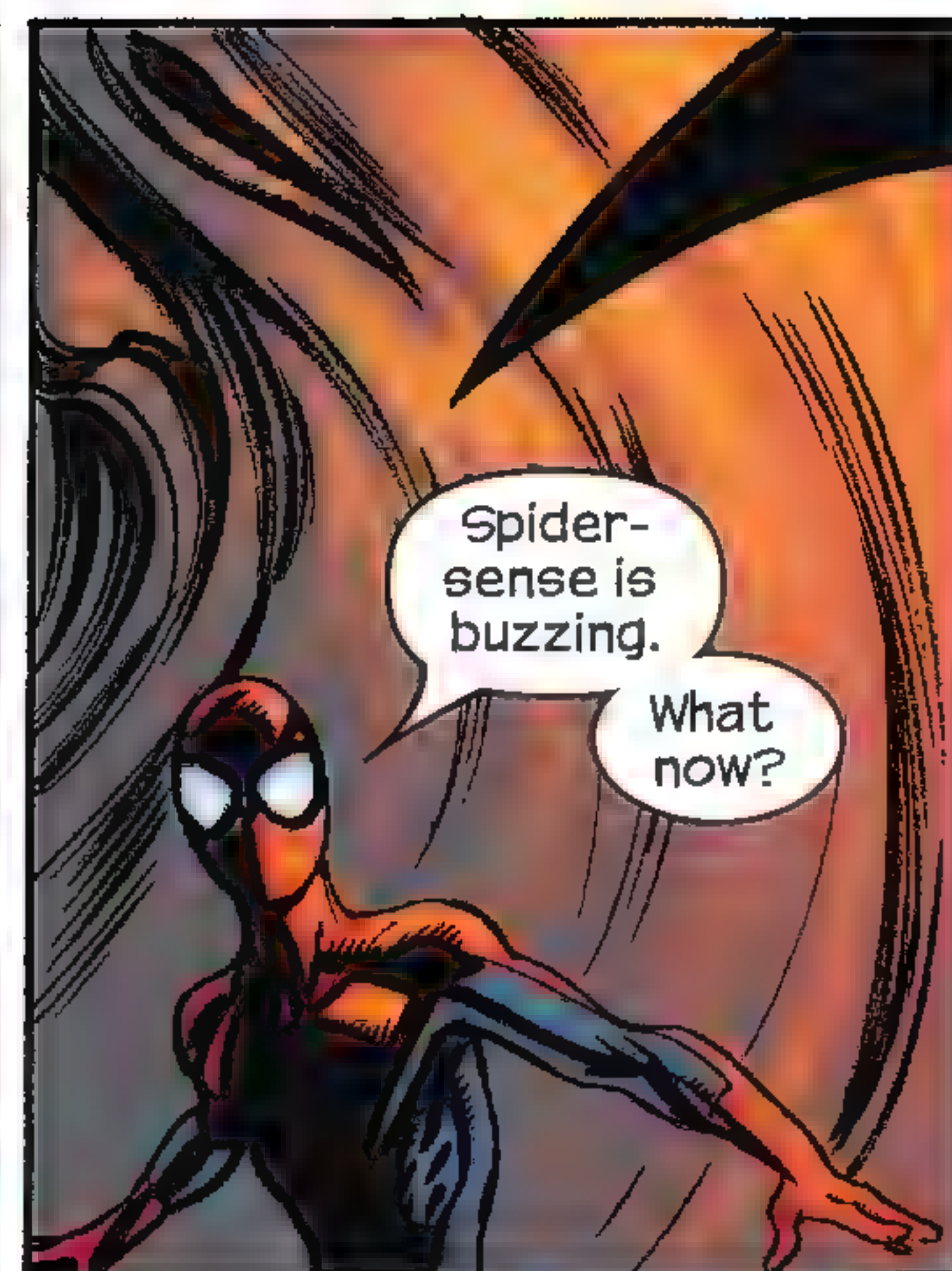
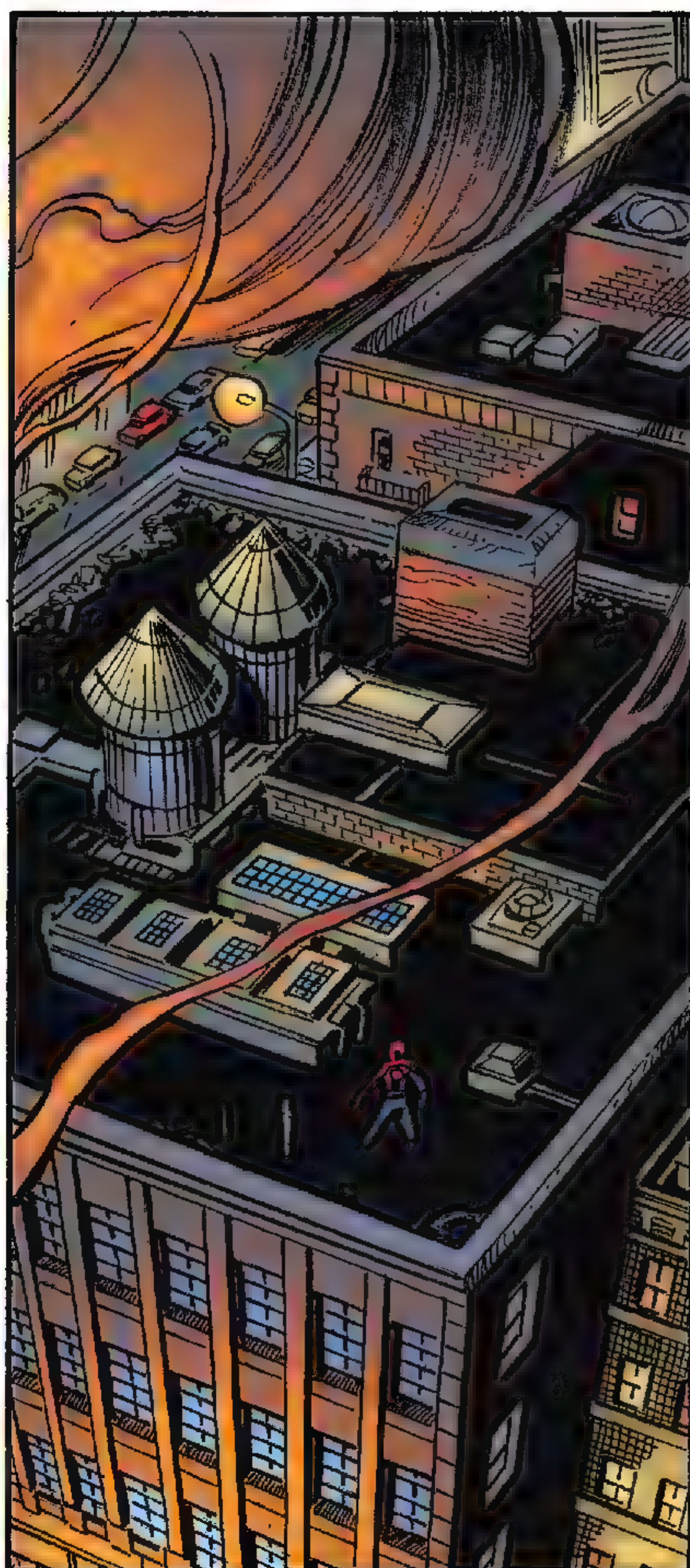


POW!!!



Whoah...







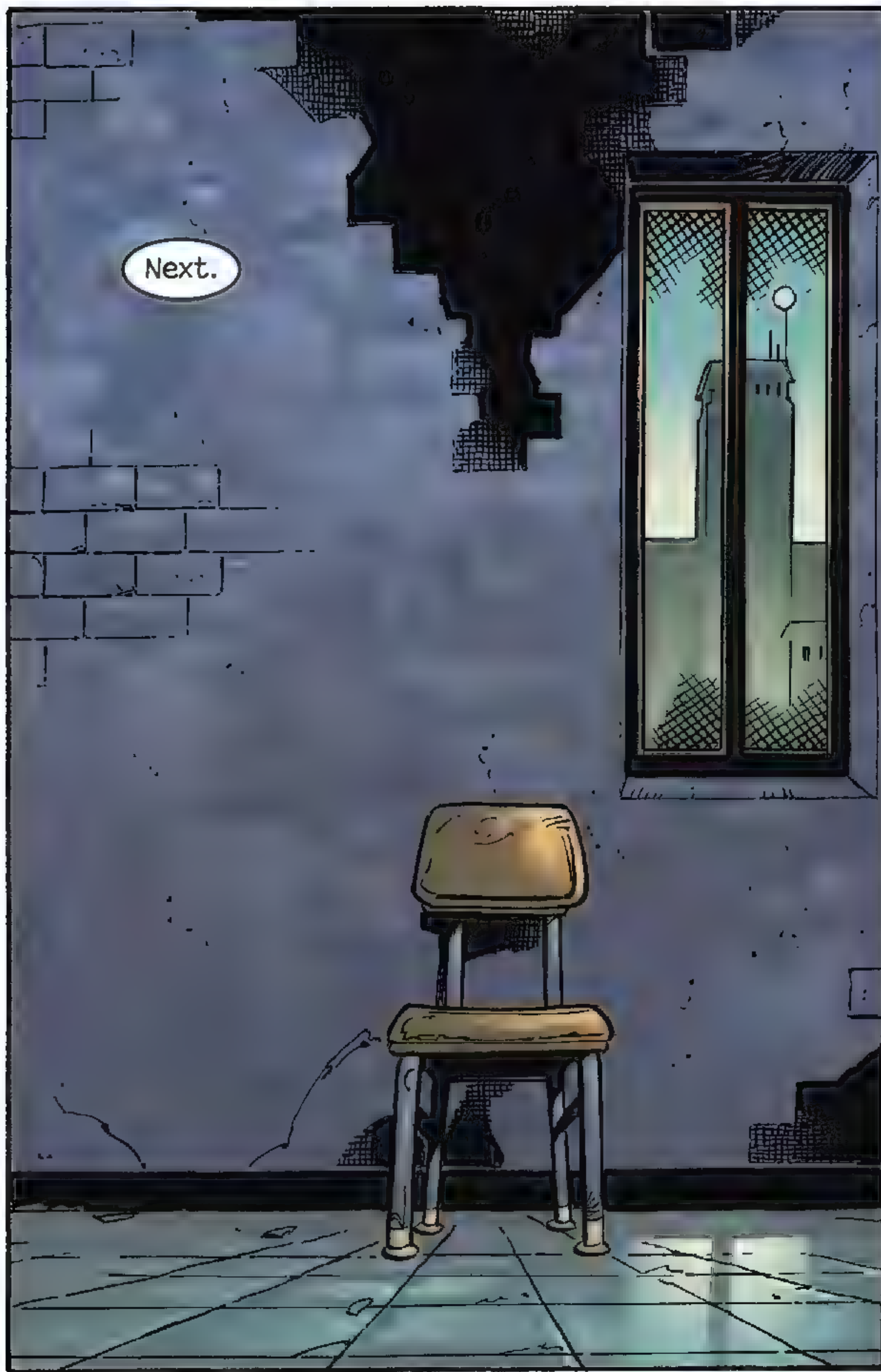
Now tell
me what you've
done here!!

Or the last thing
you'll feel on this earth
is the Moon Knight
cutting your throat
out.

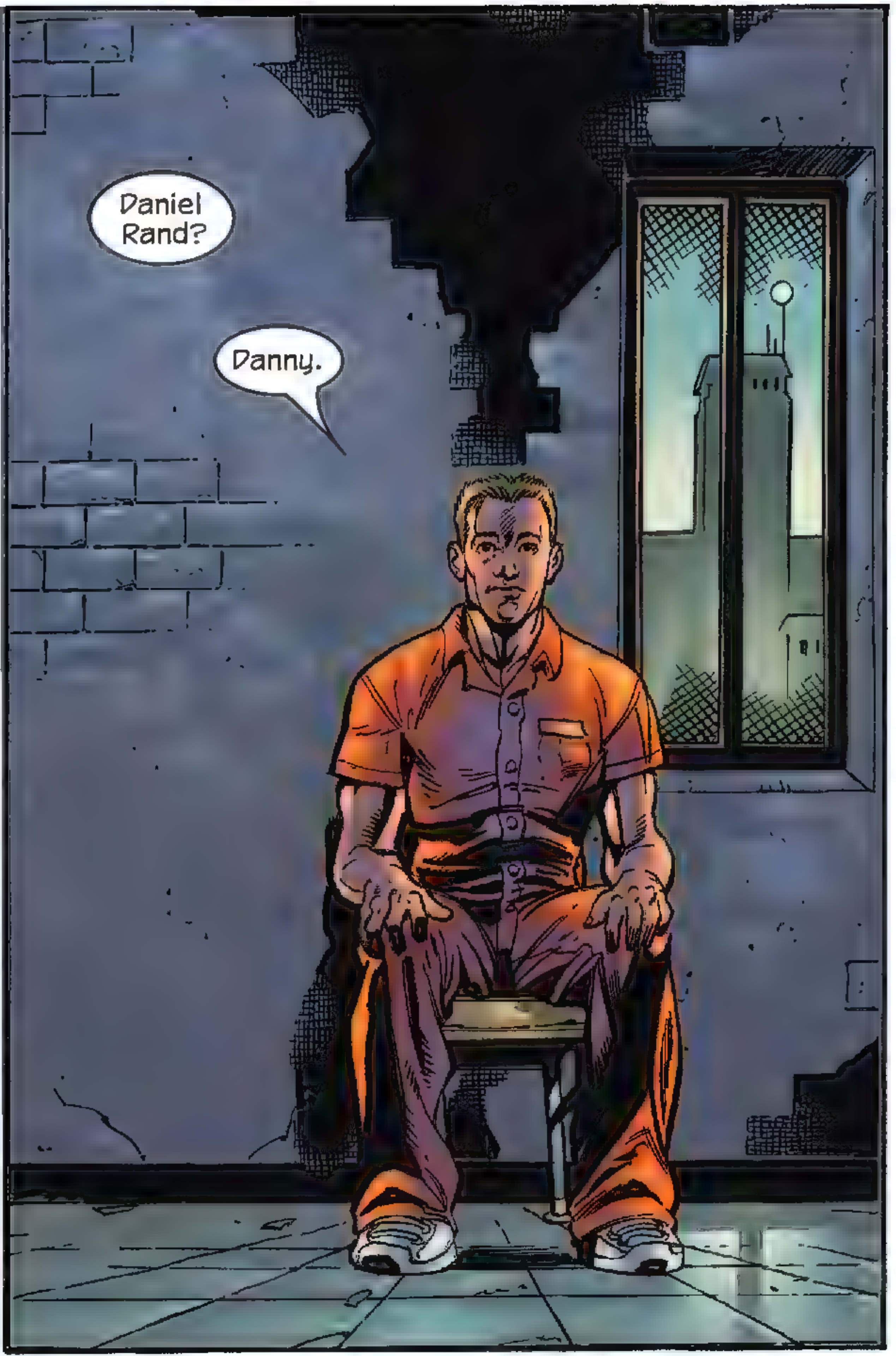
WHAM

AGH!





Next.



Daniel Rand?

Danny.



You've served four months of the six-month sentence. Your behavior reports are exceptional.

Can we assume you have learned the error of your ways?

Yes, ma'am.

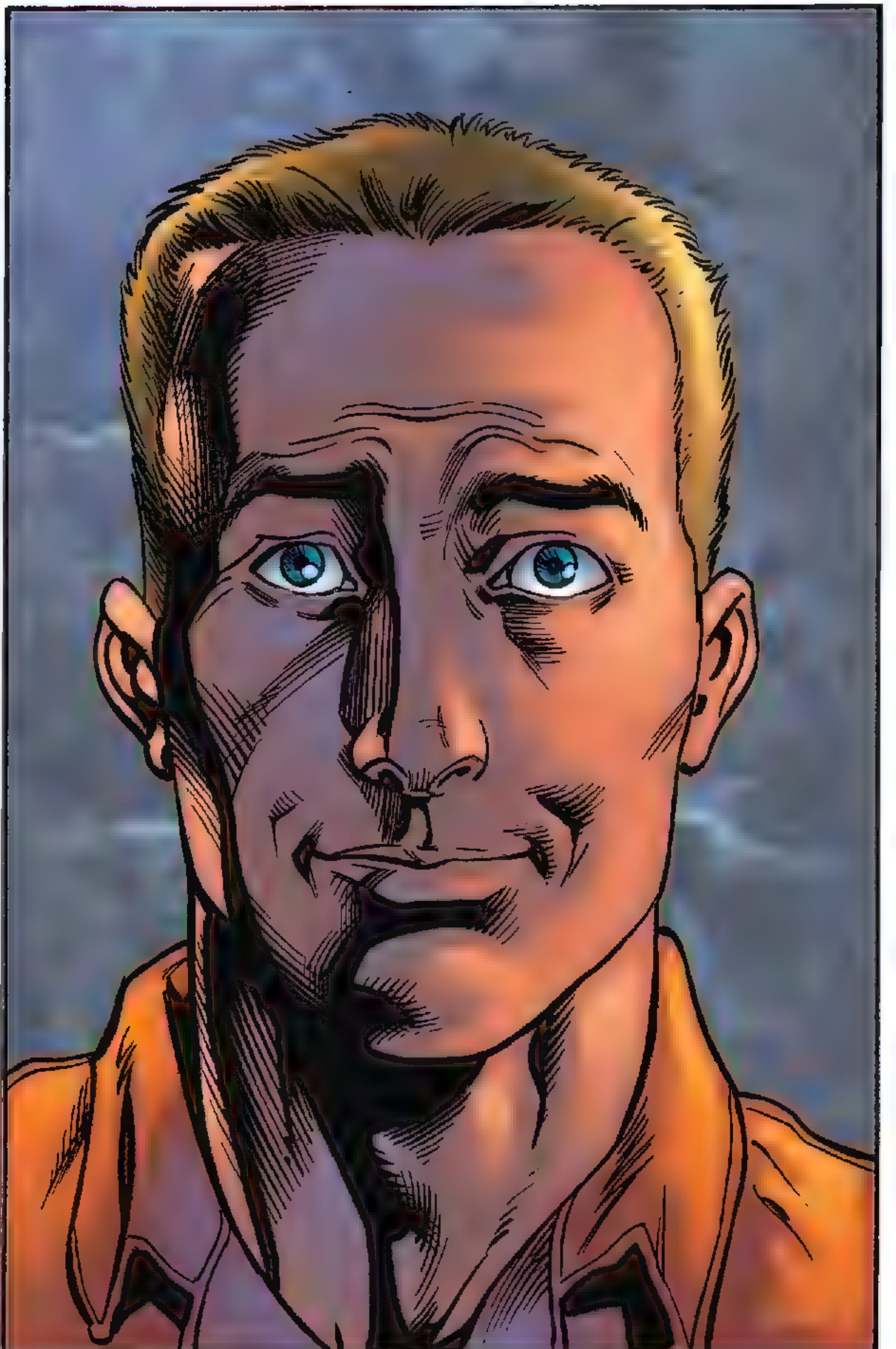
You are in here for attacking a man with your- it says here- is this right?

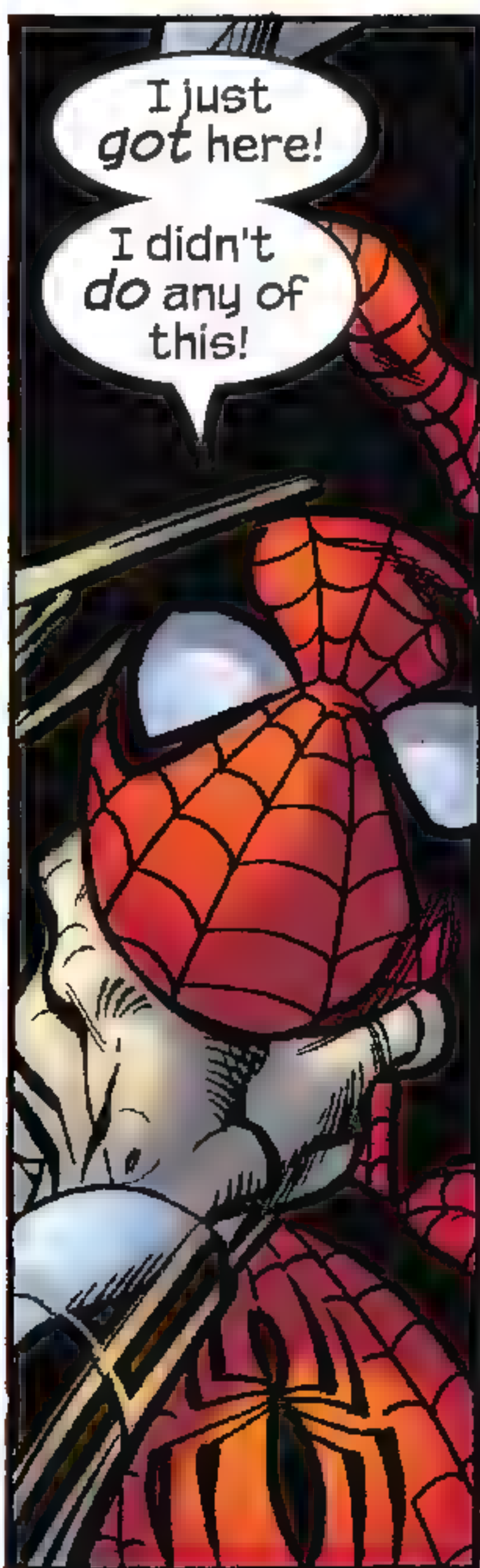


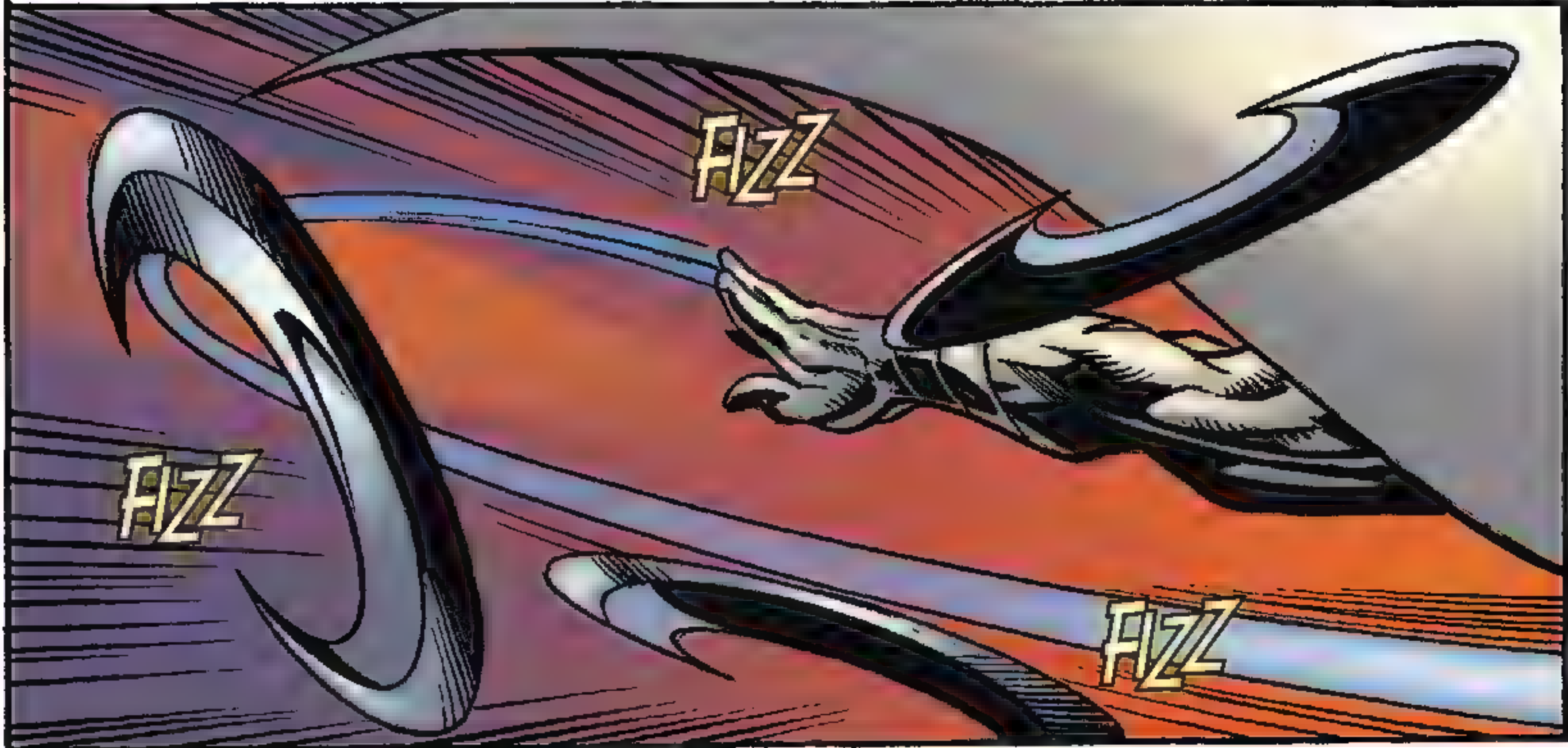
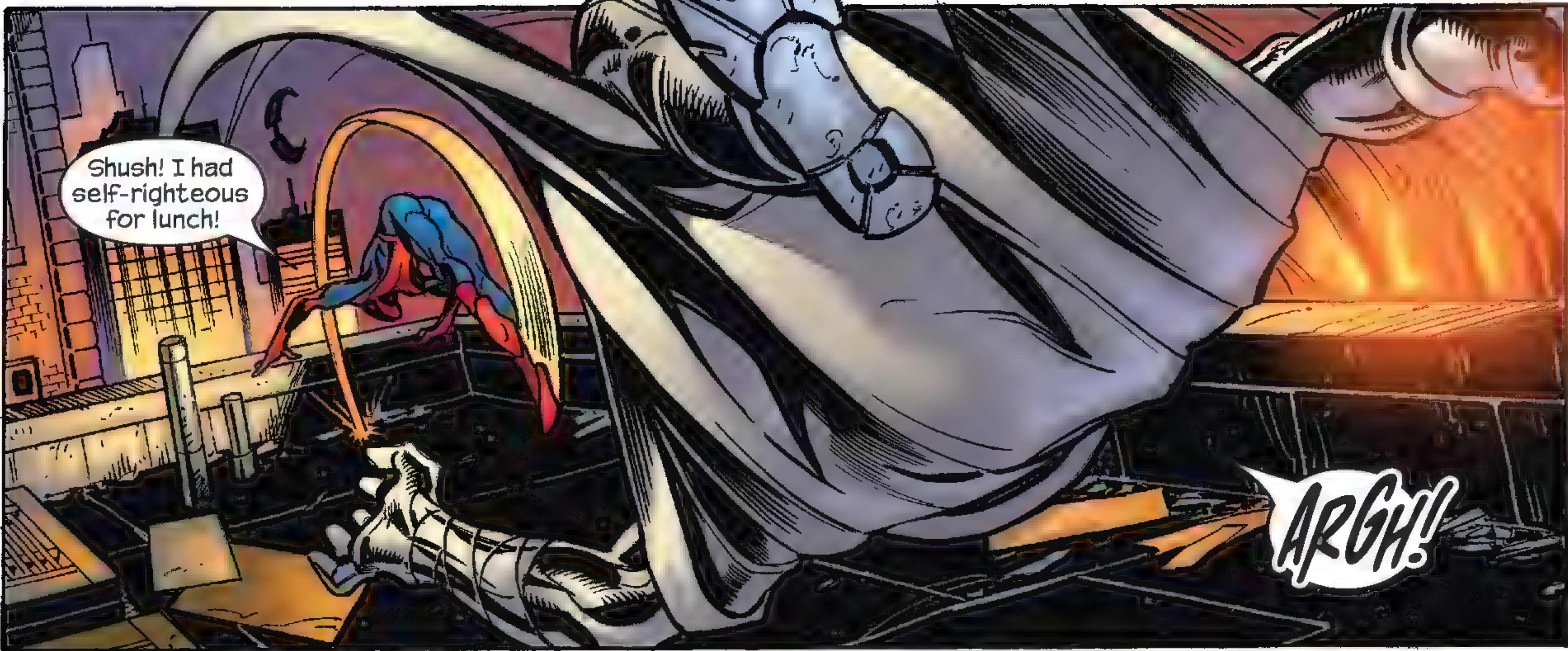
Iron fist.
Yes, ma'am.

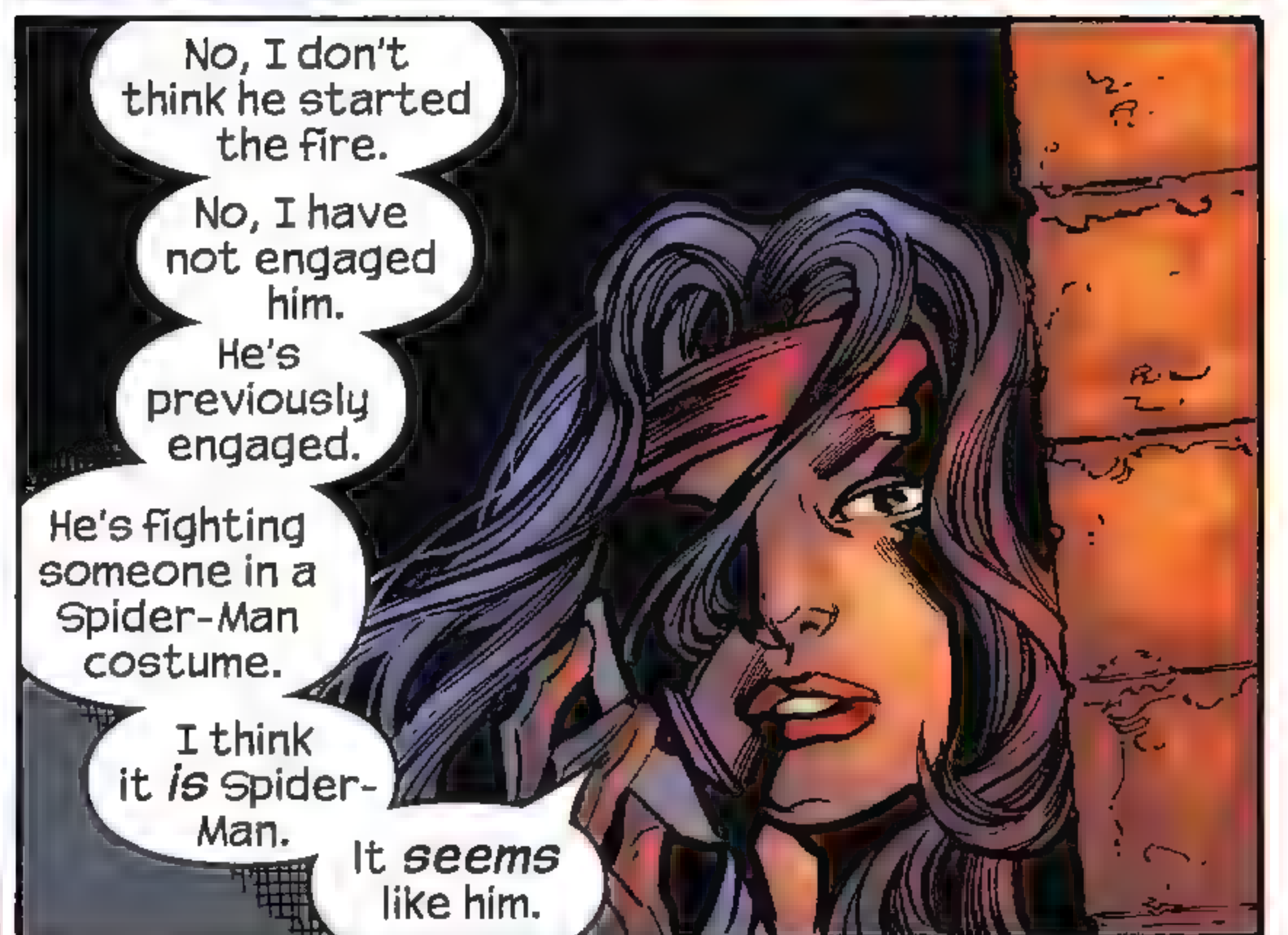
Is that some sort of slang?

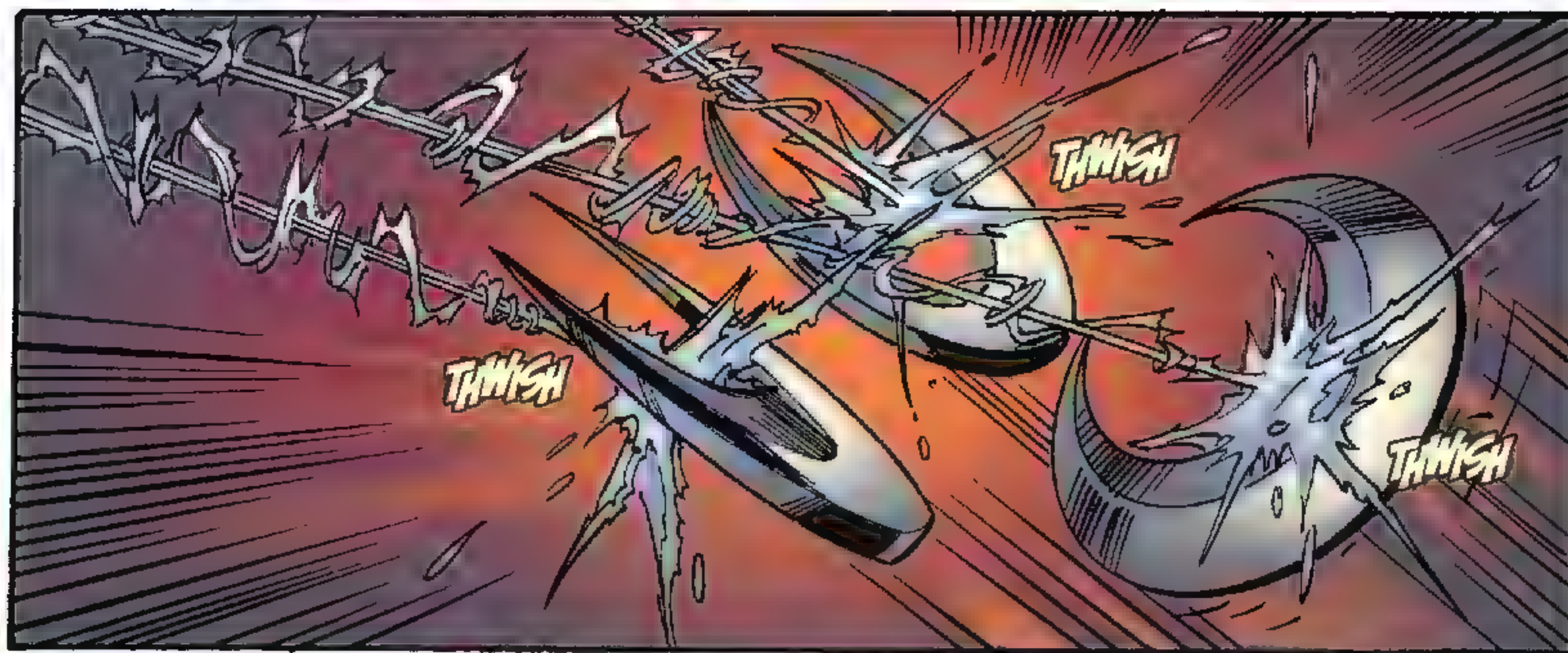
No, ma'am.











Hey, you make these moon things yourself or do you order them special?

Those are mine.

Until you threw them at me.

Now they're mine.



How old are you?



It certainly does *seem* like Spider-Man.

He's jumping around and he won't stop talking.

It's those head-to-toe costumes. It makes it hard to accurately report to you if it is *actually* him.

Best guess? Yes.



You finding anything on this Moon Knight yet?

No. I'm not going to engage this.

They're taking care of themselves.

The authorities are almost here.



Cool, now the police are here to shoot at me.

WEEEOOOOWWWWWEEEOOOOWWWWWEEEO



DAILY BUGLE

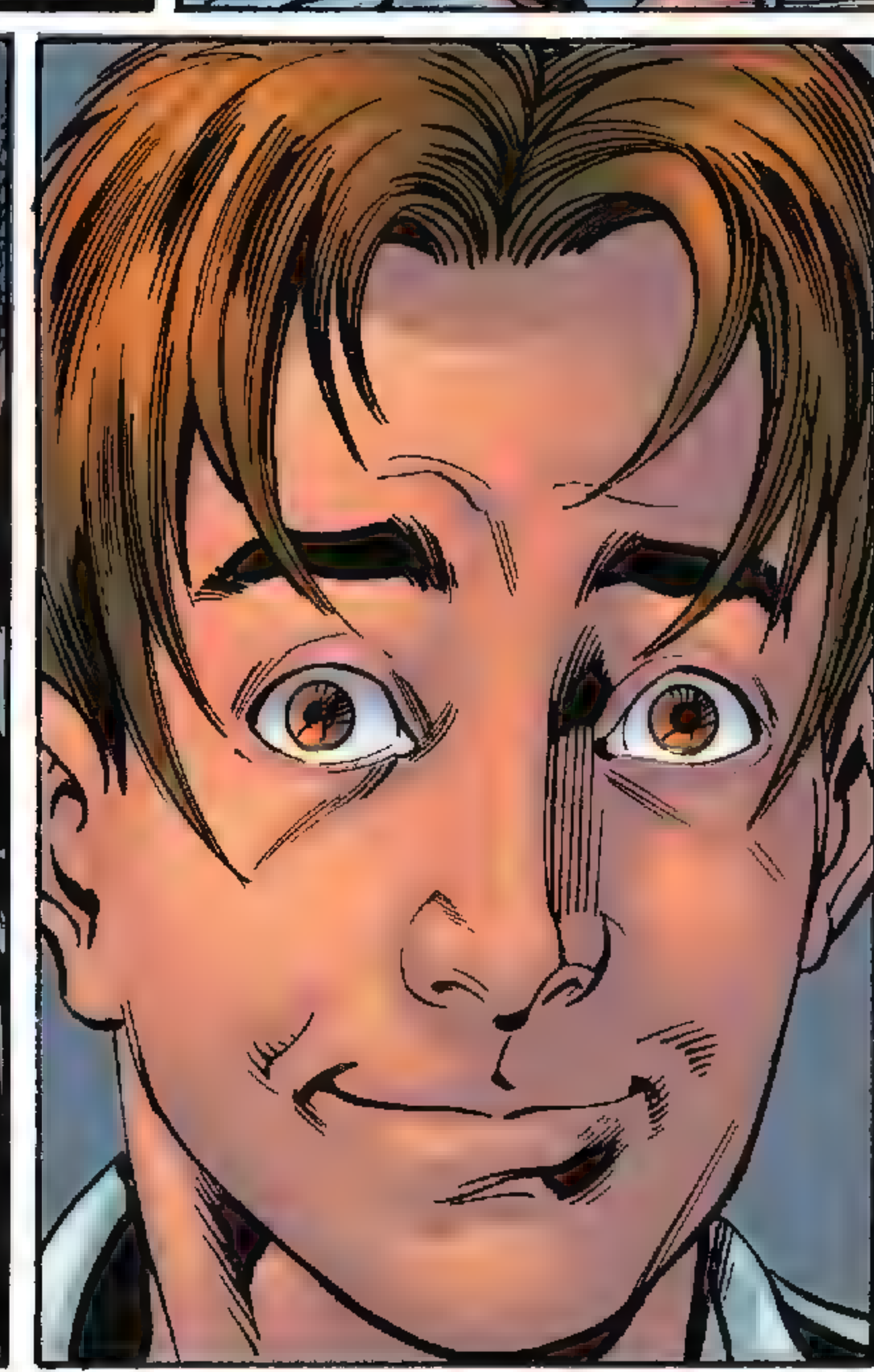
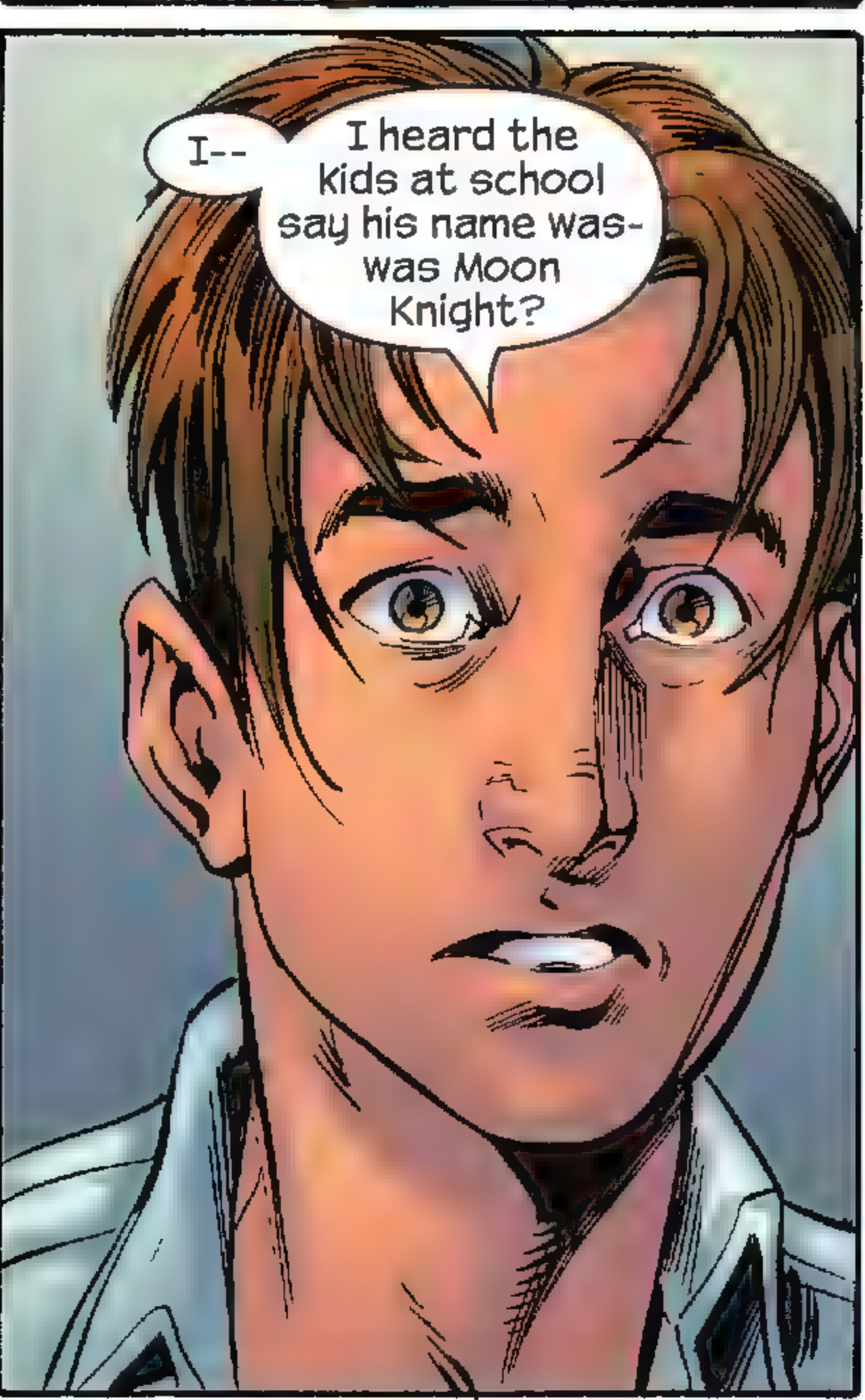
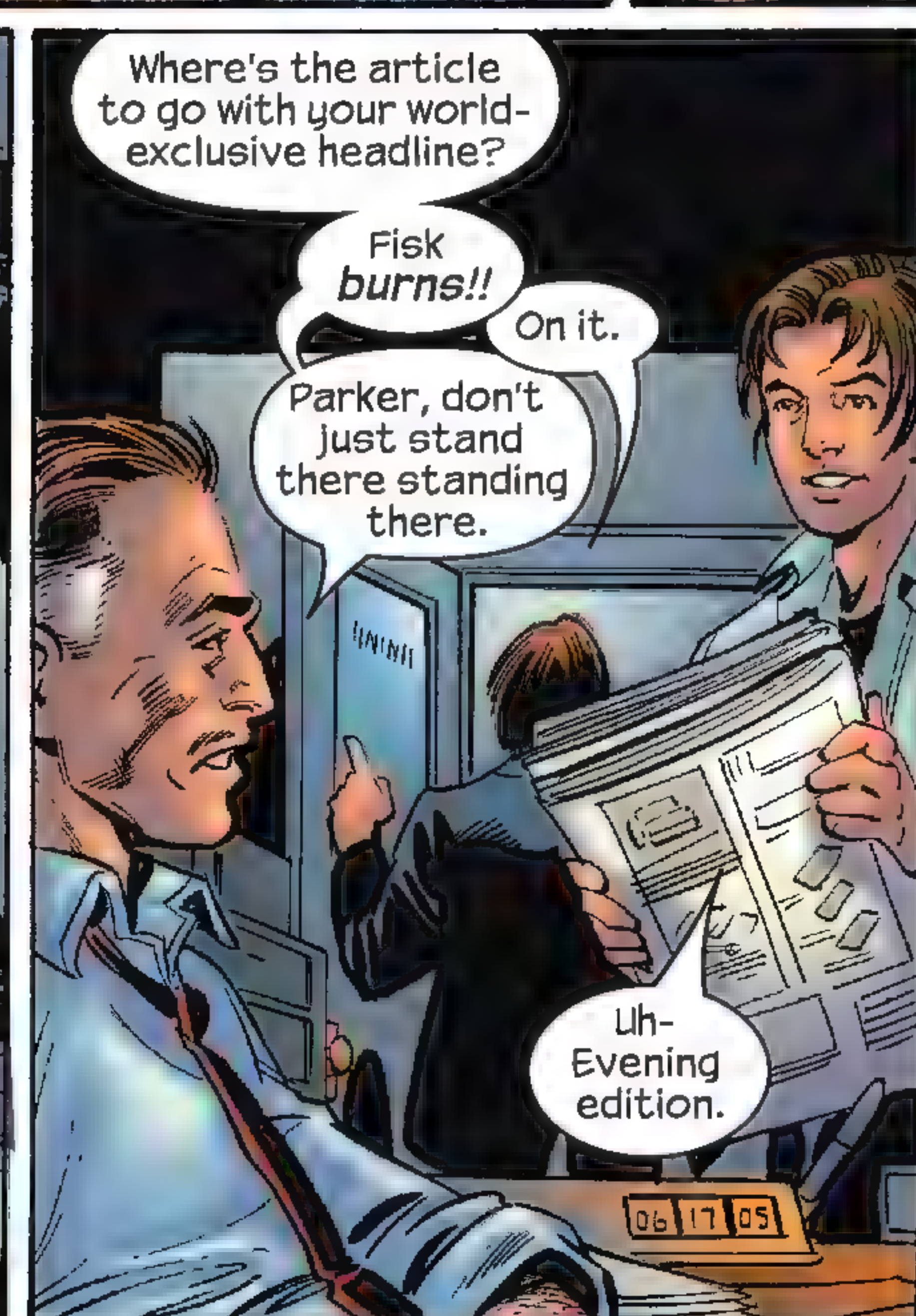
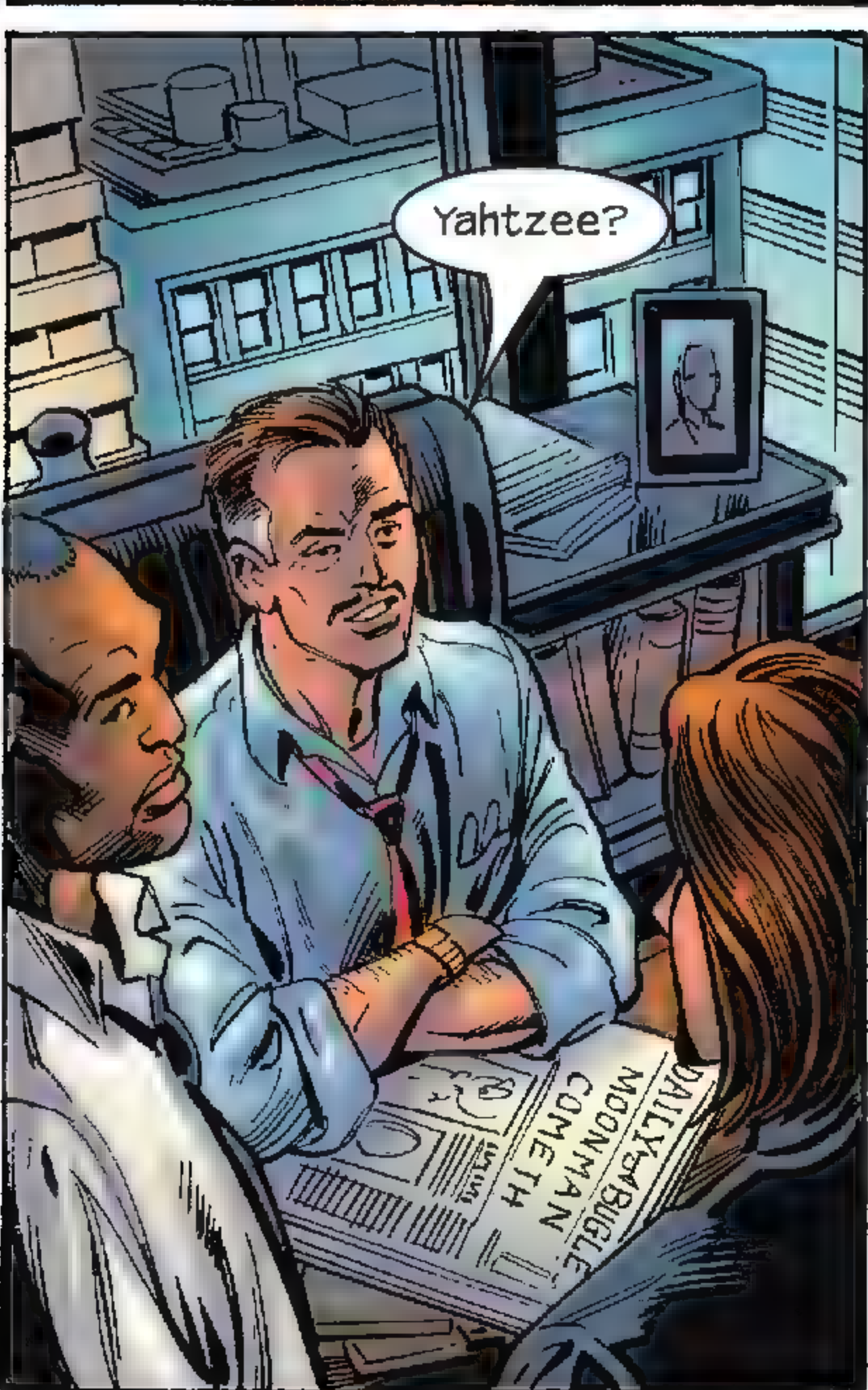
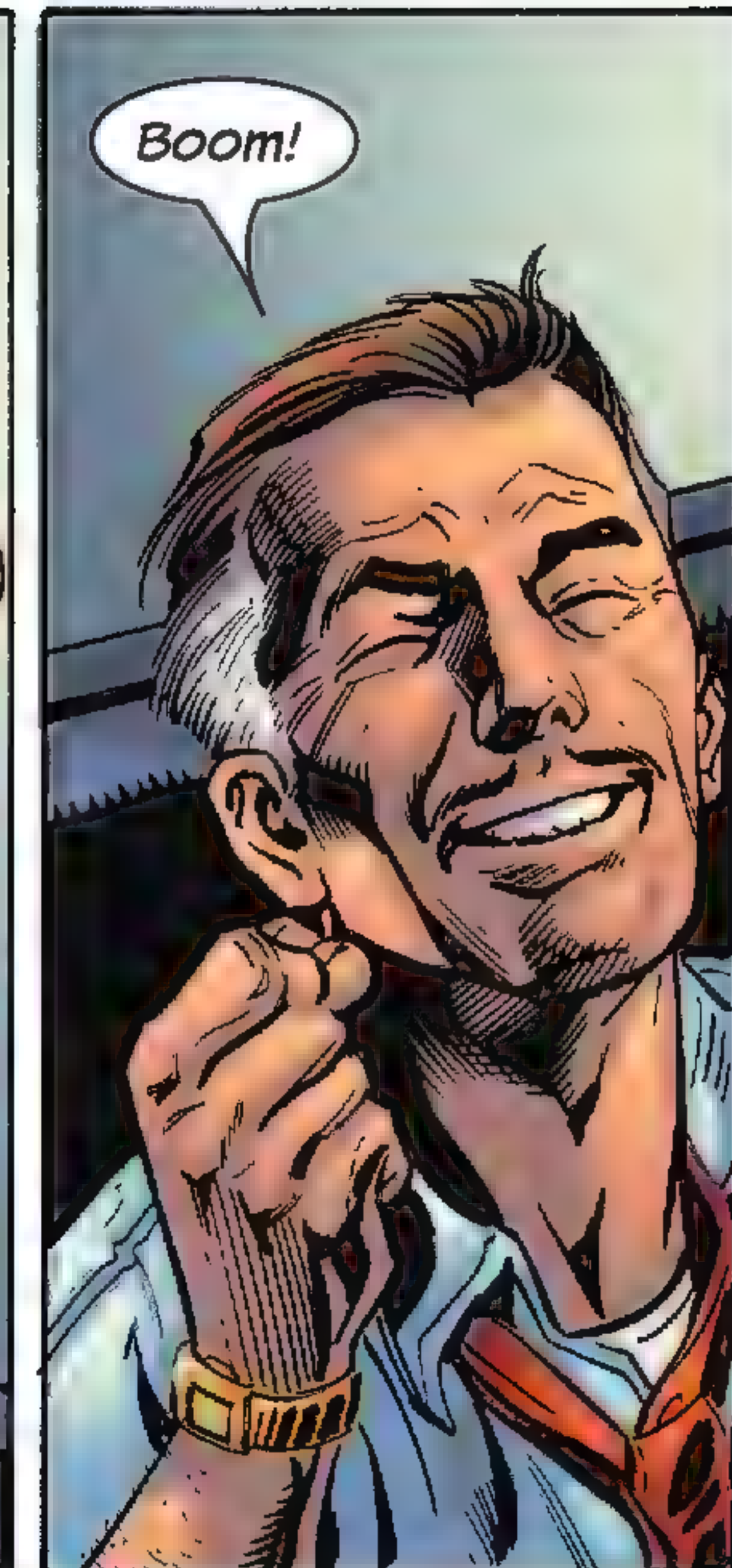
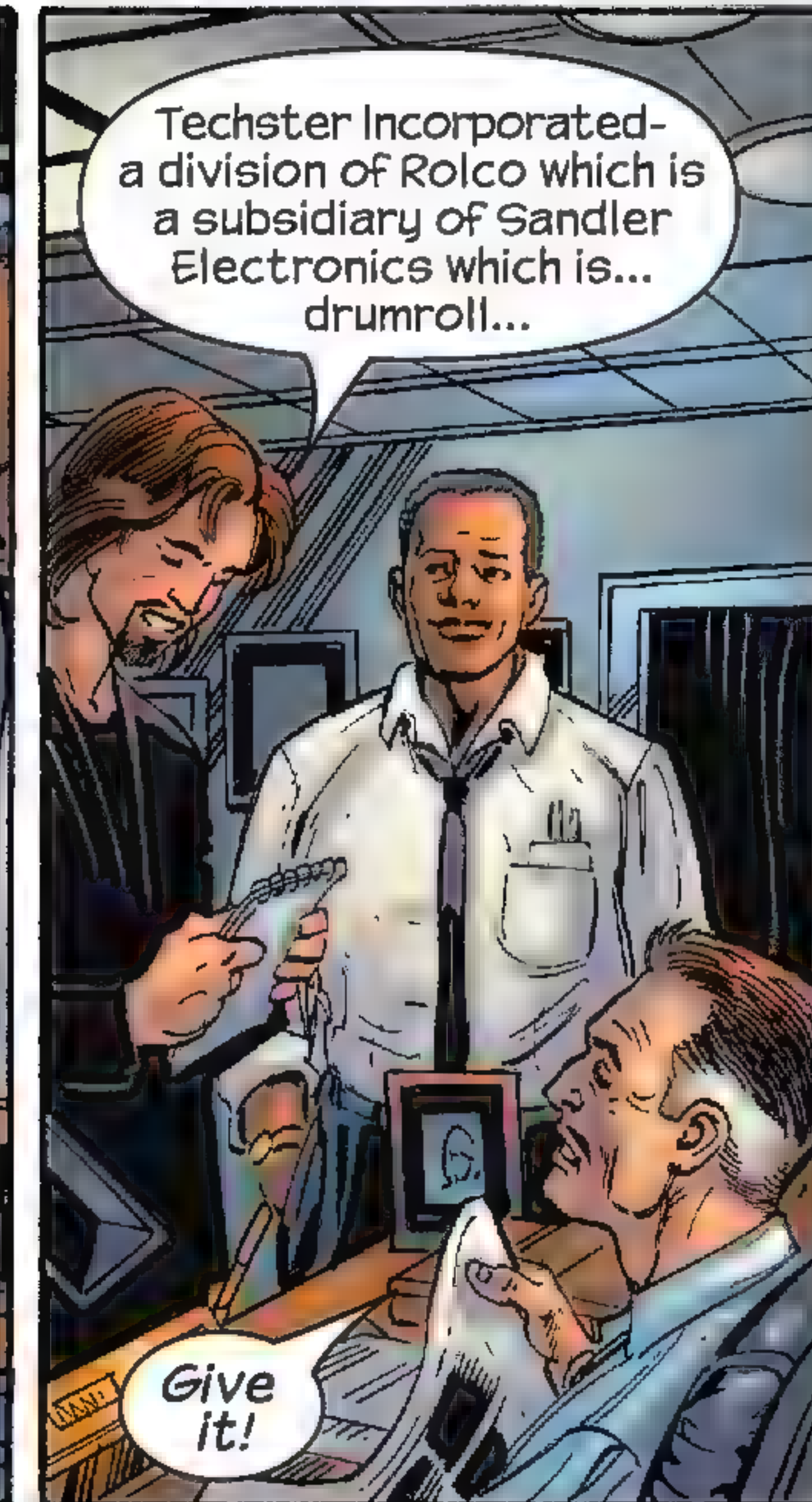
MOONMAN COMETH

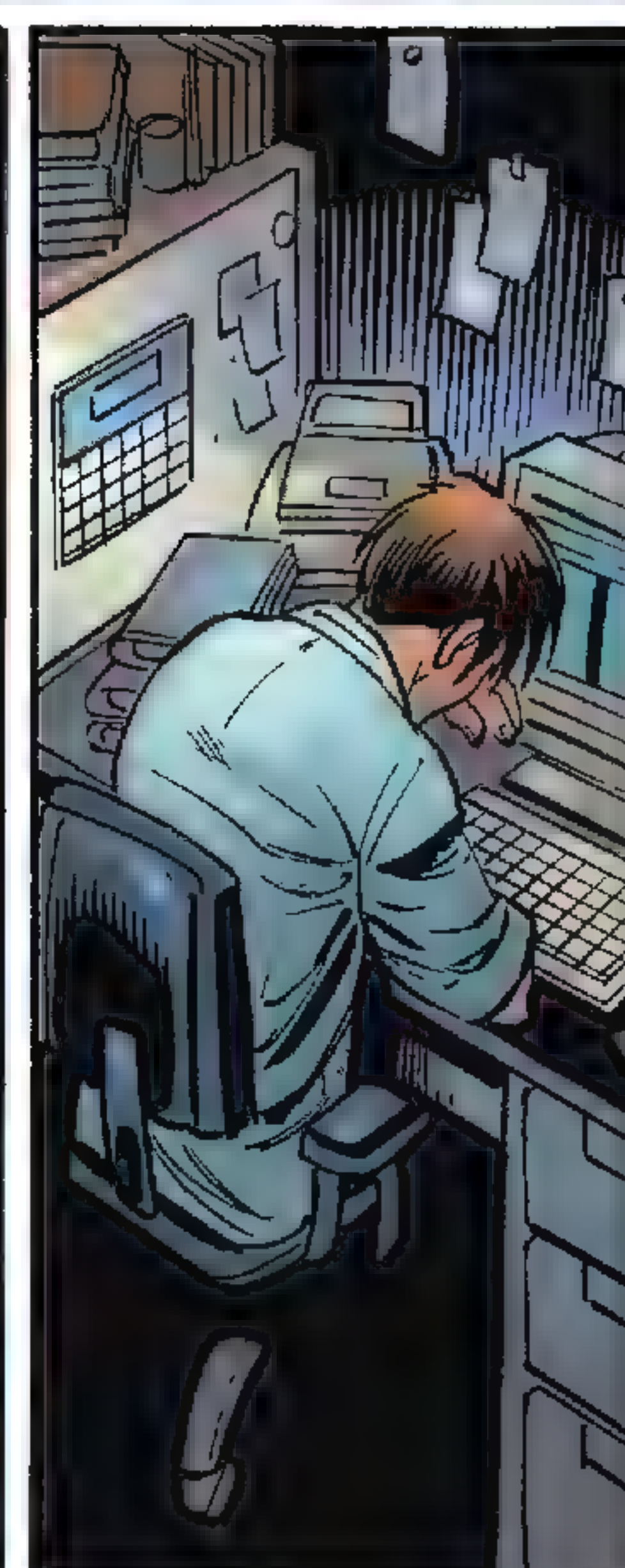
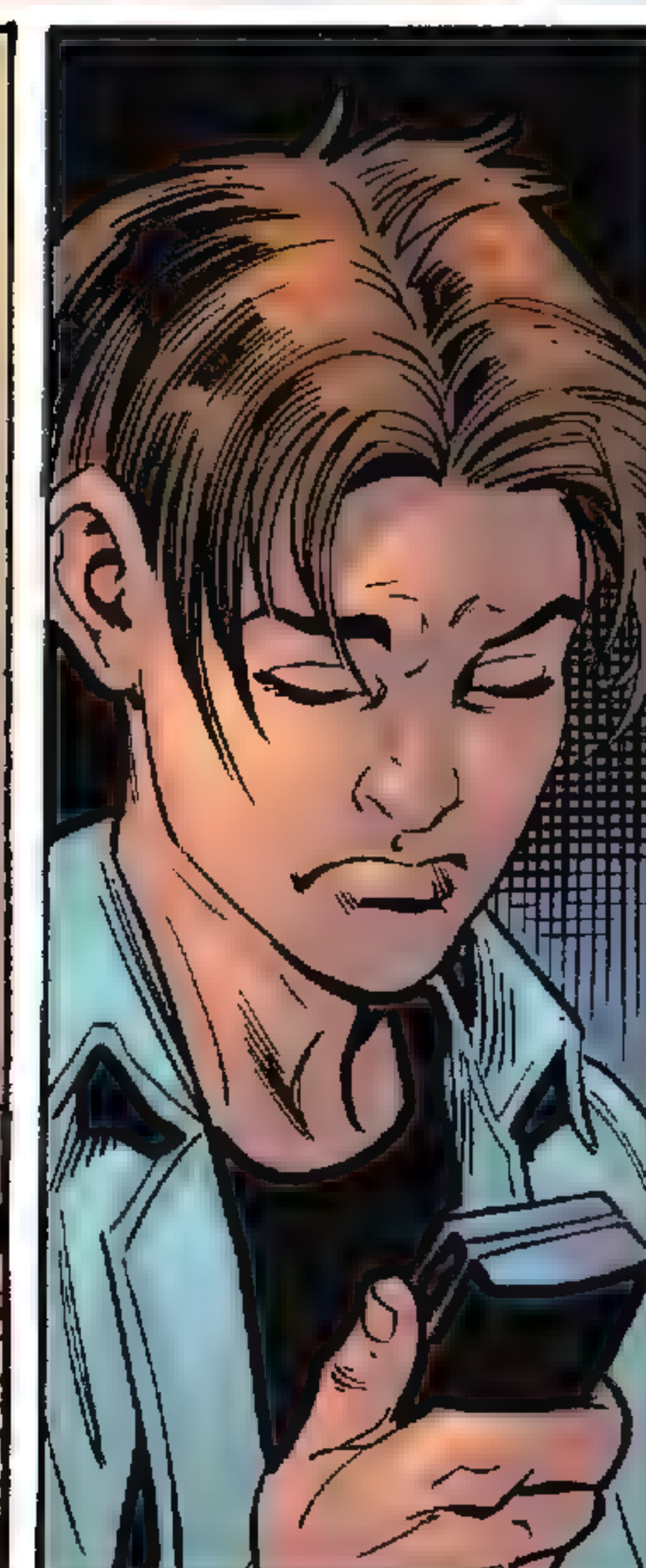
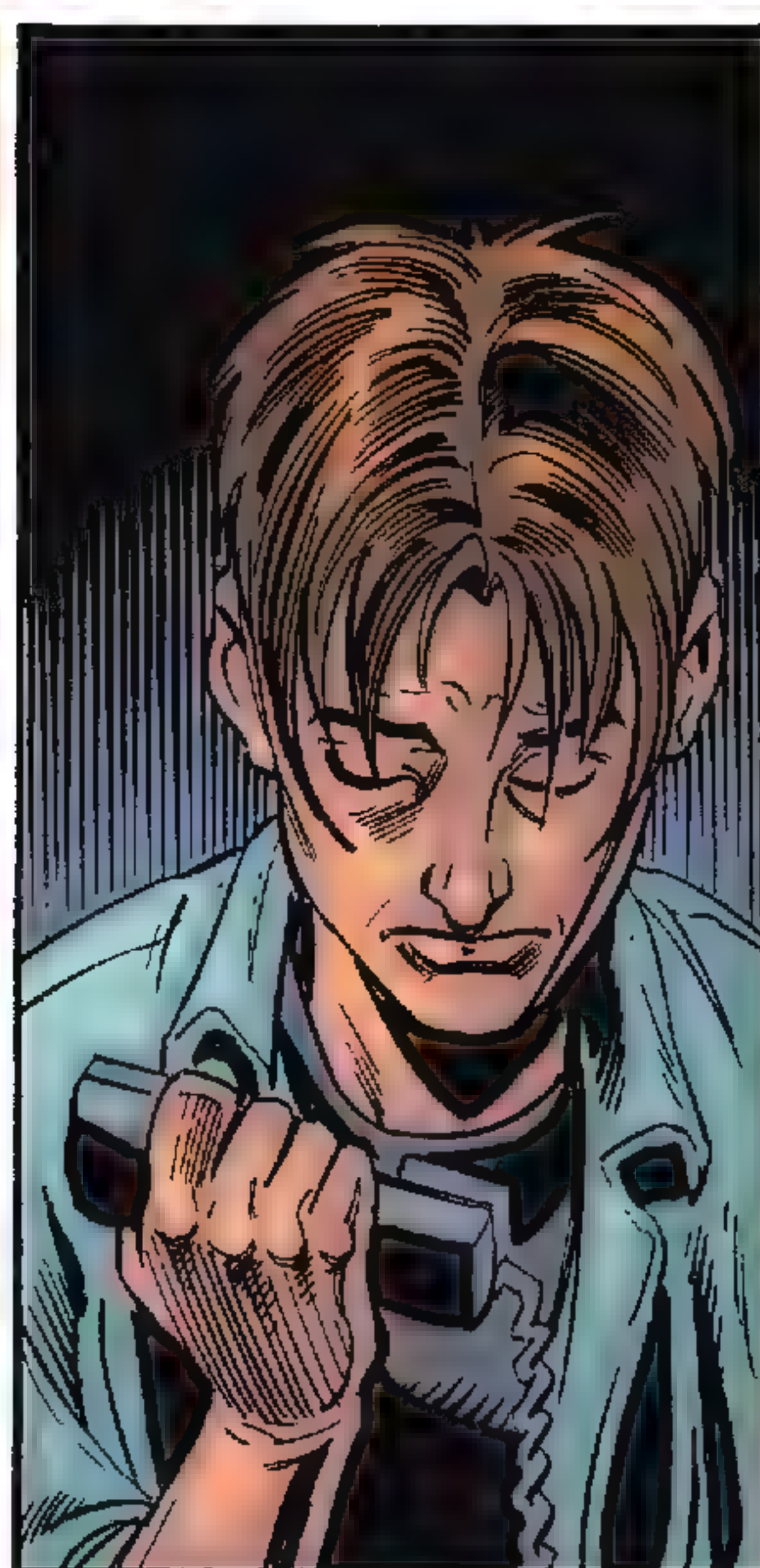
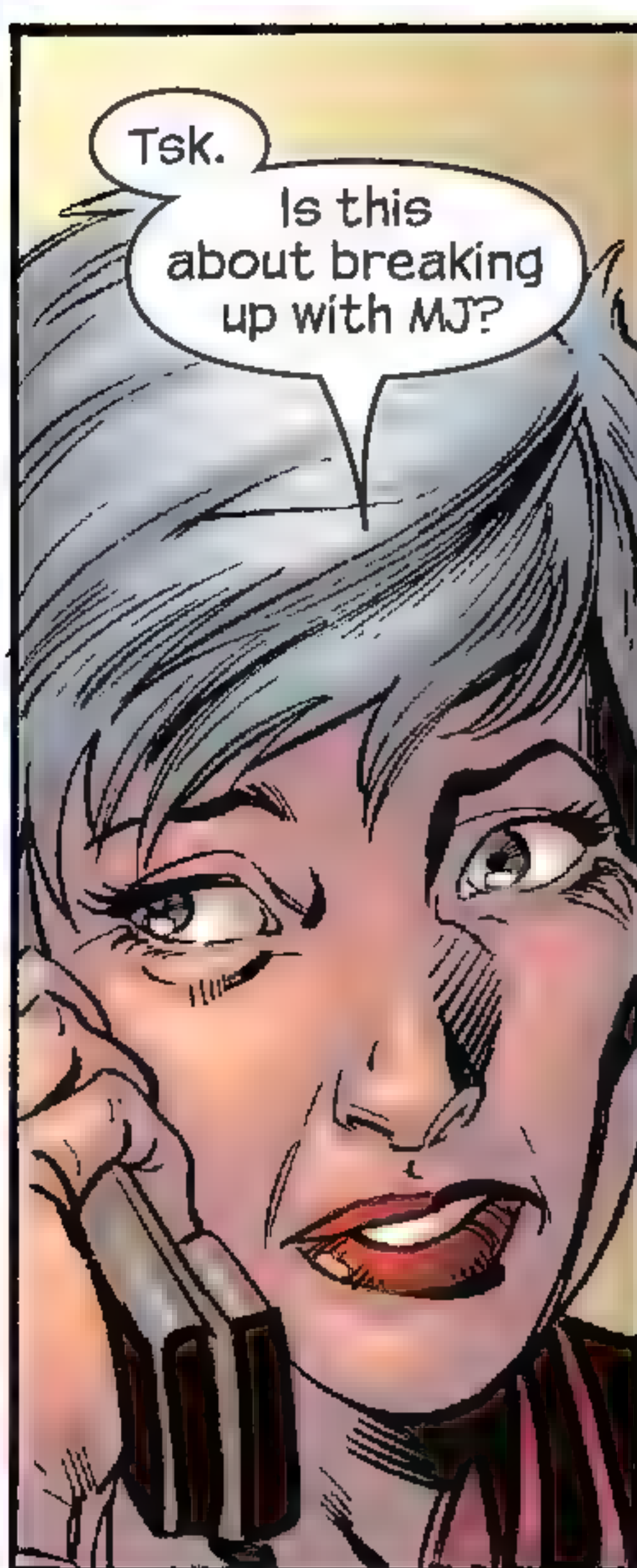
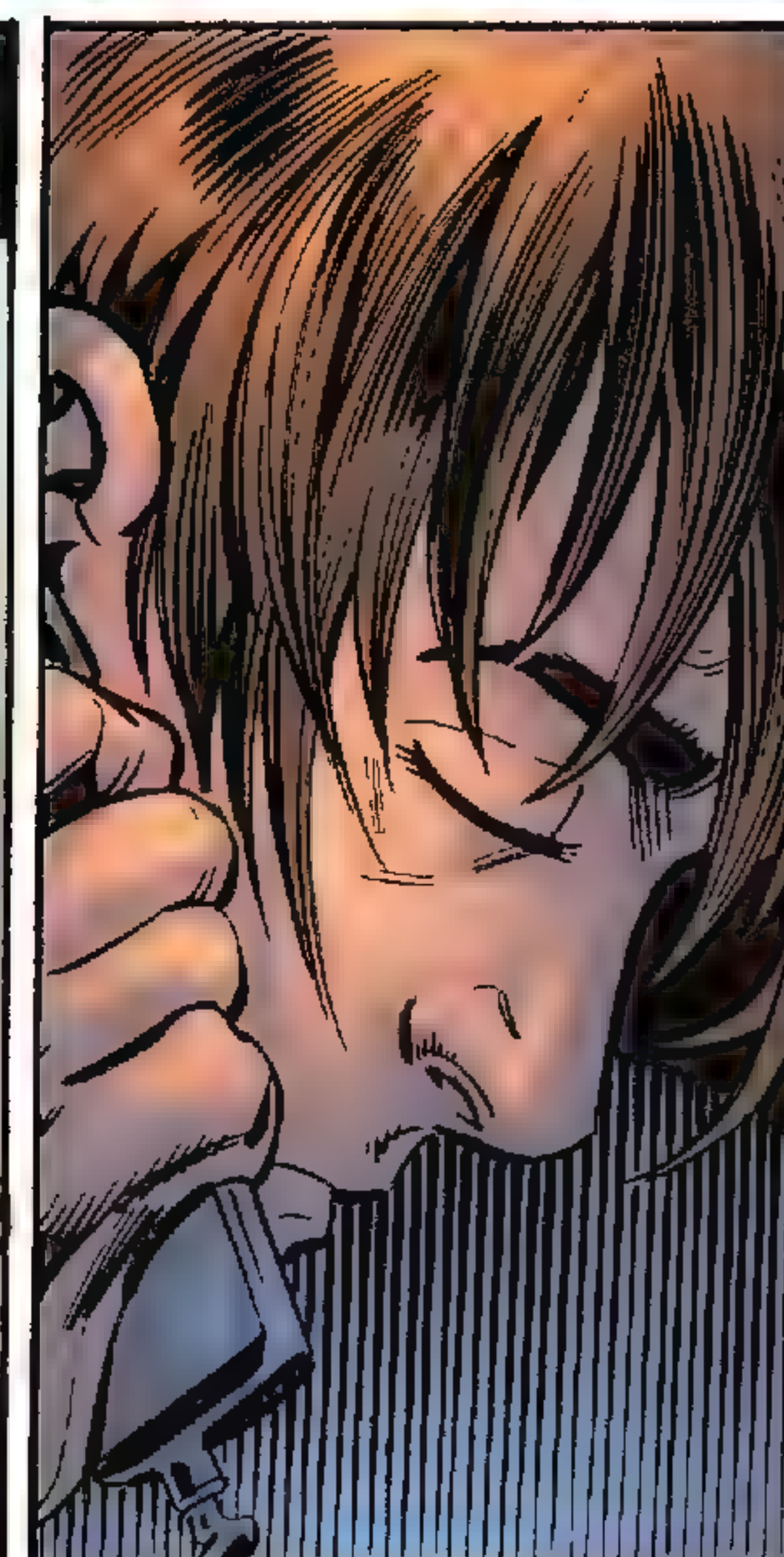
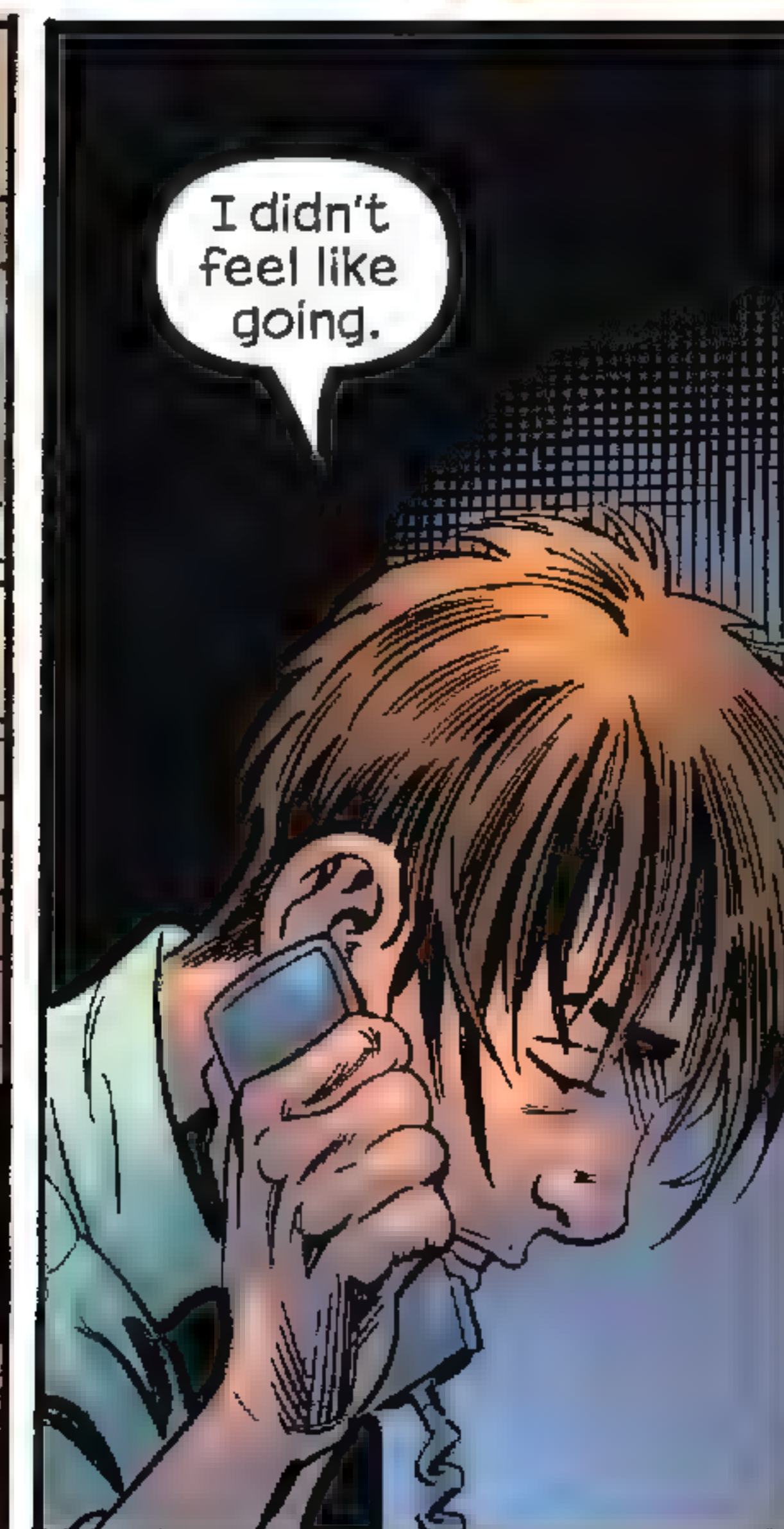
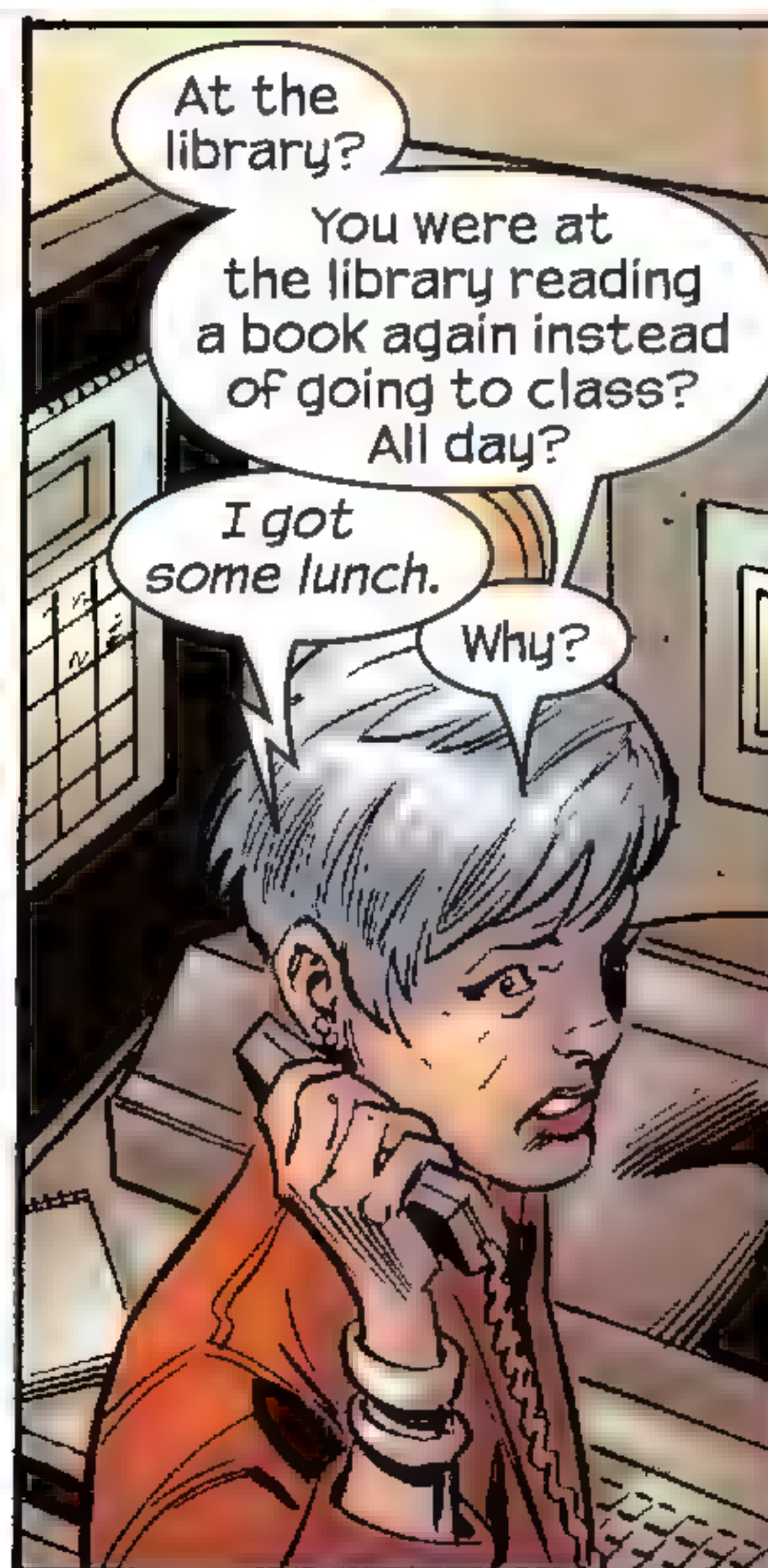
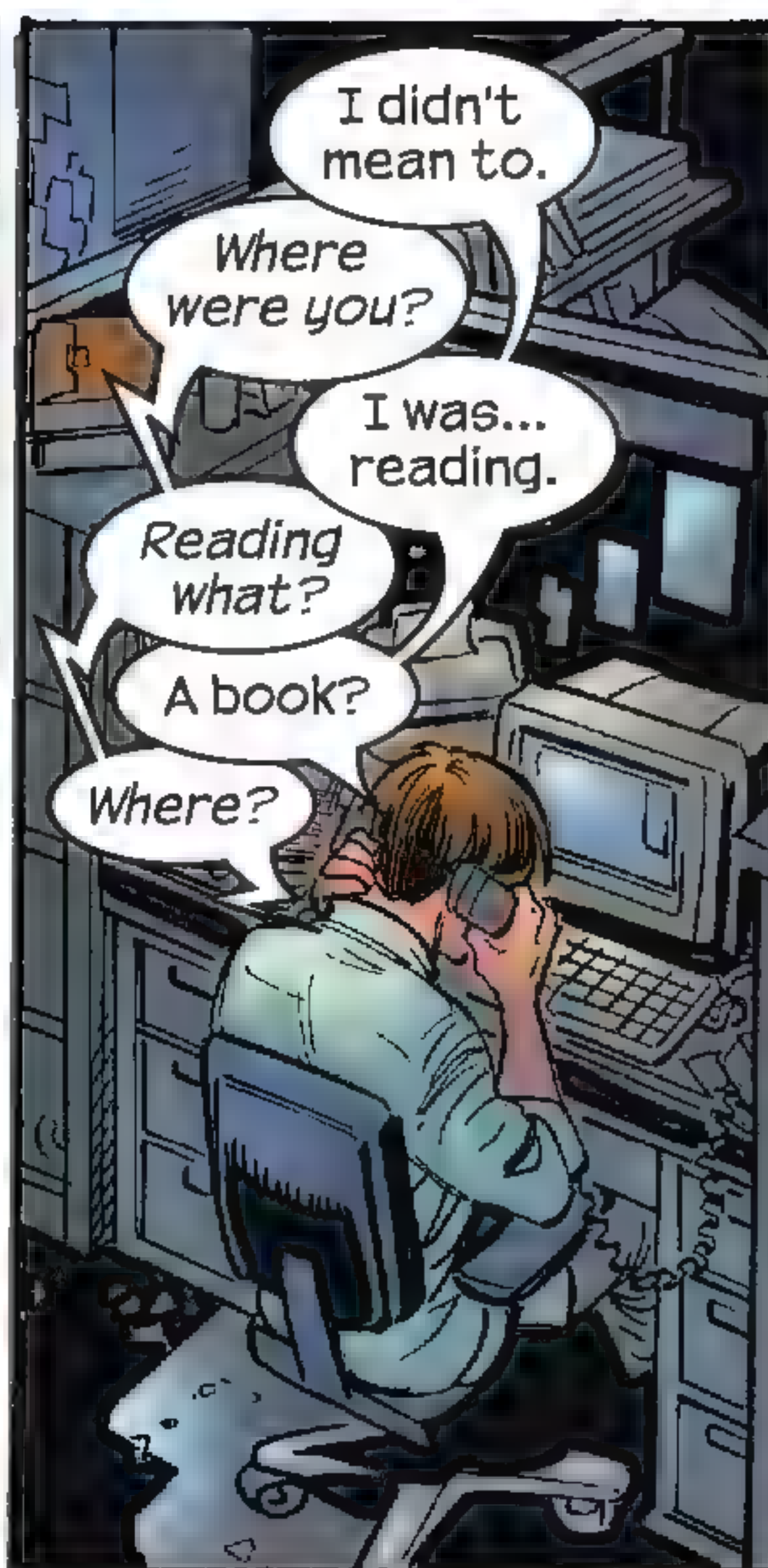
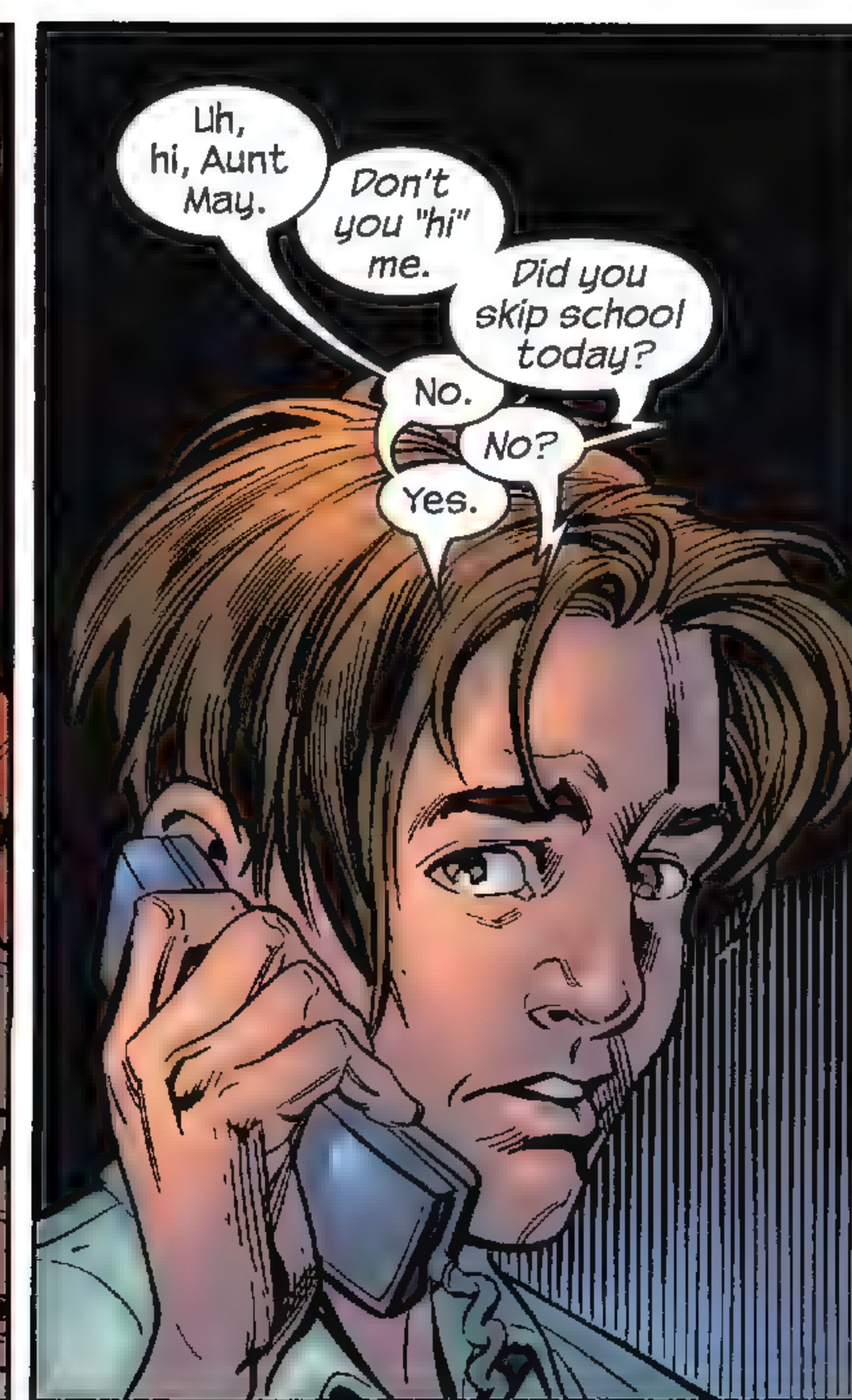
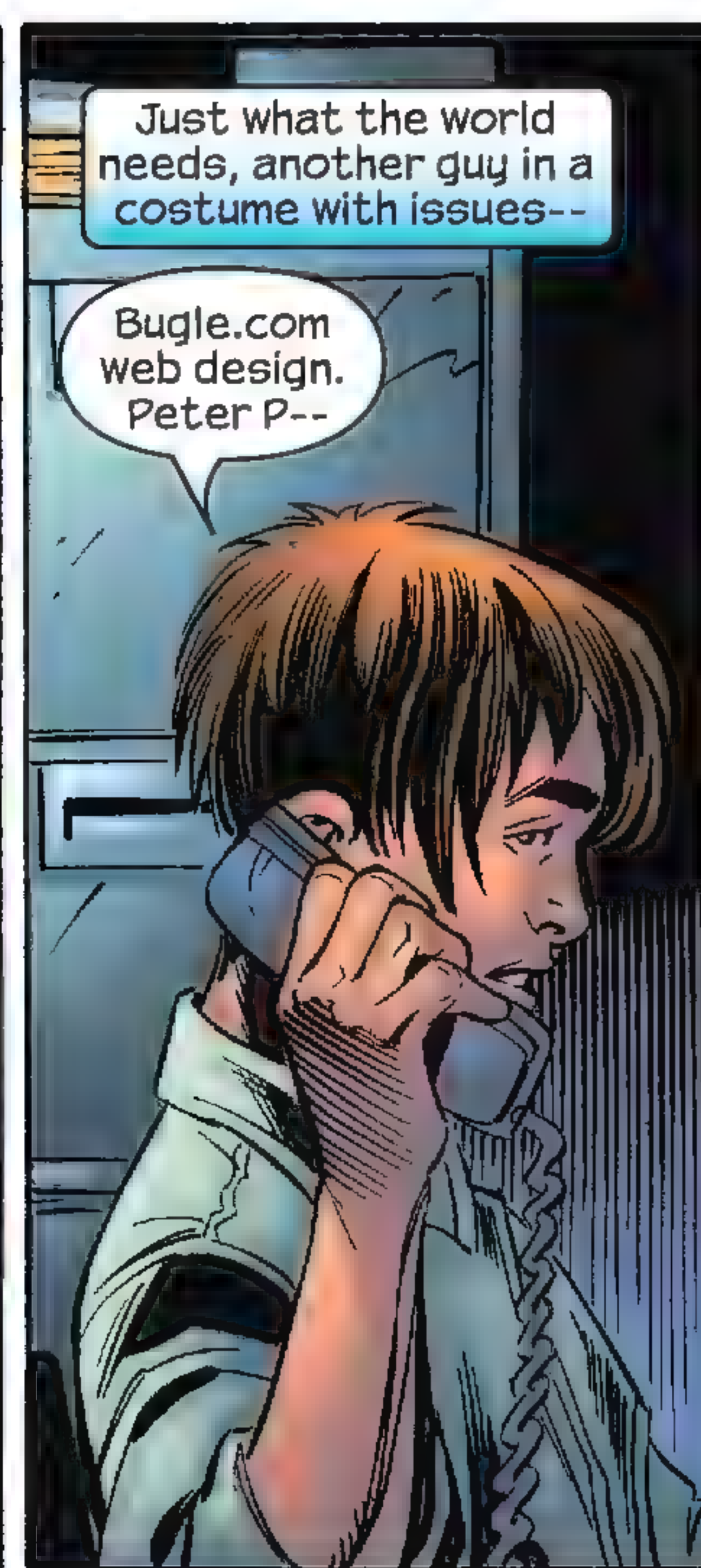


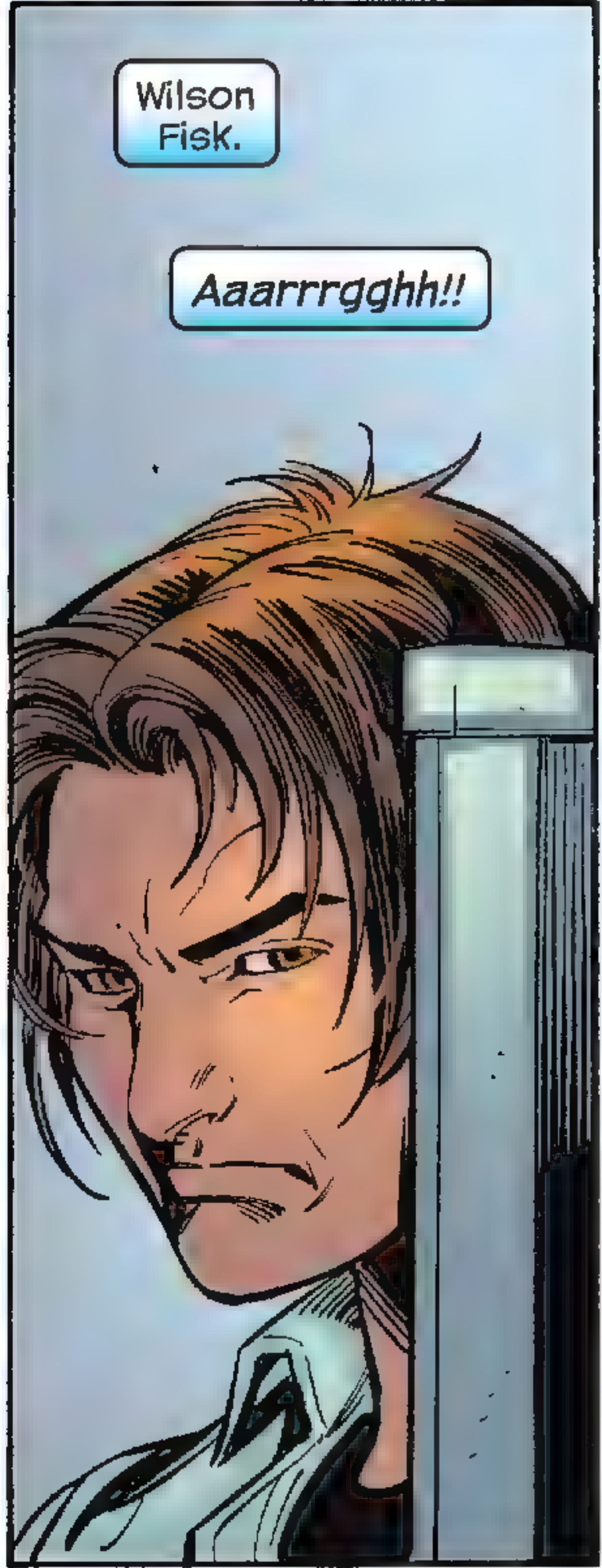
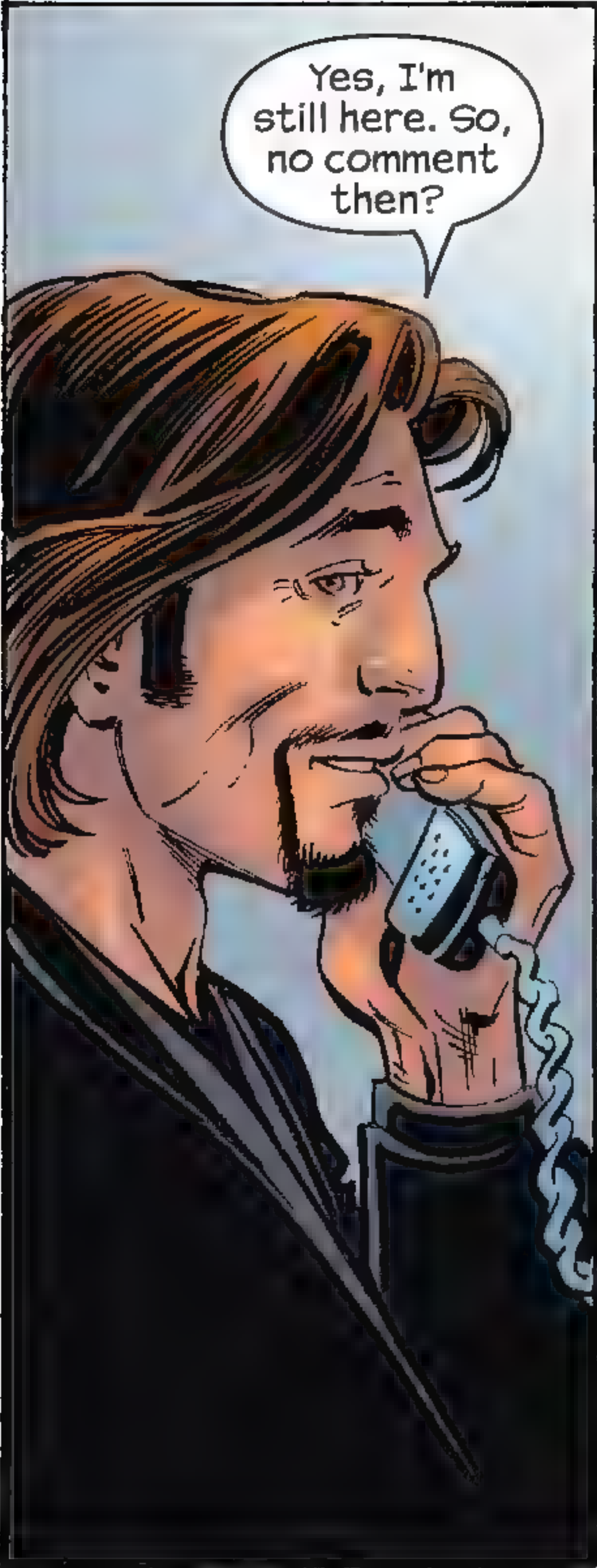
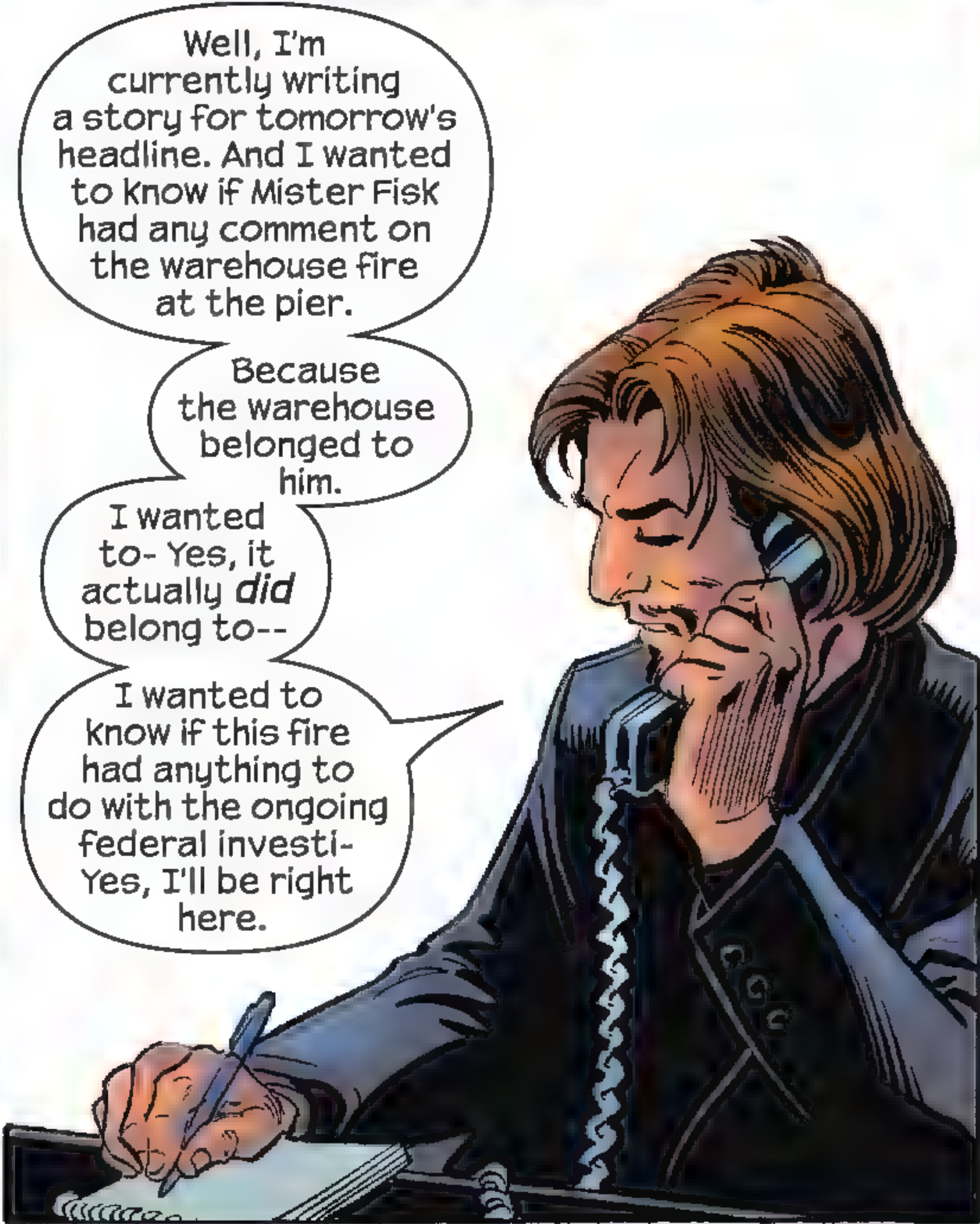
SILVER
DEAD



Allan Silverman









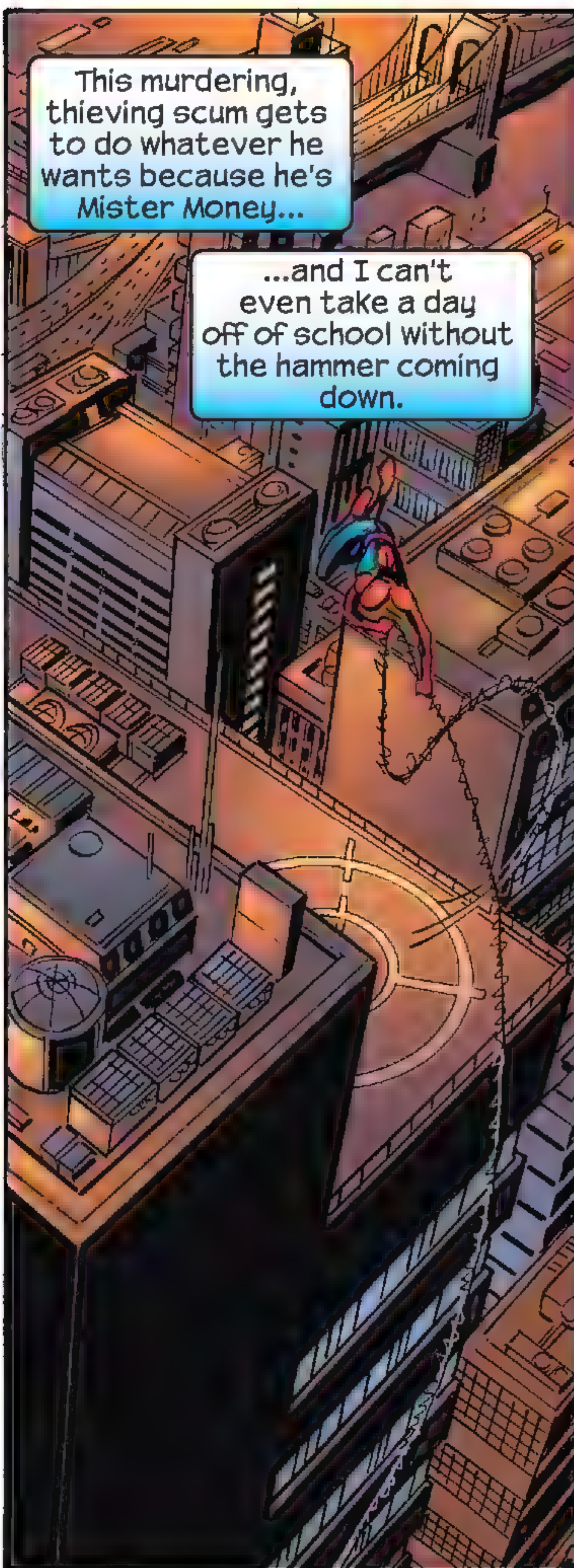
The Kingpin.

Ugh!! If this herb would just topple in my lifetime...

Is that asking too much?

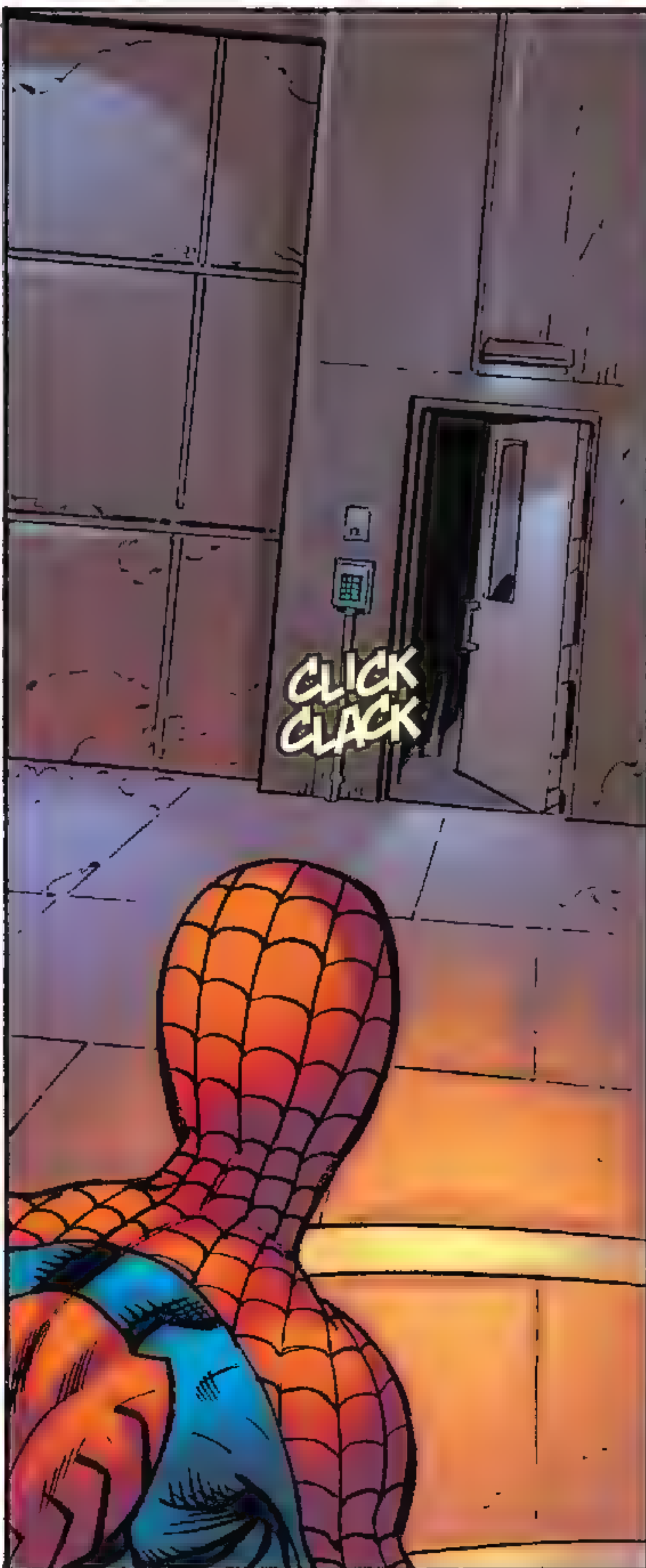
I don't ask for much in this world.

Just go to *Jail* already!!



This murdering, thieving scum gets to do whatever he wants because he's Mister Money...

...and I can't even take a day off of school without the hammer coming down.



CLICK
CLACK

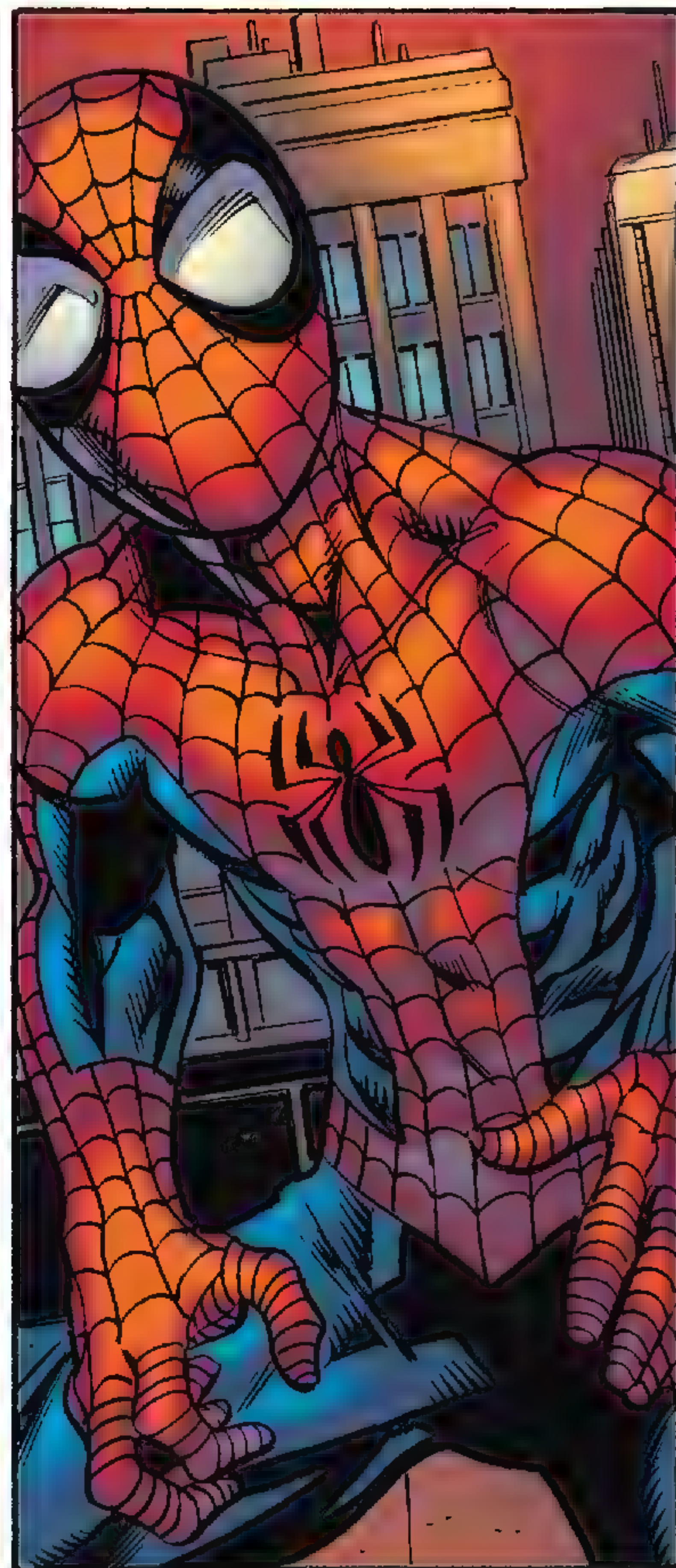


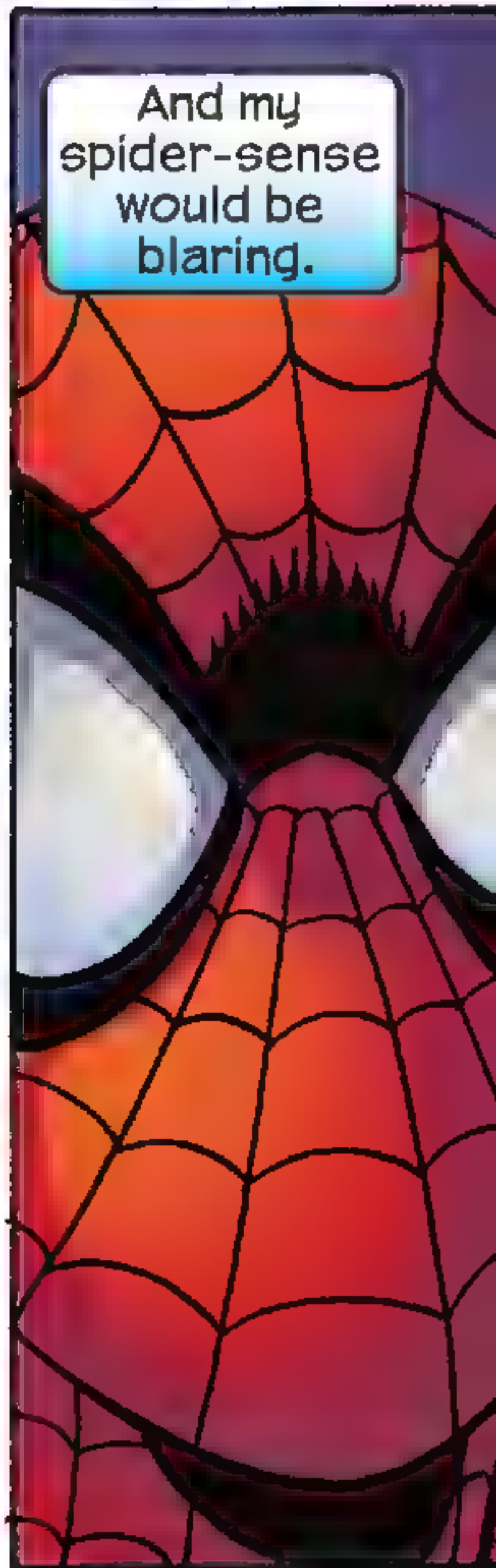
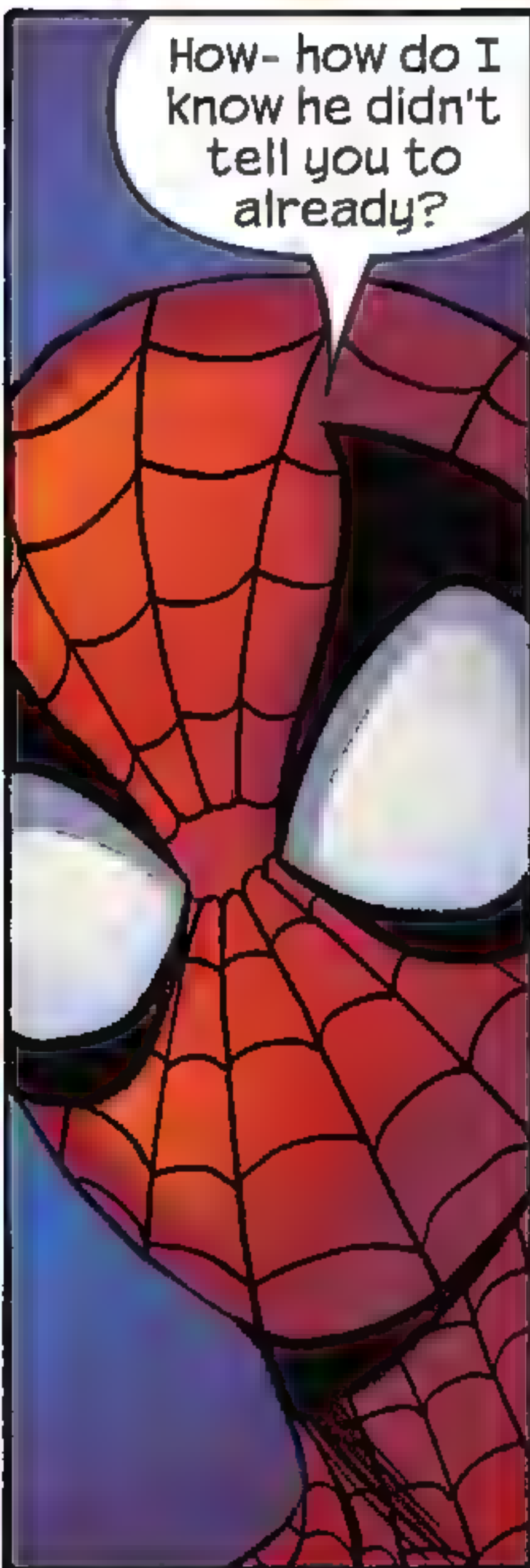
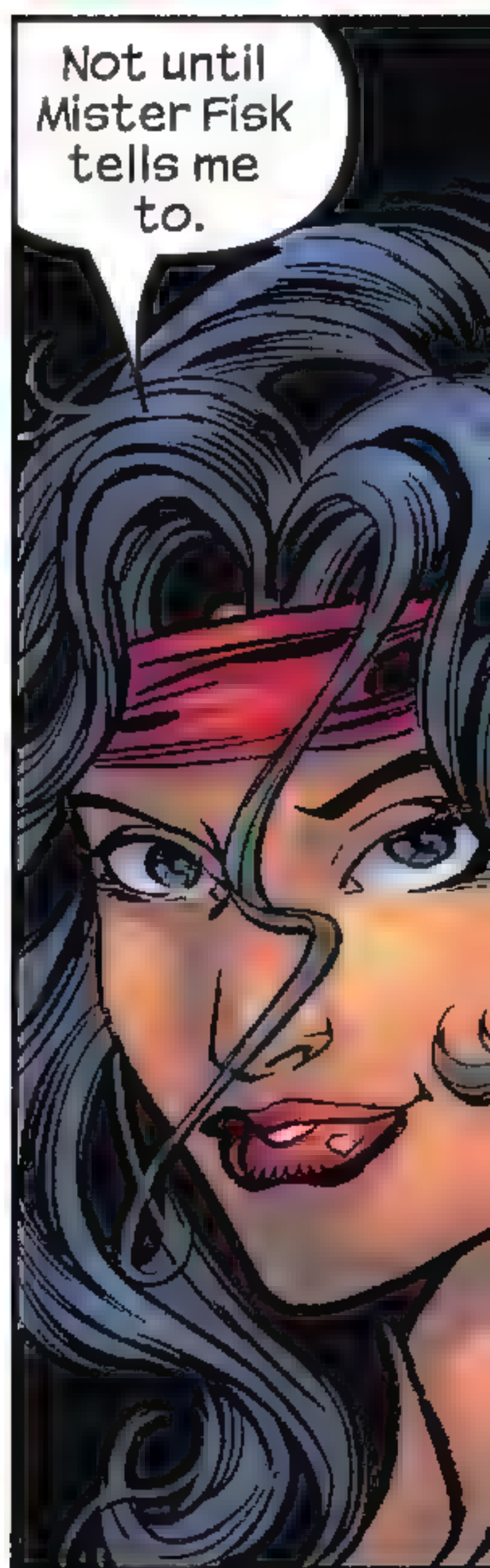
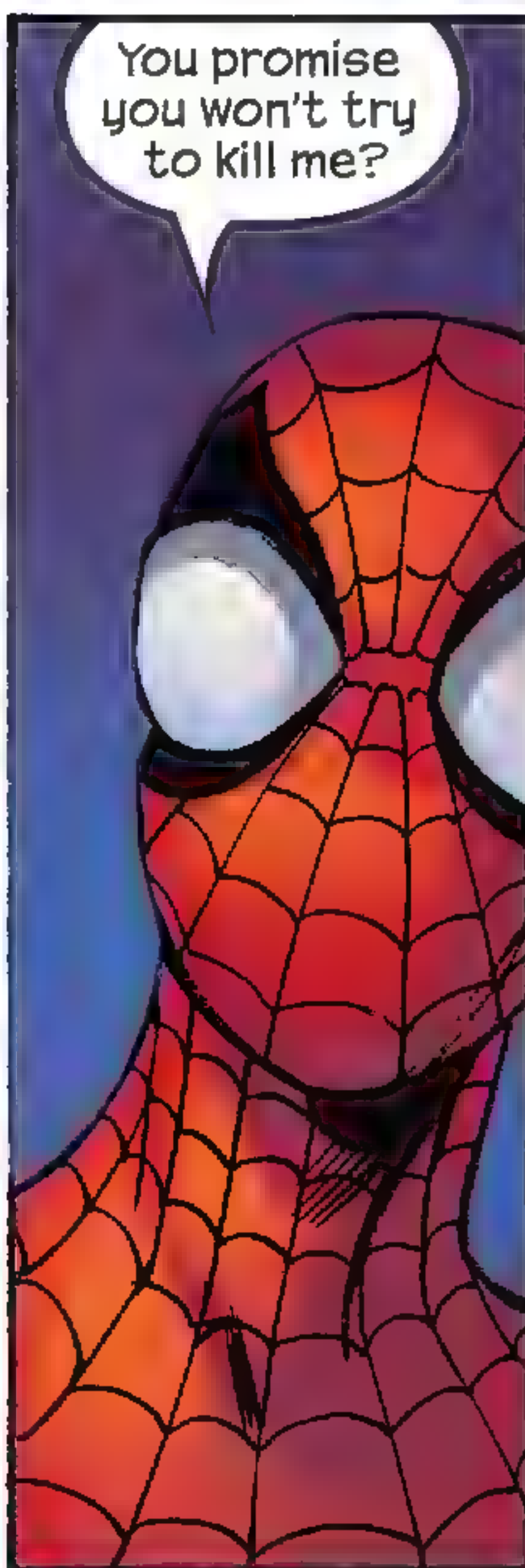
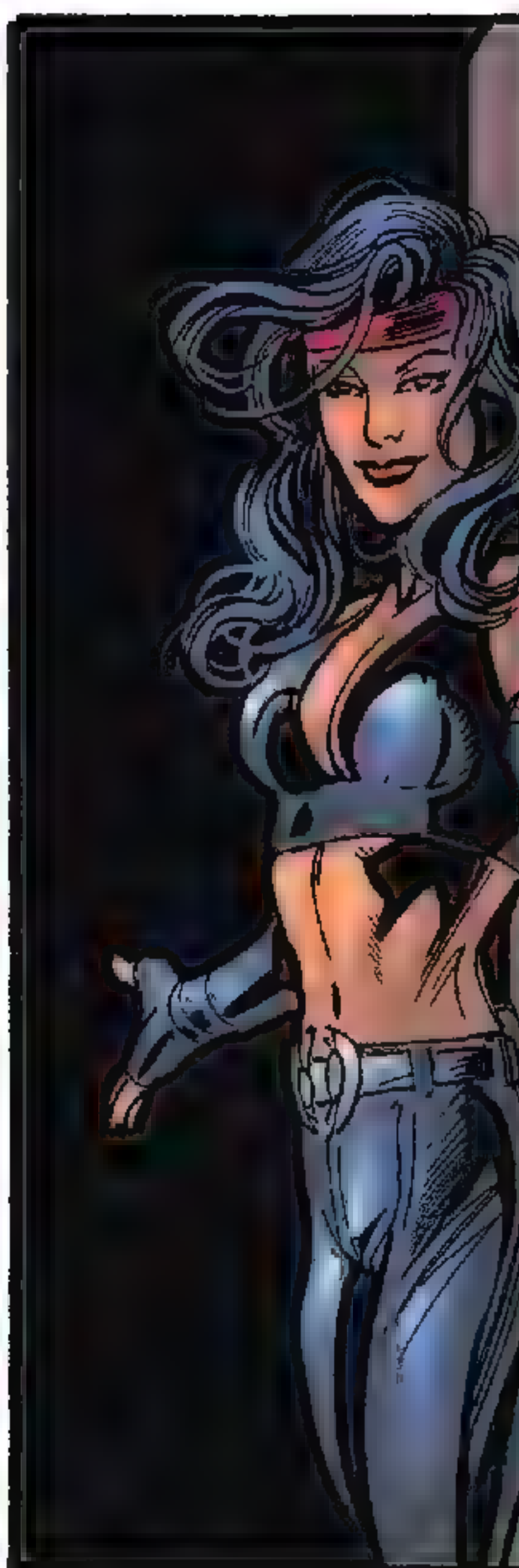
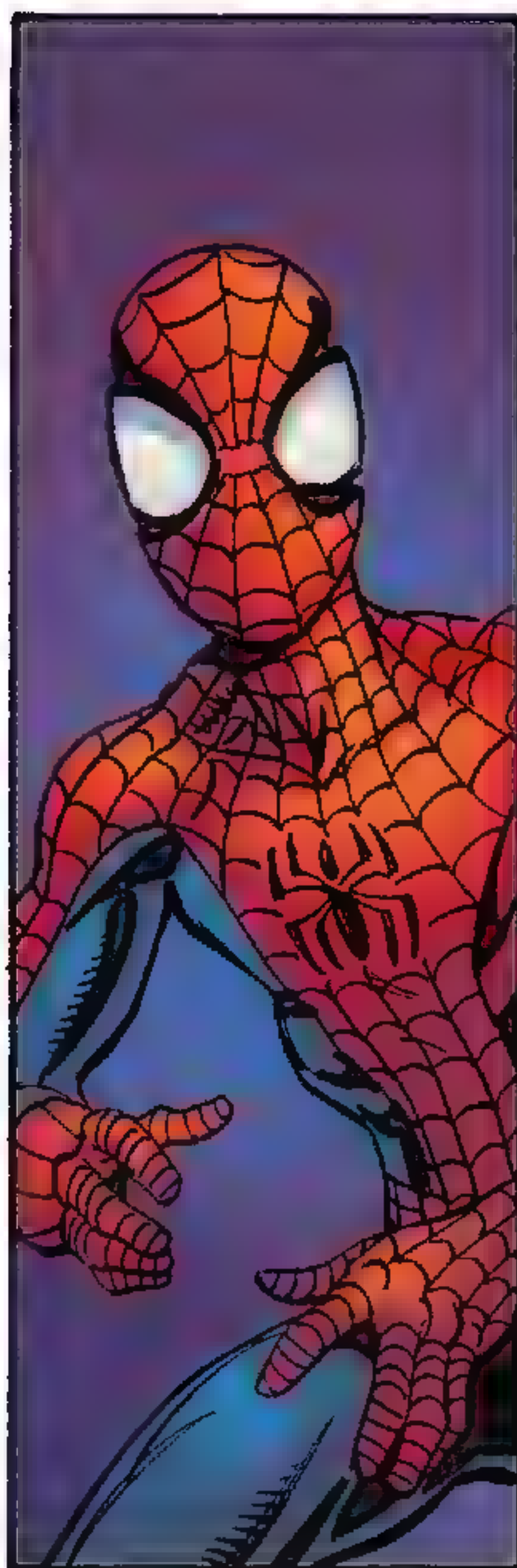
I've come *SO* close.

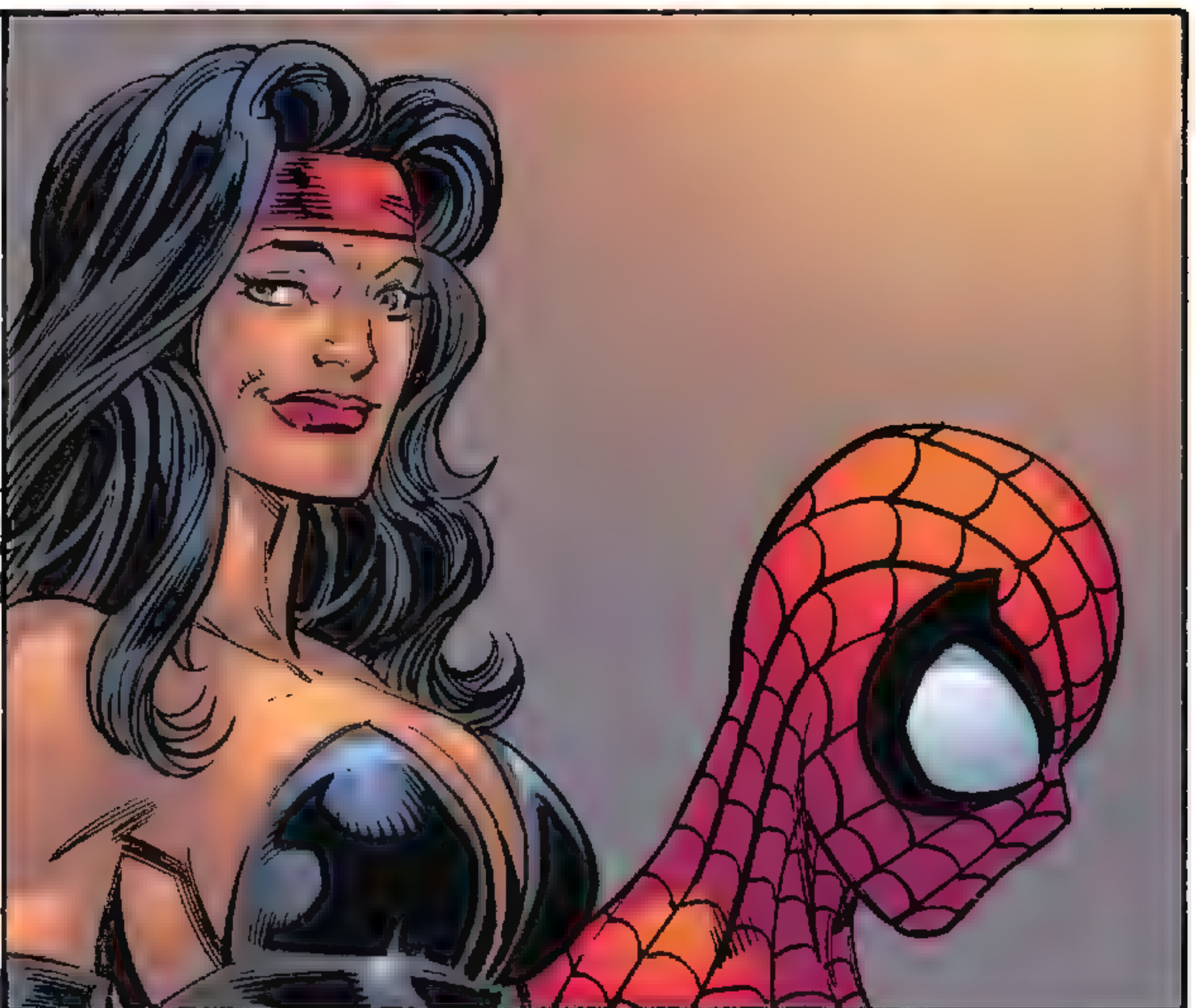
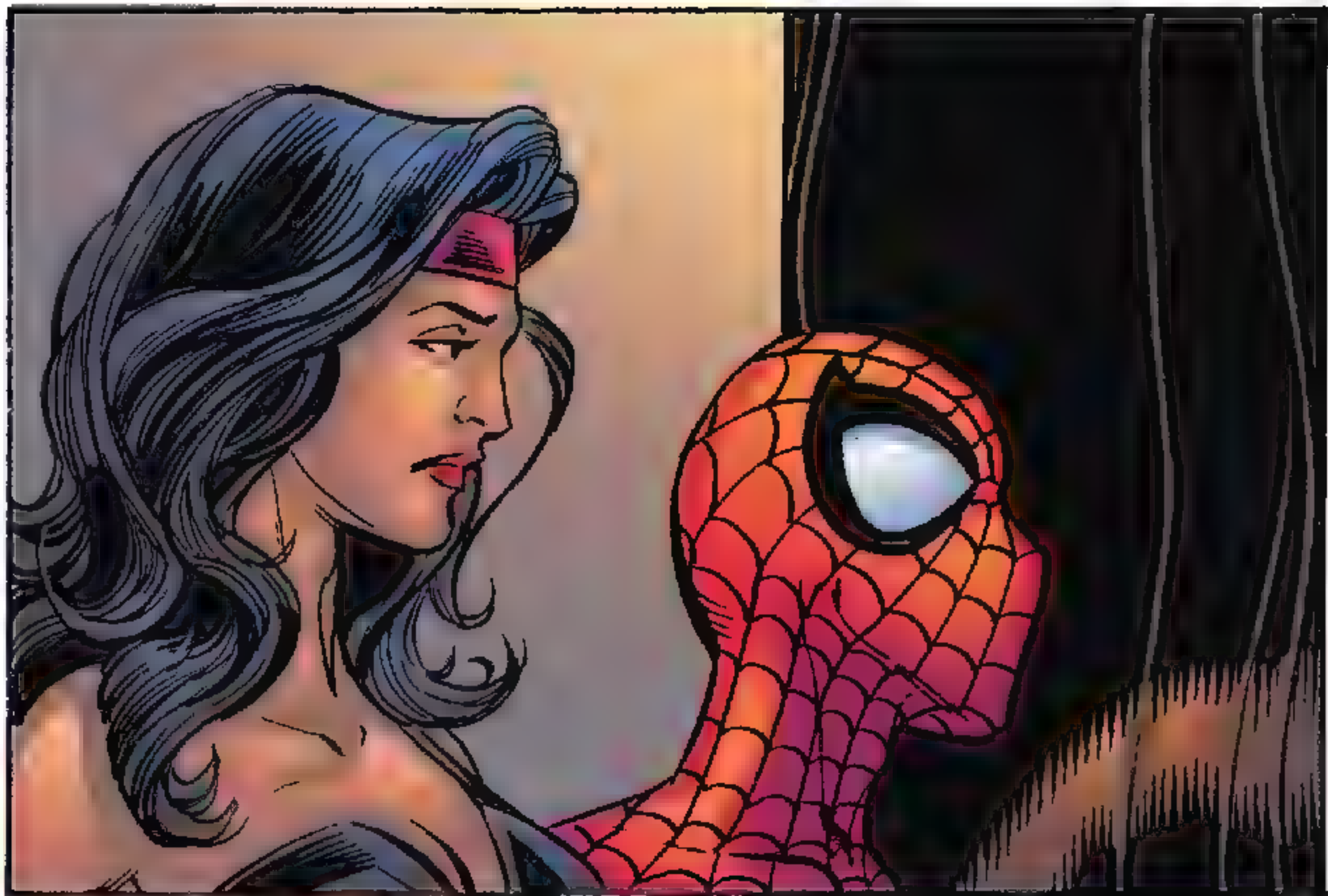
I would *love* to be part of his downfall. Love, love, love it.

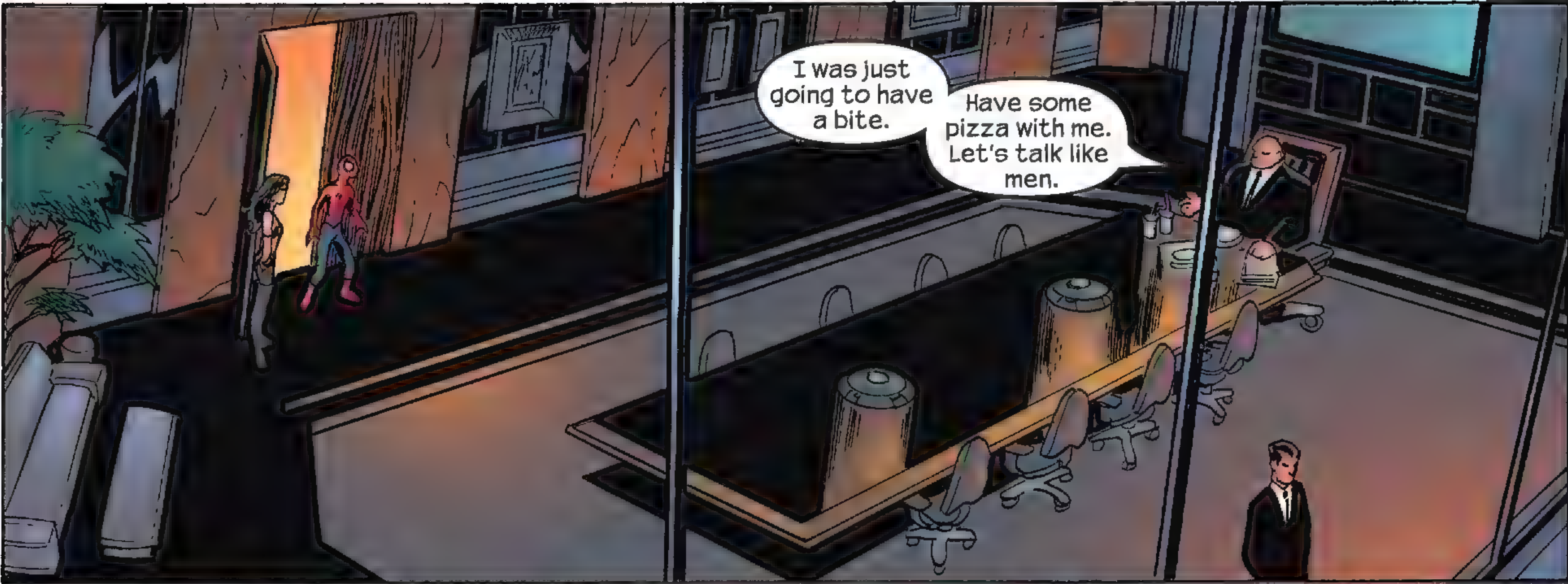
I had him dead to rights that one time, video-tape evidence and everything.

I would love to giftwrap some hard evidence and hand it to whoever I have to hand it to and watch this fat f--









I was just going to have a bite.

Have some pizza with me. Let's talk like men.



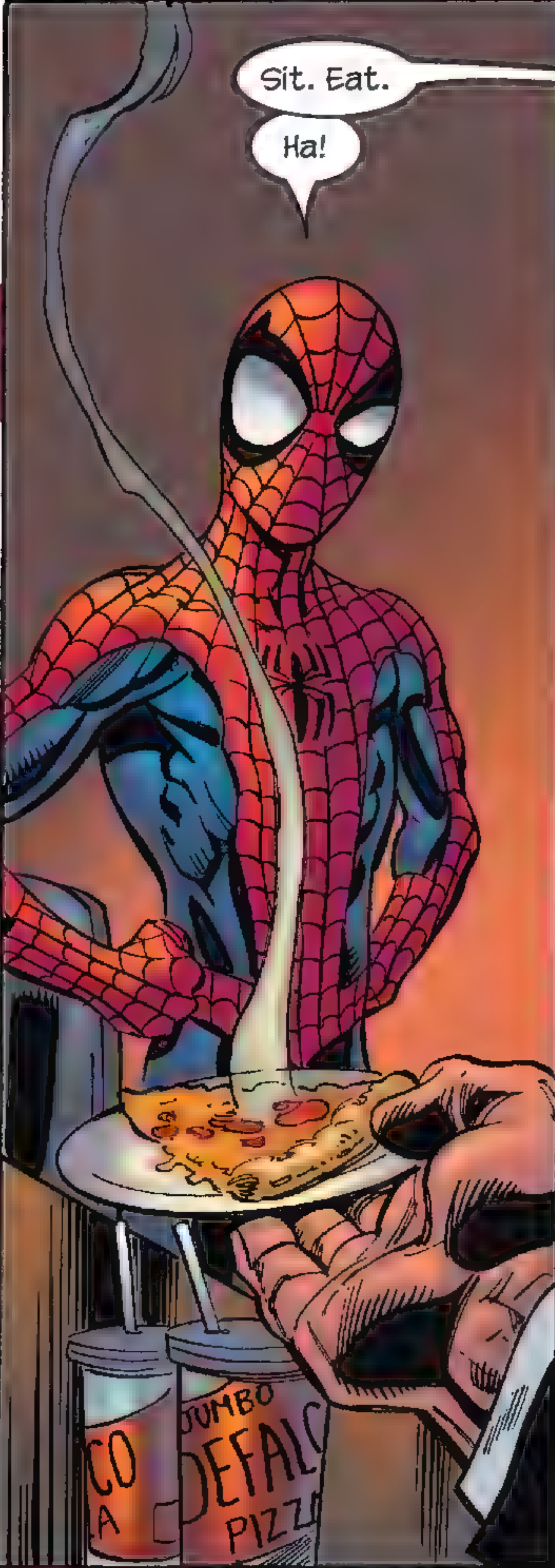
How did you know I was coming? I didn't even know I was coming.

Oh, I didn't.

I have cameras on the roof. Got them just because of you.

I told my men to tell me if you ever stopped by again.

I've been looking forward to the opportunity to talk to you in a less hostile environment.



Sit. Eat.

Ha!

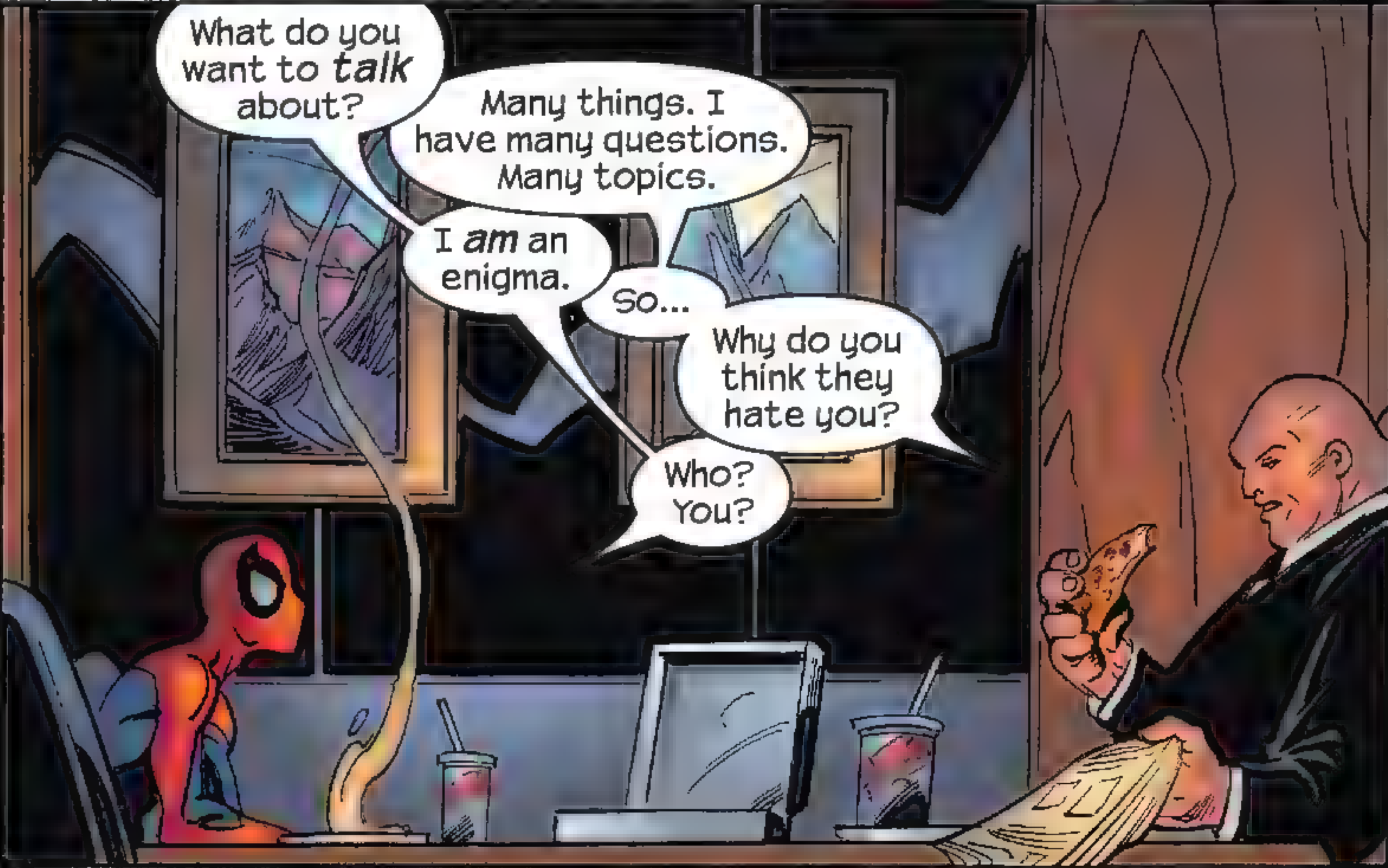


I own the parlor.

I bought it after I tasted a slice actually.

It's the best in New York.

I know a lot of people claim that, but...



What do you want to talk about?

Many things. I have many questions. Many topics.

I am an enigma.

So...

Why do you think they hate you?

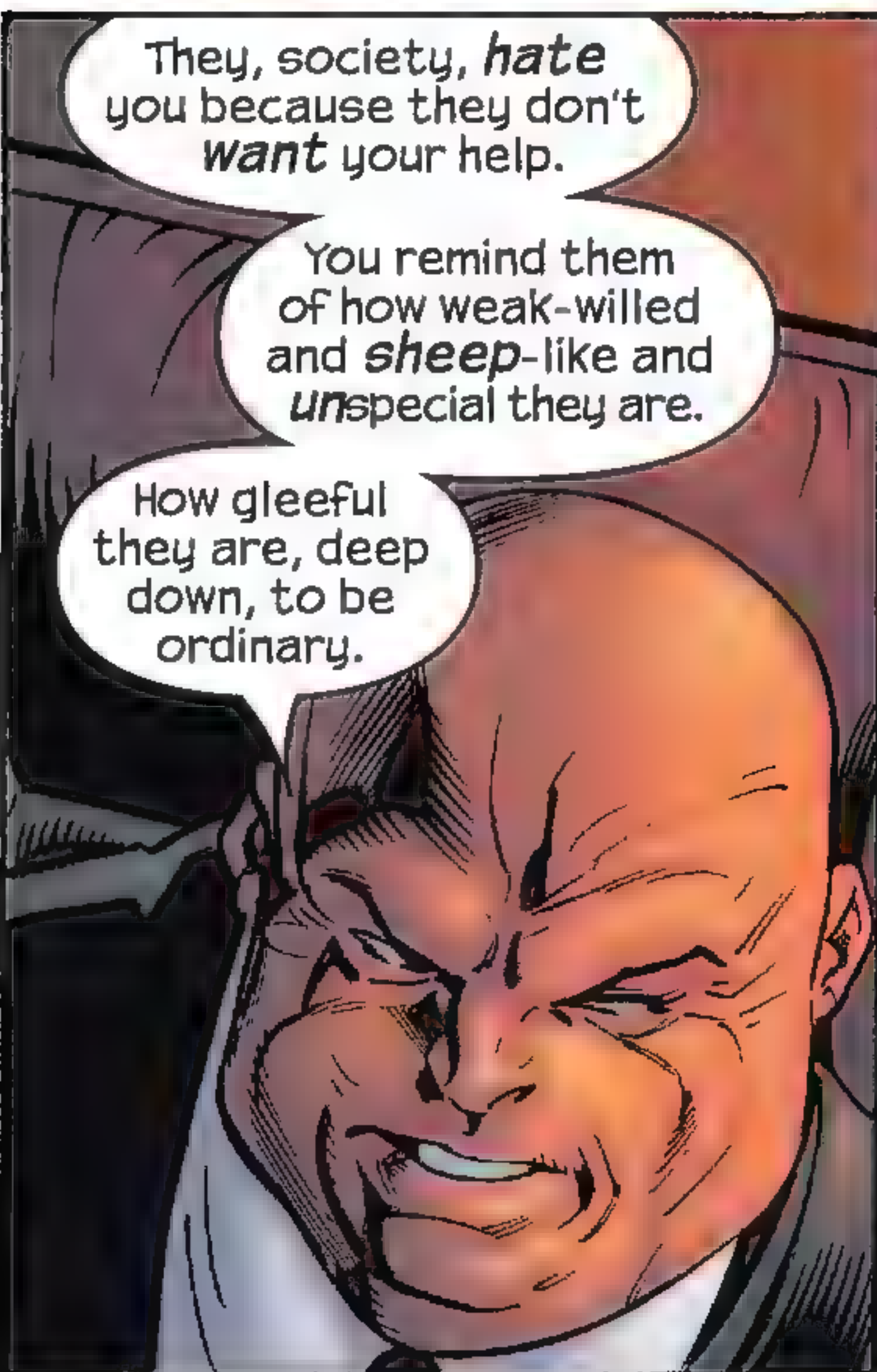
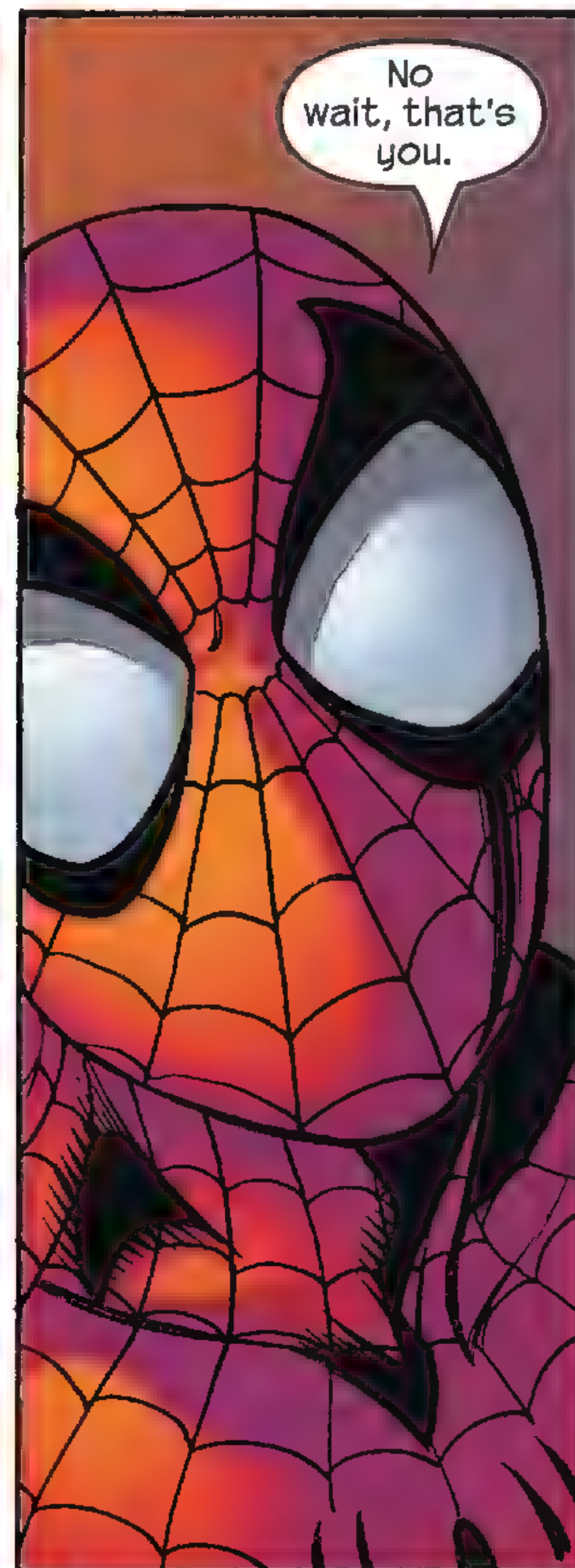
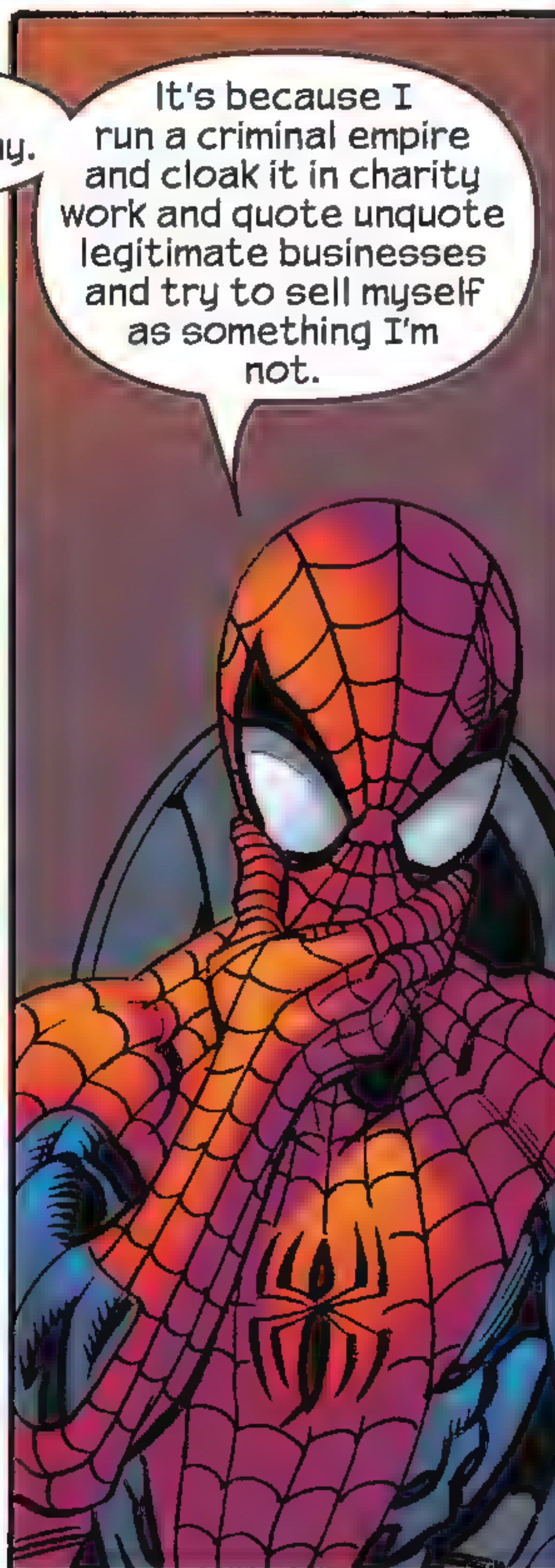
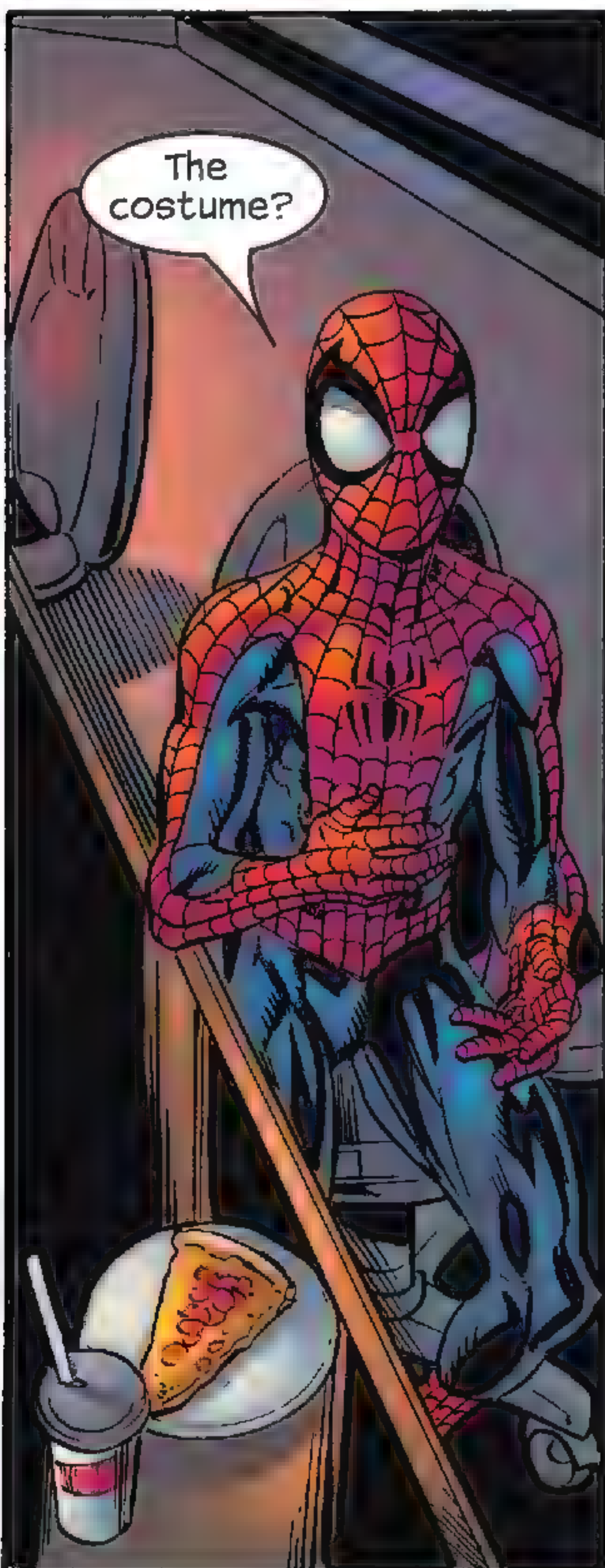
Who? You?

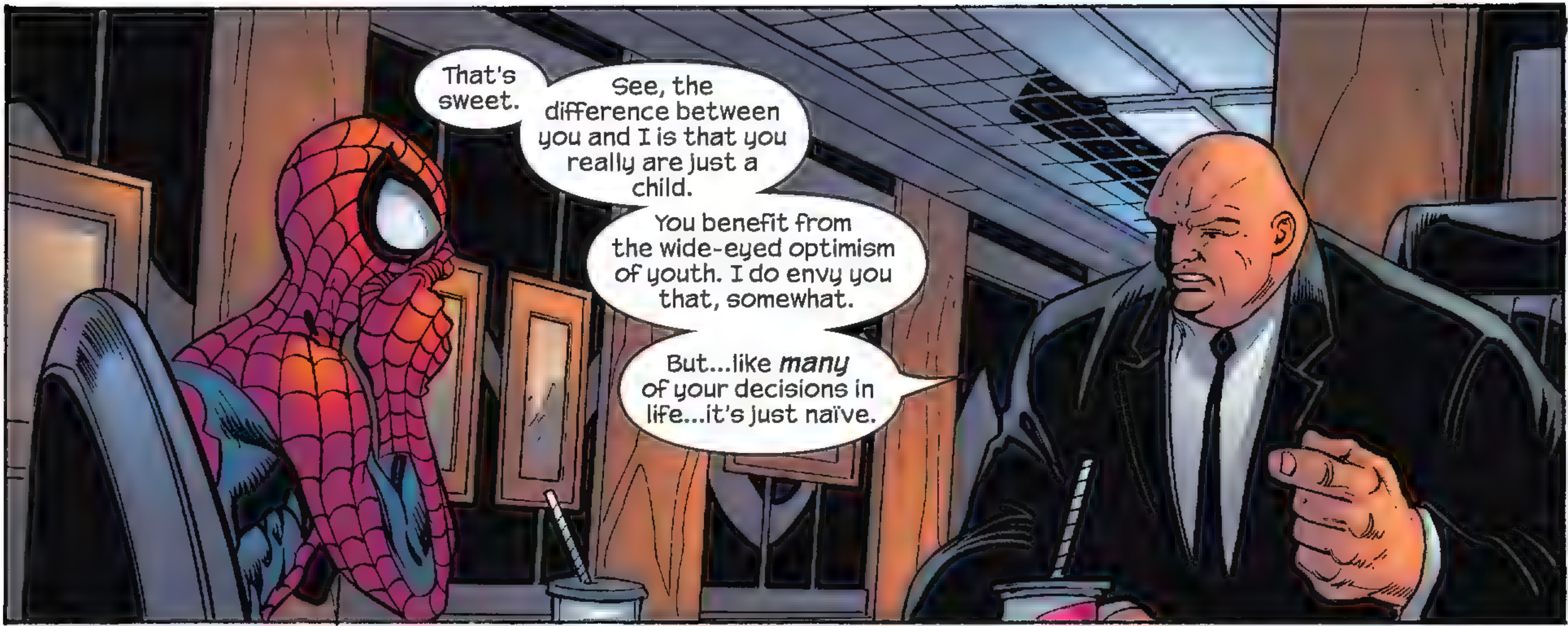


DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN MENACE

FISK BAILS OUT LIBRARY





That's sweet.

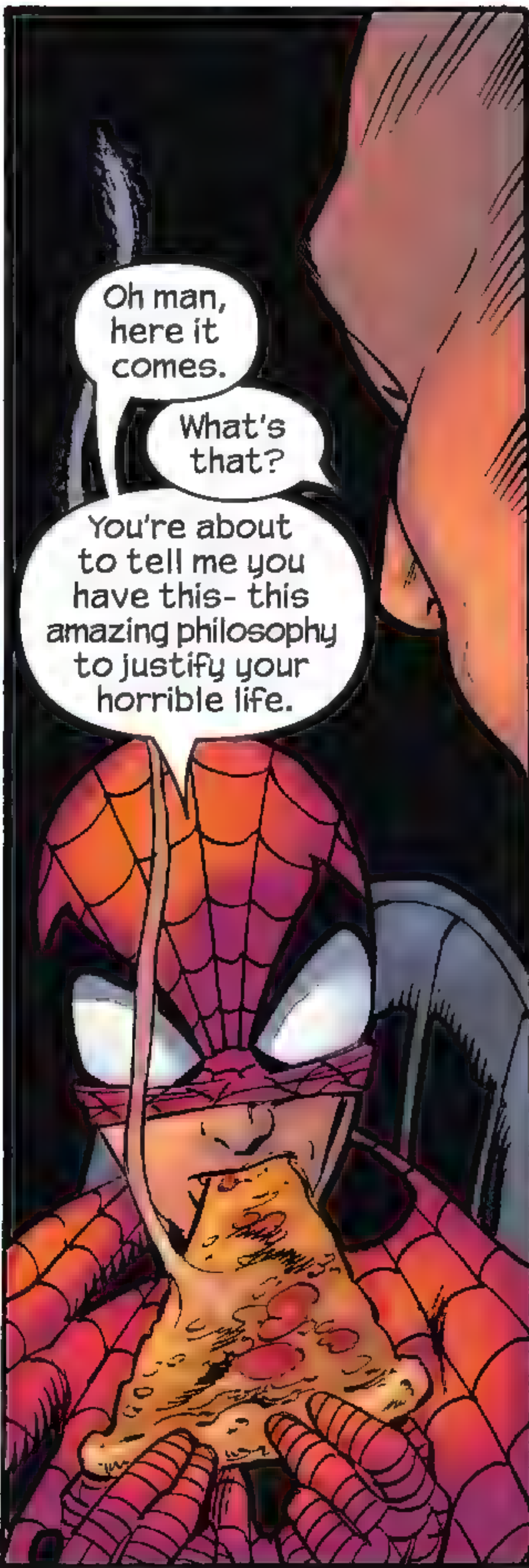
See, the difference between you and I is that you really are just a child.

You benefit from the wide-eyed optimism of youth. I do envy you that, somewhat.

But...like *many* of your decisions in life...it's just naïve.

And I *don't* envy that harsh cold slap of *reality* that will come your way soon enough.

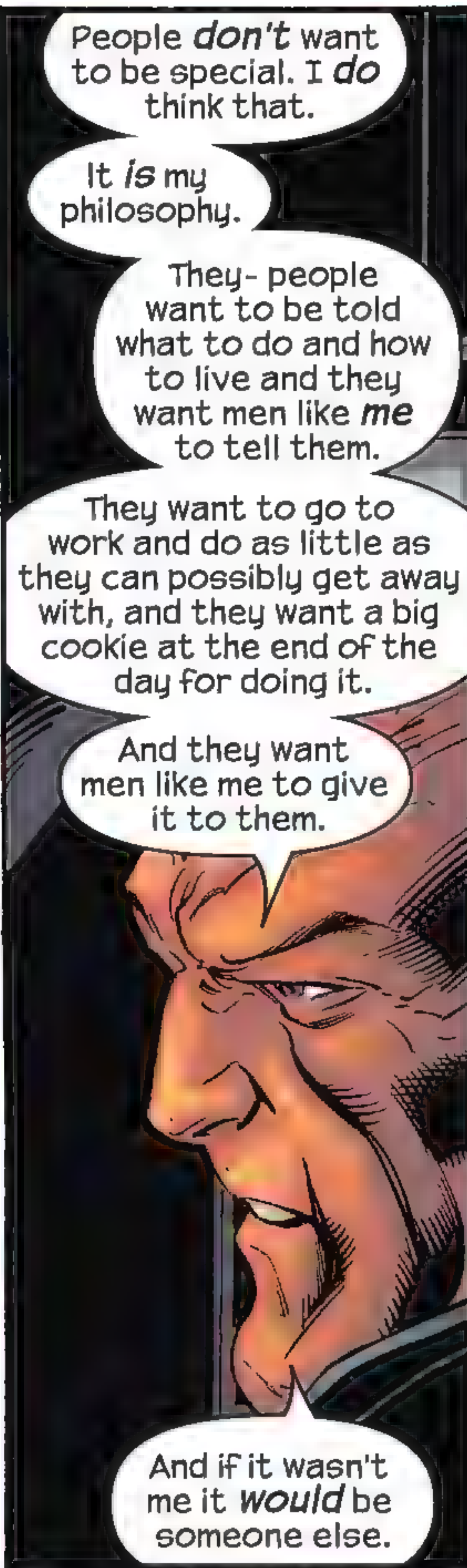
But I guess it's inevitable.



Oh man, here it comes.

What's that?

You're about to tell me you have this- this amazing philosophy to justify your horrible life.



People *don't* want to be special. I *do* think that.

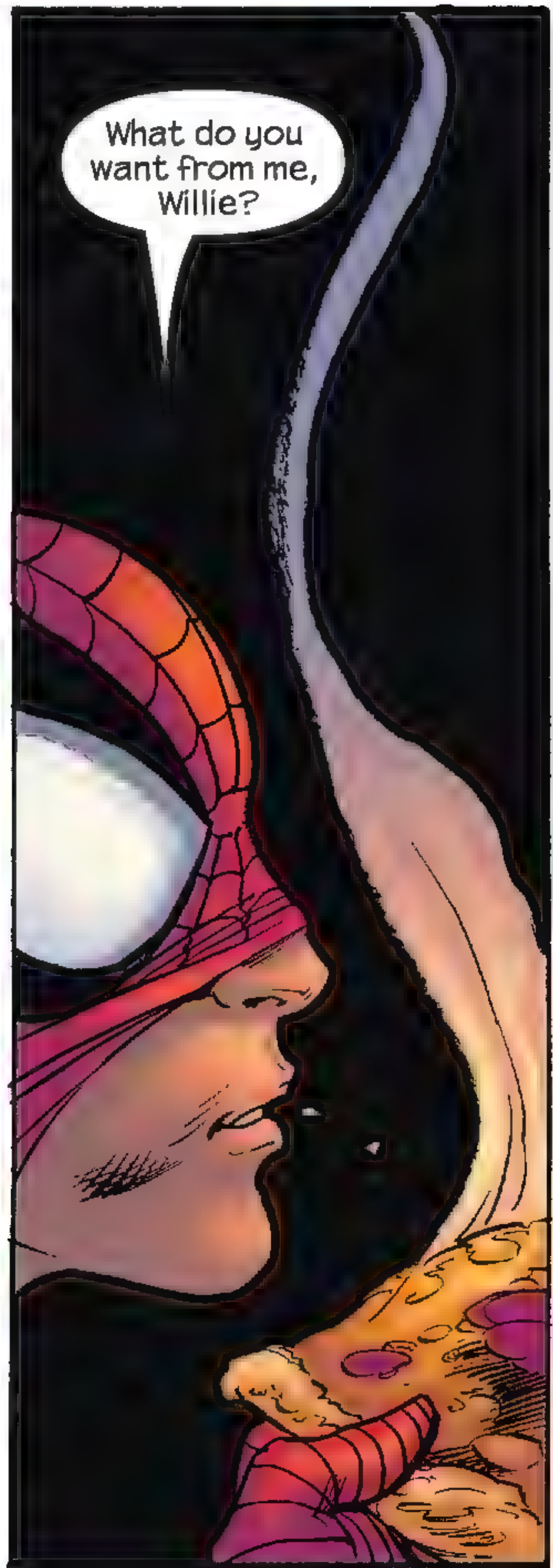
It *is* my philosophy.

They- people want to be told what to do and how to live and they want men like *me* to tell them.

They want to go to work and do as little as they can possibly get away with, and they want a big cookie at the end of the day for doing it.

And they want men like me to give it to them.

And if it wasn't me it *would* be someone else.



What do you want from me, Willie?

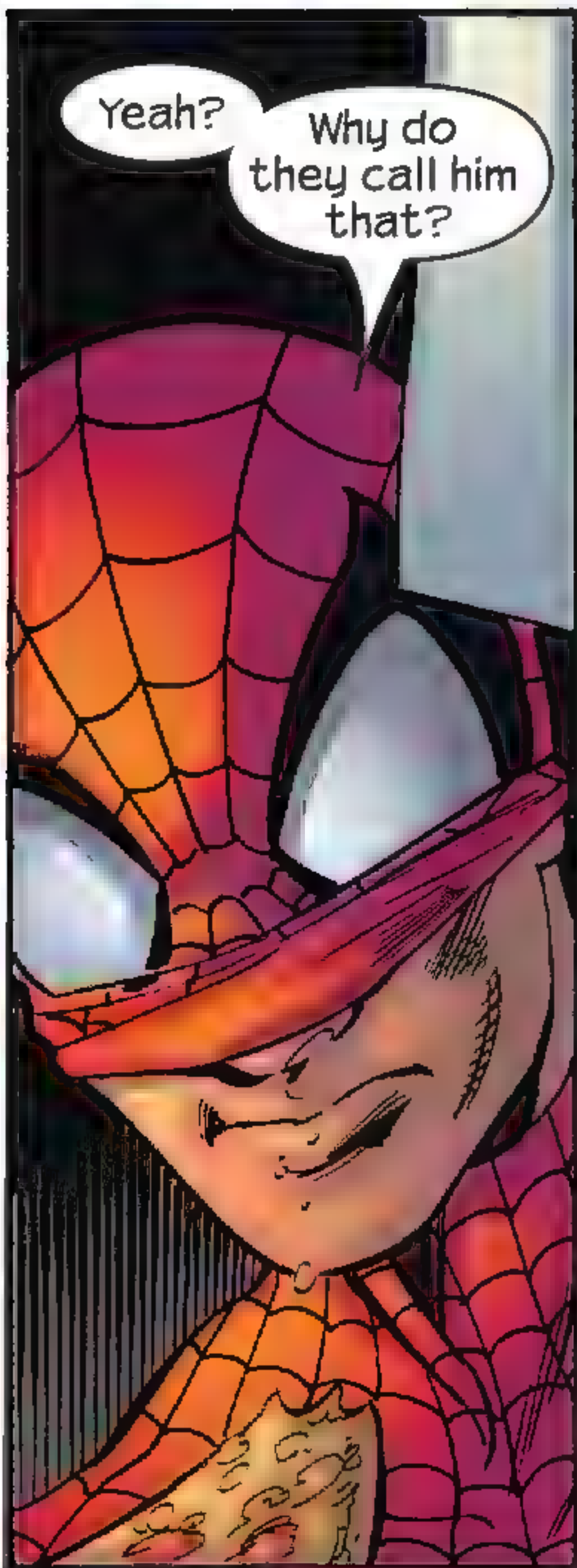


Here.

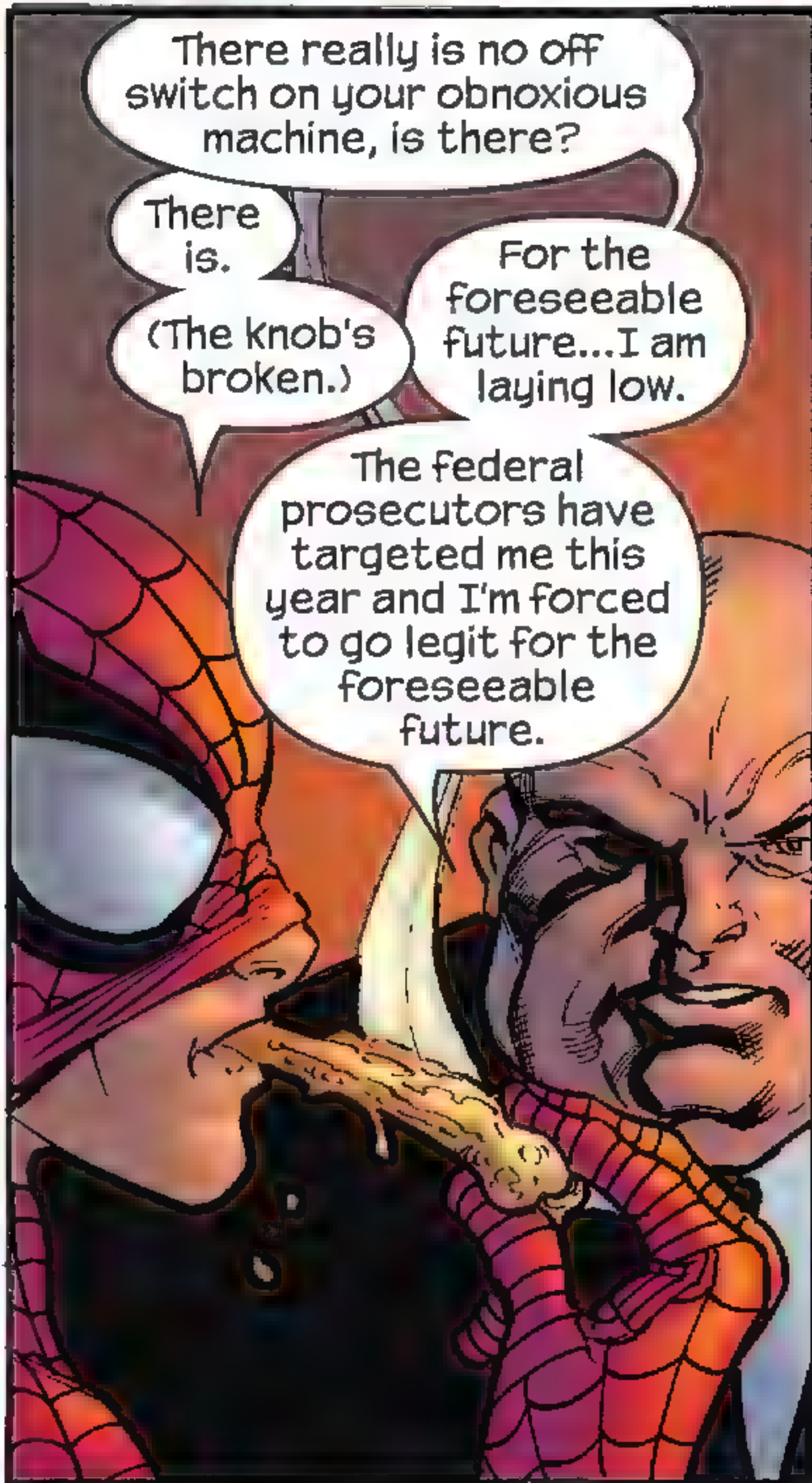




This is a man the streets call Hammerhead.



Yeah? Why do they call him that?

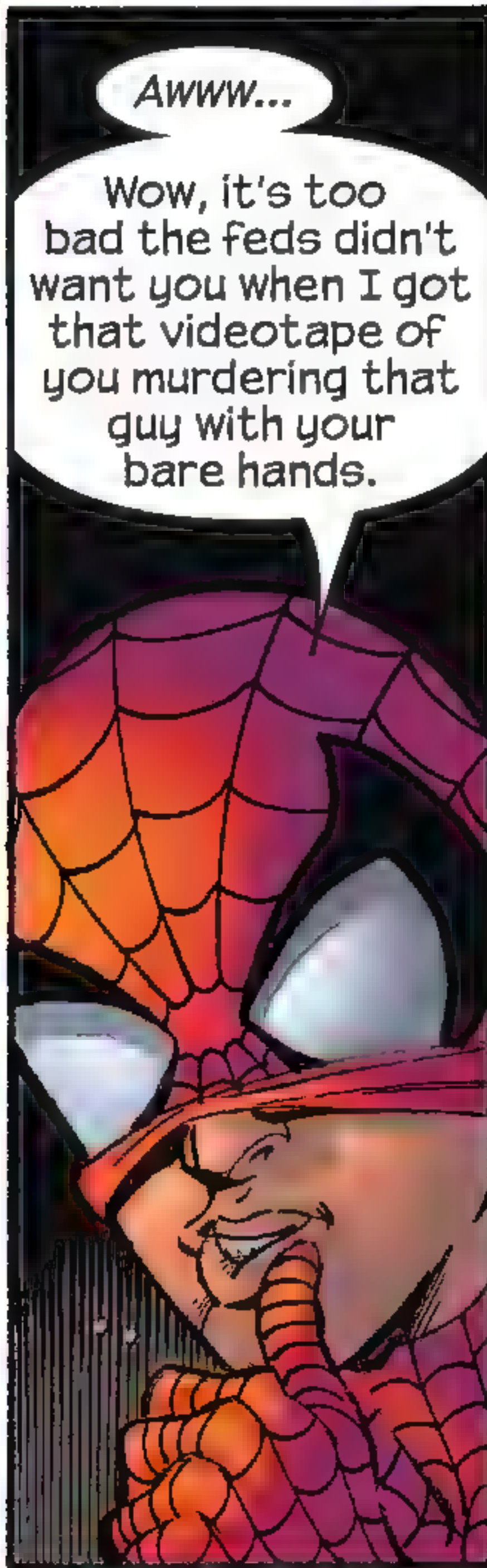


There really is no off switch on your obnoxious machine, is there?

There is.
(The knob's broken.)

For the foreseeable future...I am laying low.

The federal prosecutors have targeted me this year and I'm forced to go legit for the foreseeable future.



Awww...

Wow, it's too bad the feds didn't want you when I got that videotape of you murdering that guy with your bare hands.

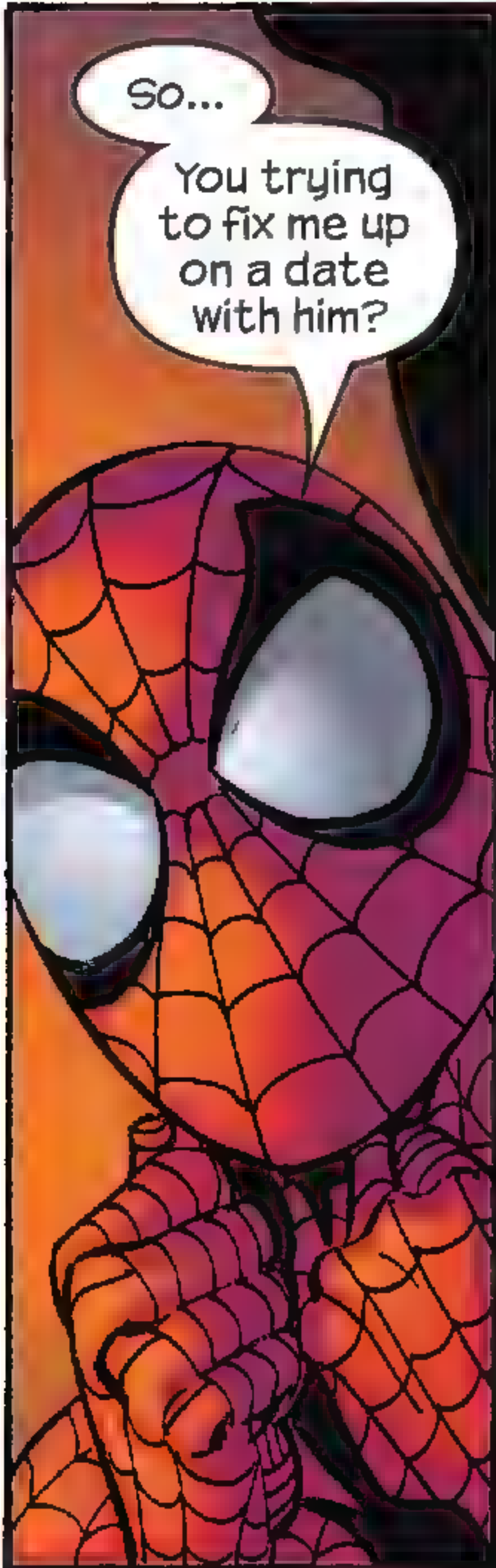


This man, this is the man who killed Silvio Manfredi two nights ago. This is the man who blew up my warehouse last night.

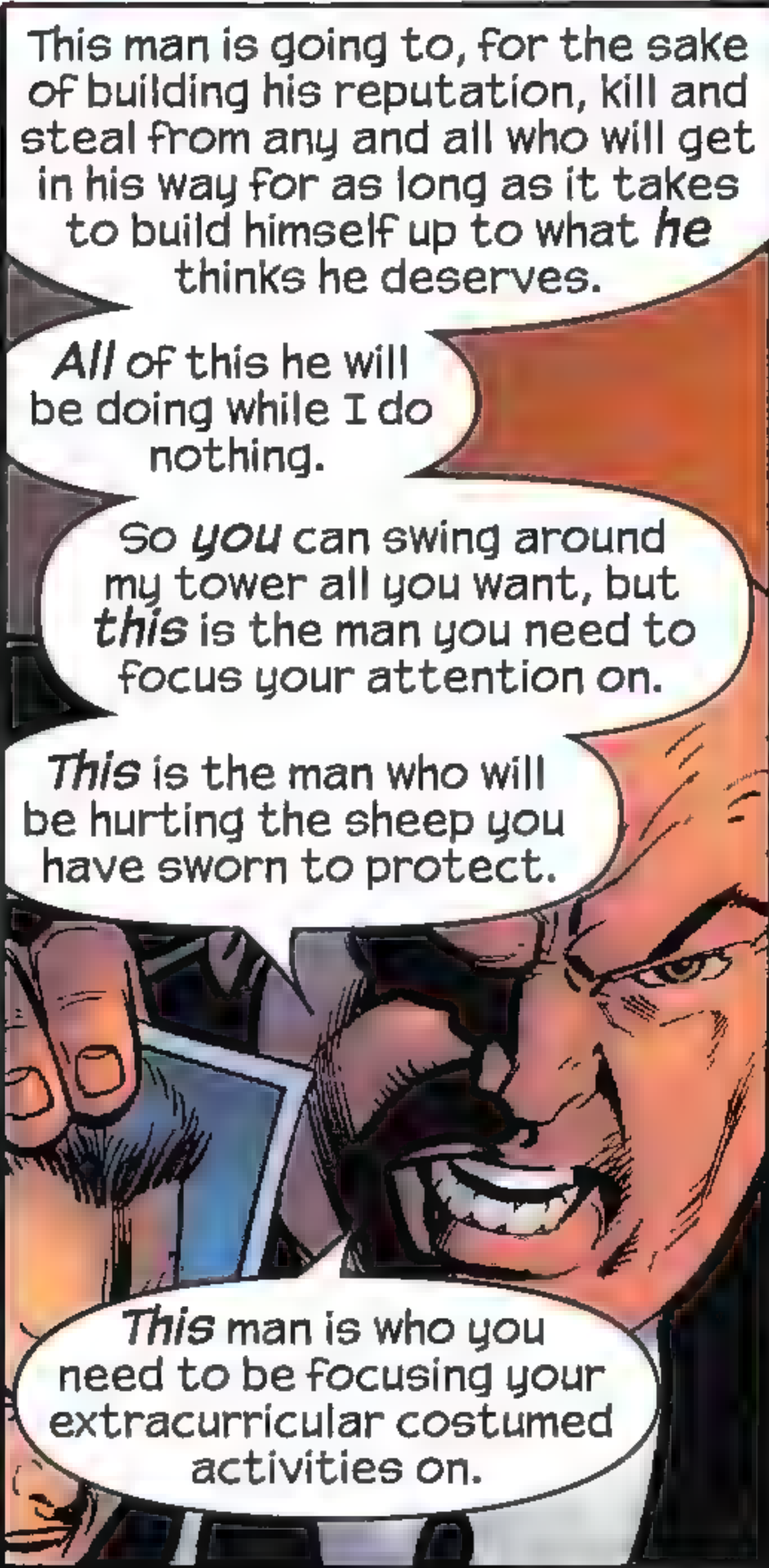
So says *you*.

He is making a play for my territories. Looking to take a bite for himself.

And he has severe anti-social behavior tendencies even for the circles I run in.



So... You trying to fix me up on a date with him?



This man is going to, for the sake of building his reputation, kill and steal from any and all who will get in his way for as long as it takes to build himself up to what *he* thinks he deserves.

All of this he will be doing while I do nothing.

So *you* can swing around my tower all you want, but *this* is the man you need to focus your attention on.

This is the man who will be hurting the sheep you have sworn to protect.

This man is who you need to be focusing your extracurricular costumed activities on.



Oh really.

He is *worse* than me because he has nothing to *lose* and everything to *gain*.

He is an immediate and unapologetic threat.

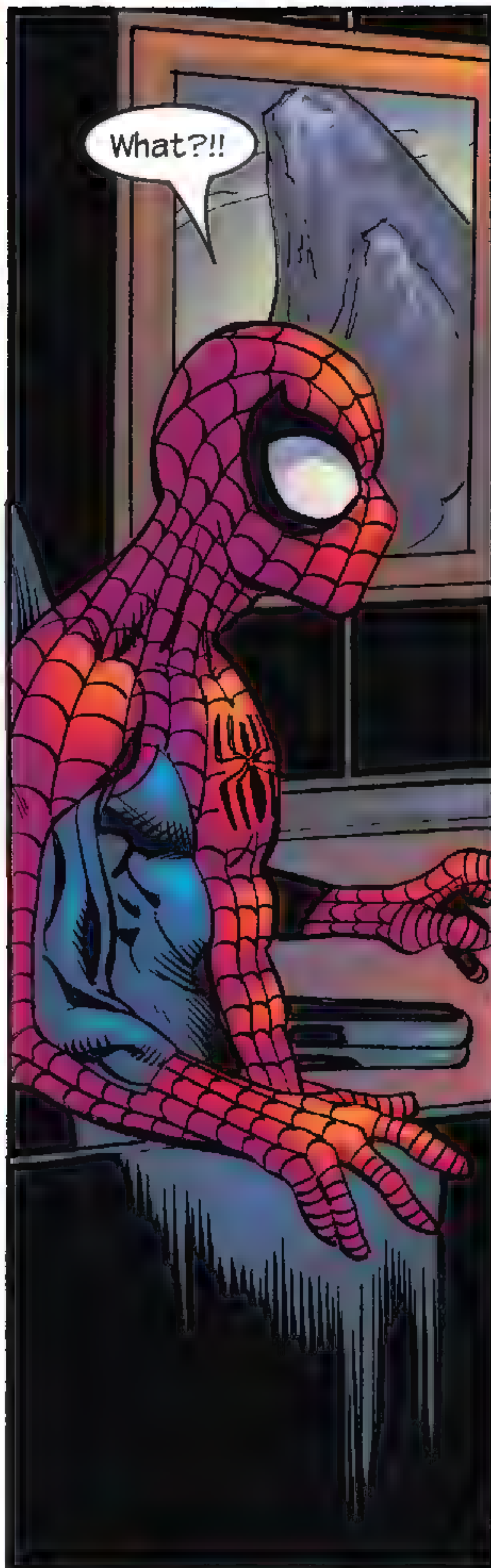
On the back there- this is where he can be found. This is where he is sleeping at night.



You want me to take *care* of him for you?



Not
for me.
For
you.



What?!!



This is
what you
do.

Fight the fights
worth fighting for
people who can't
fight for
themselves.

Here is someone
you need to fight...
and soon.



I am *not*
helping
you.



Hmmm...

It is a
conundrum for
you that this will
be both things.



Says
you!



The man *murdered*
last night.

Men- men with families-
burned to death last night,
right in front of you.

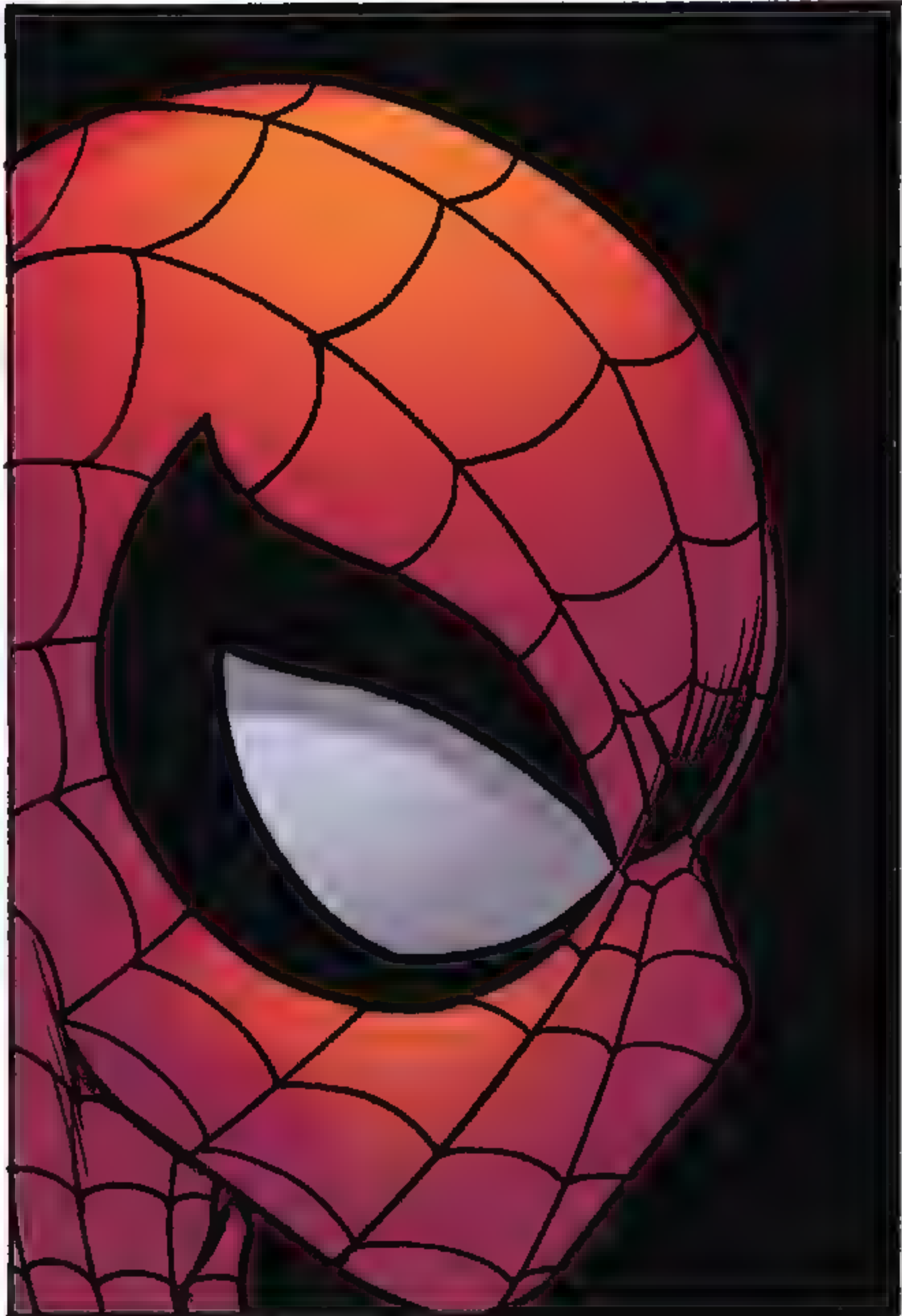
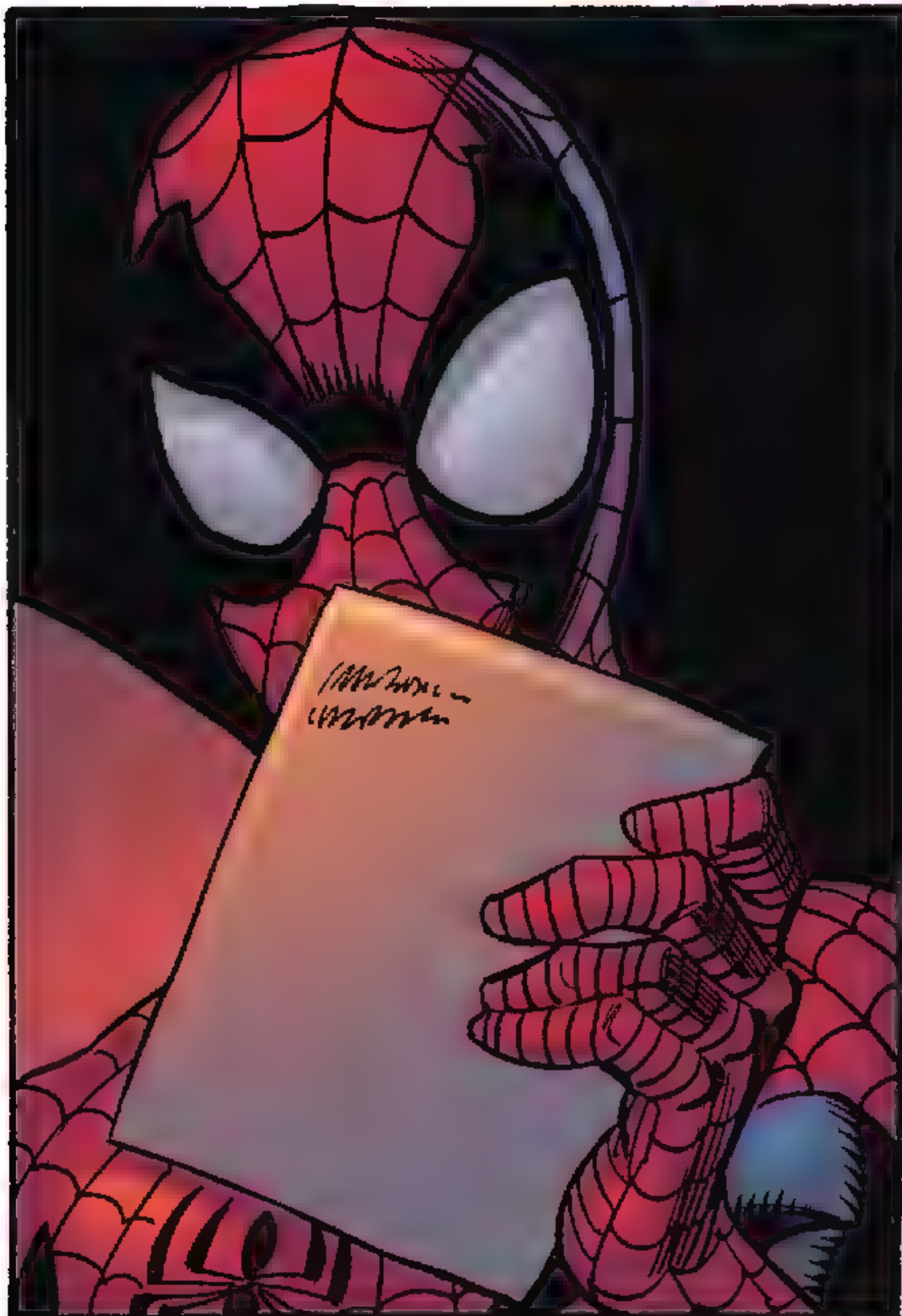
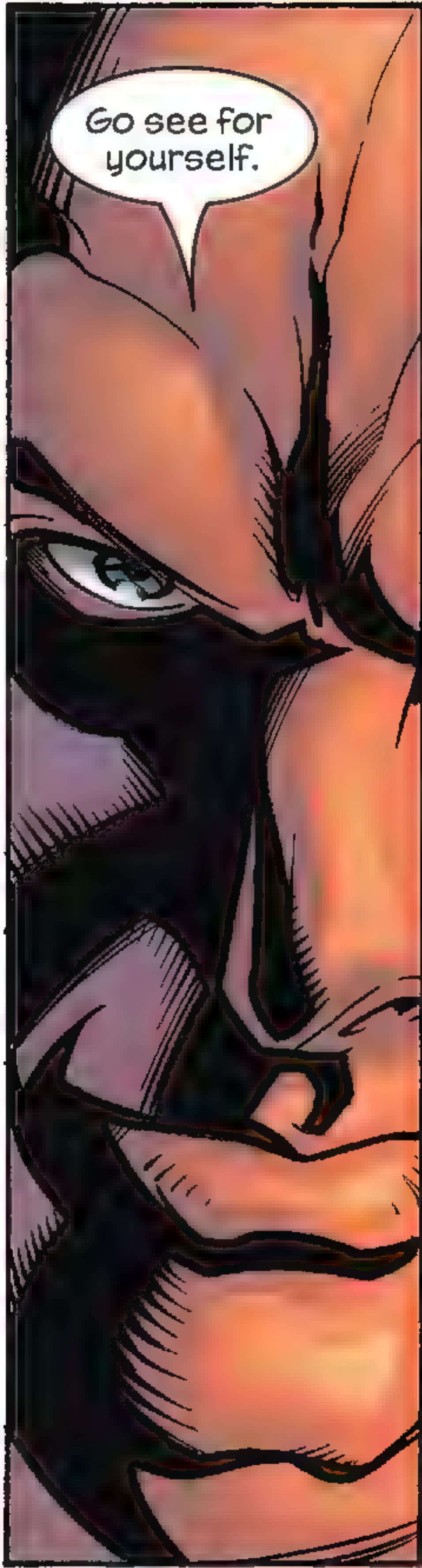
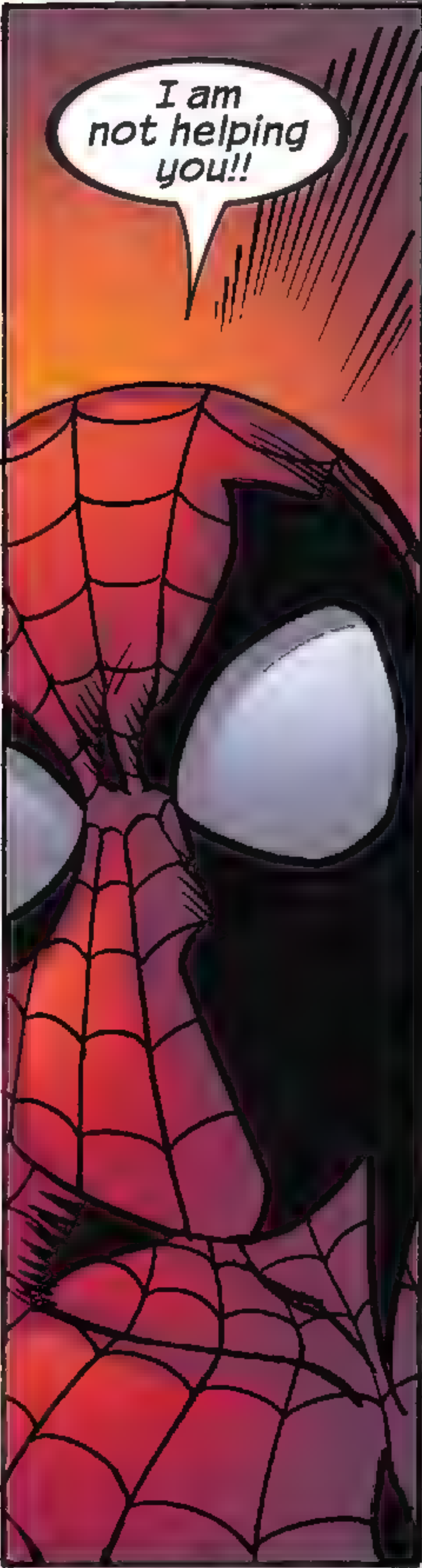
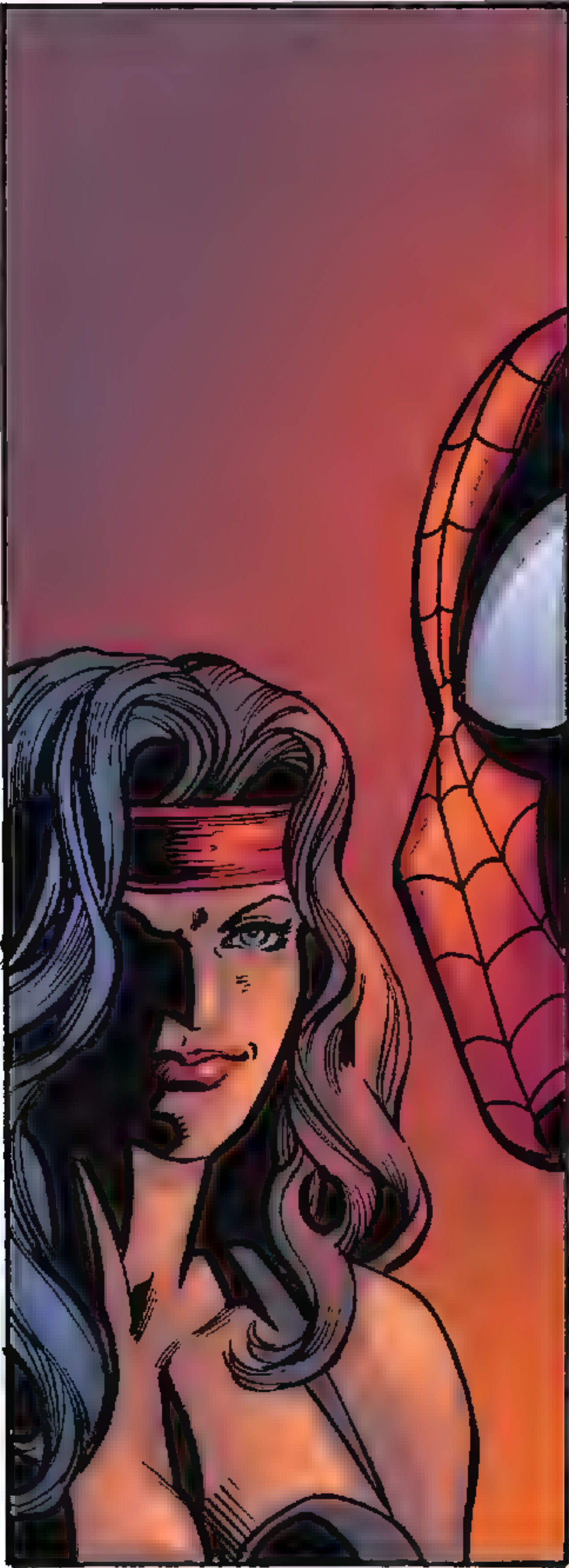
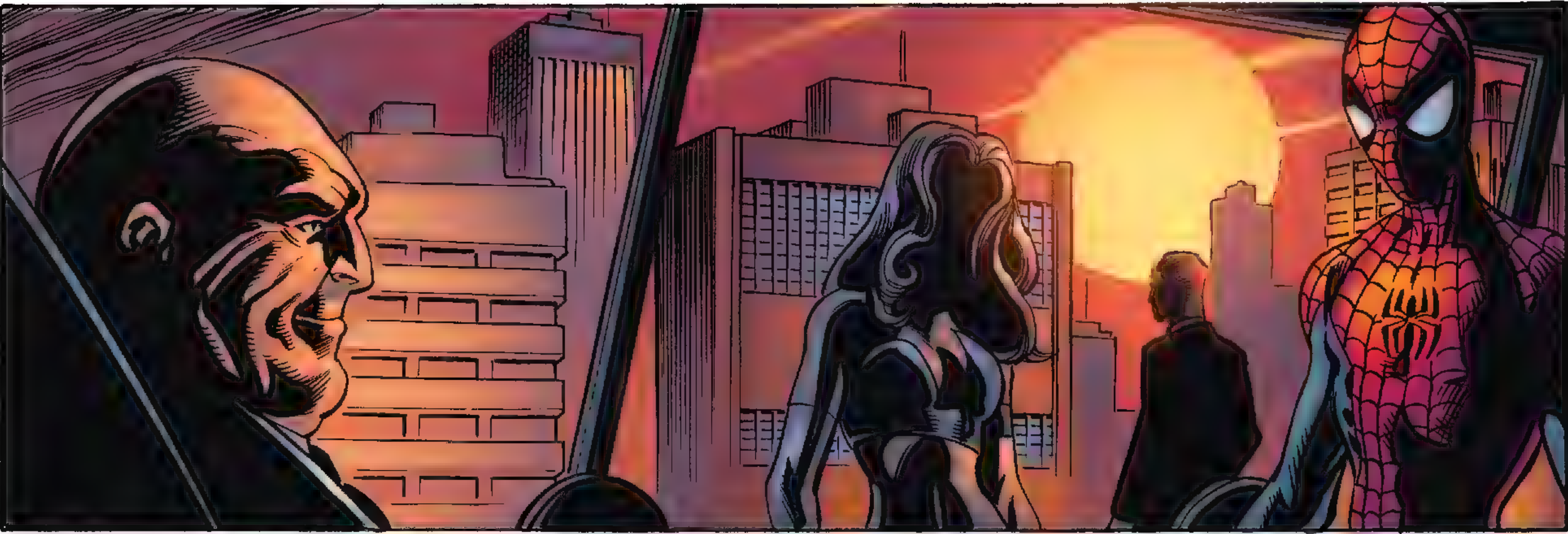
And many
more will
suffer if *you*
don't stop
him.

The fact
that stopping
him helps me
should be
beside the
point.



You're the
"hero."

You're
supposed to
be *above* such
petty things.







Tandy Bowen for school president.

Yummy!!

Do you smell that?

Ew, don't step on that.

Who cuts your hair?

I transferred from PS#35.

Let's see a show.

What's that smell?

Turn up the music!

Whoa, baby!

Where's the party again?

So do you go to school around here?

Puh-lease.

No way!!

Just ask him. I just need you to ask him--

Where are the chips?

How could you say that!?

Uncomfortable conversations with boys--

I'm out.

It's not for you, it's for me.

I know what you need me to ask.

You know what guys like nowadays?

Who are you? Oprah?

I want to be an X-Man.

I'm open.

Throw it to me.

Okay, last one to the car is a girl!

On your mark, get set, go!!

I'm open!

You're scared of my natural abilities as an athlete.

You never throw me the ball.

Got you!

You gotta let me play, it's my ball.

No I got you first!

I wuv you.

I wuv you too.

But lately she really had been getting her life together.

Would you love me if I was actually a super villain with a giant robotic scorpion tail?

And that's okay. I mean, you know?

Do you think I look fat in these shorts?

Do you want to go to the movies later?

There's nothing to do in this city.

Woah, did you see that?

No, it looks like a pirate ship.

I wuv you so much I want to strangle you in your sleep.

I want to eat your feet.

Seems like a nice guy.

Really making a go at it.

So, where is the party?

Ugh, I think I sat in gum.

I'm hungry, let's get a hot dog.

Well, I'd be lying if I said we got along all that well.

Man, they really cleaned this place up.

You know my sister.

I was just stopping by to get my mail and he got all in my face.

No way am I going there!

I am such a spaz.

I like the library-- it's the only place I can get a nap.

Look what Buddy wrote.

I can't believe he asked me out!

I have to do a report on President Kennedy.

Ted Kennedy was President?

Screw this.

You try talking to him.

What's podcasting?

The Mets are just horrible!

This is boring, let's go play video games.

Comic books? You're a freak!

I wuv you.

You'll never guess what Danny just text messaged me...

Find out if she likes me.

Could you be any more lame?

What's your problem?

Where'd you get those shoes?

I would so do it for you.

You so would not.

How could you say that!?

You have a special quality.

You have your Chem notes?

Did you catch the PK & J show?

No, you're a shmoo pie.

You're a shmoo pie!

How many times is this gonna happen?

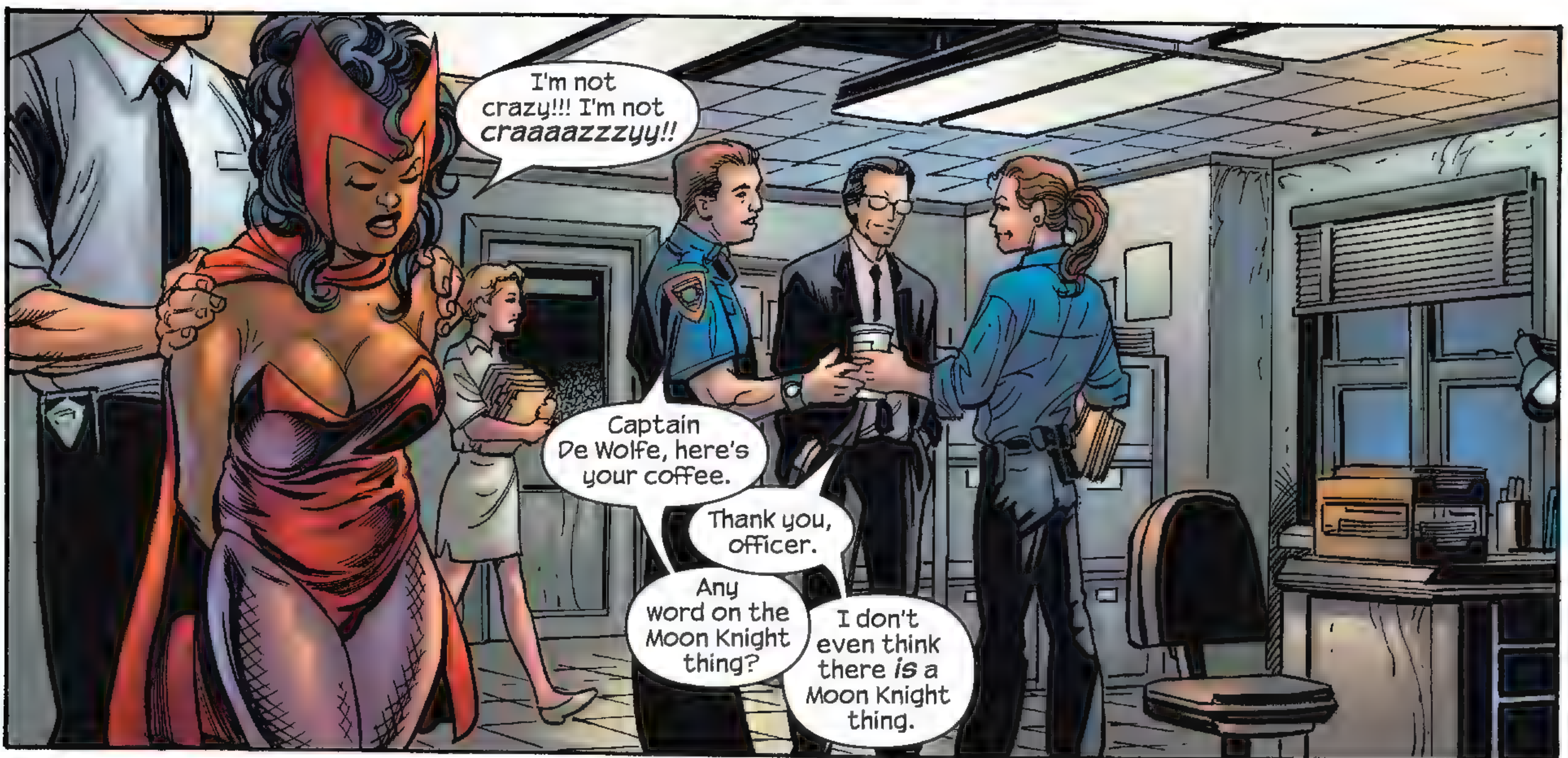
No, you're a shmoo pie.

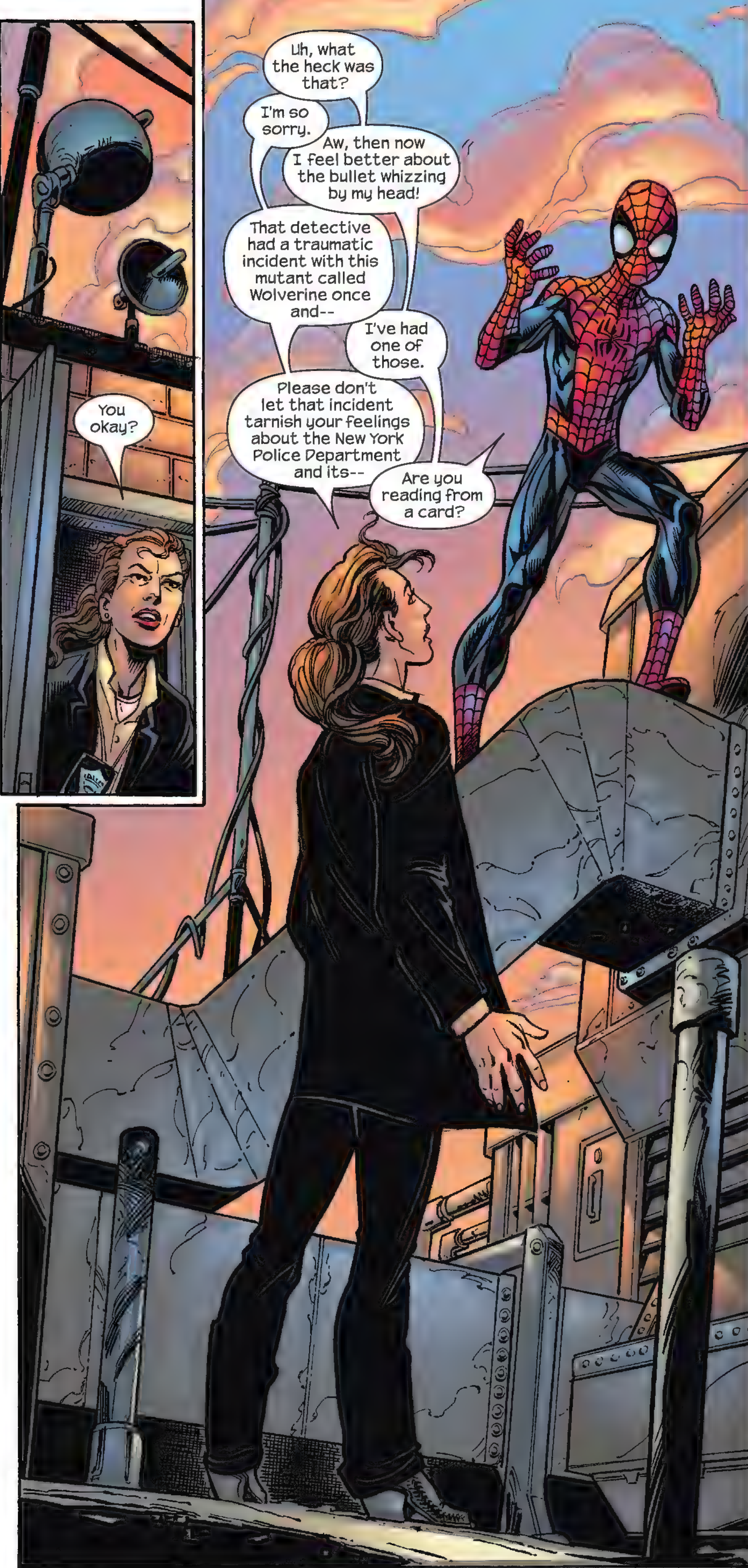
He so didn't say that!

Leeroy, Dragons!

How much longer?







Uh, what the heck was that?

I'm so sorry.

Aw, then now I feel better about the bullet whizzing by my head!

That detective had a traumatic incident with this mutant called Wolverine once and--

I've had one of those.

Please don't let that incident tarnish your feelings about the New York Police Department and its--

Are you reading from a card?

You okay?



Are you okay? What are you doing here?

I came to talk to you.

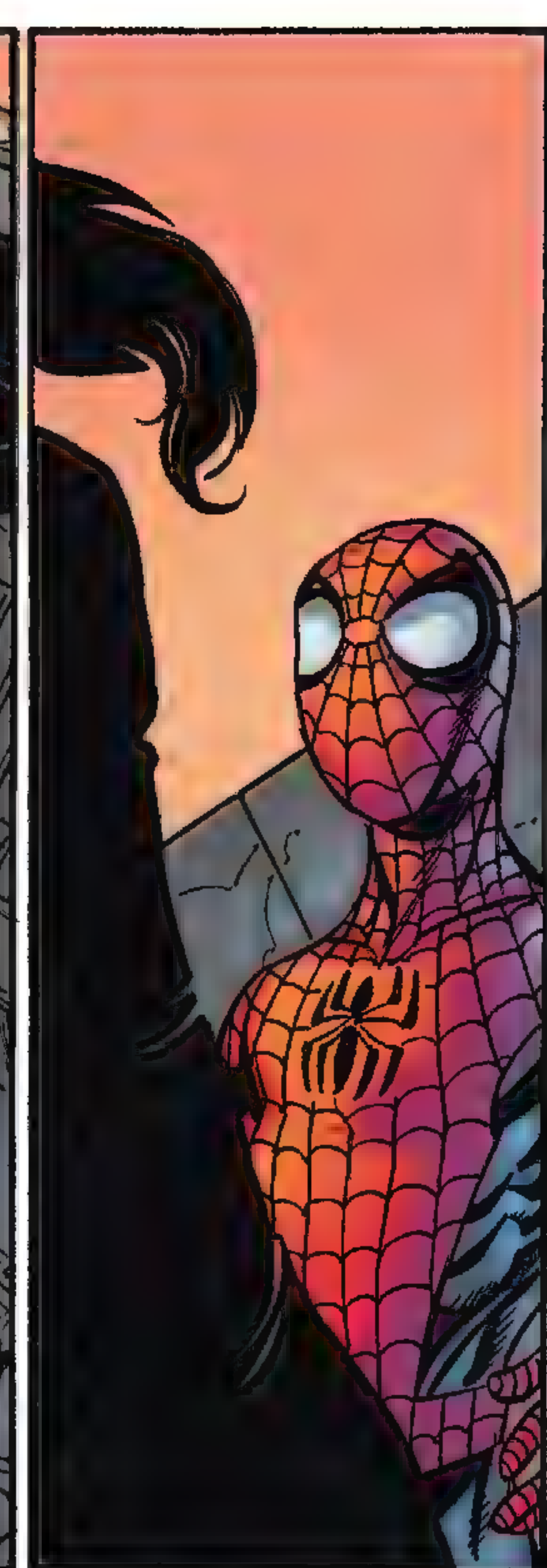
Why didn't you call? I gave you my card.

I don't have pockets.

Why not?

What?

Why don't you have pockets? Who doesn't have pockets?



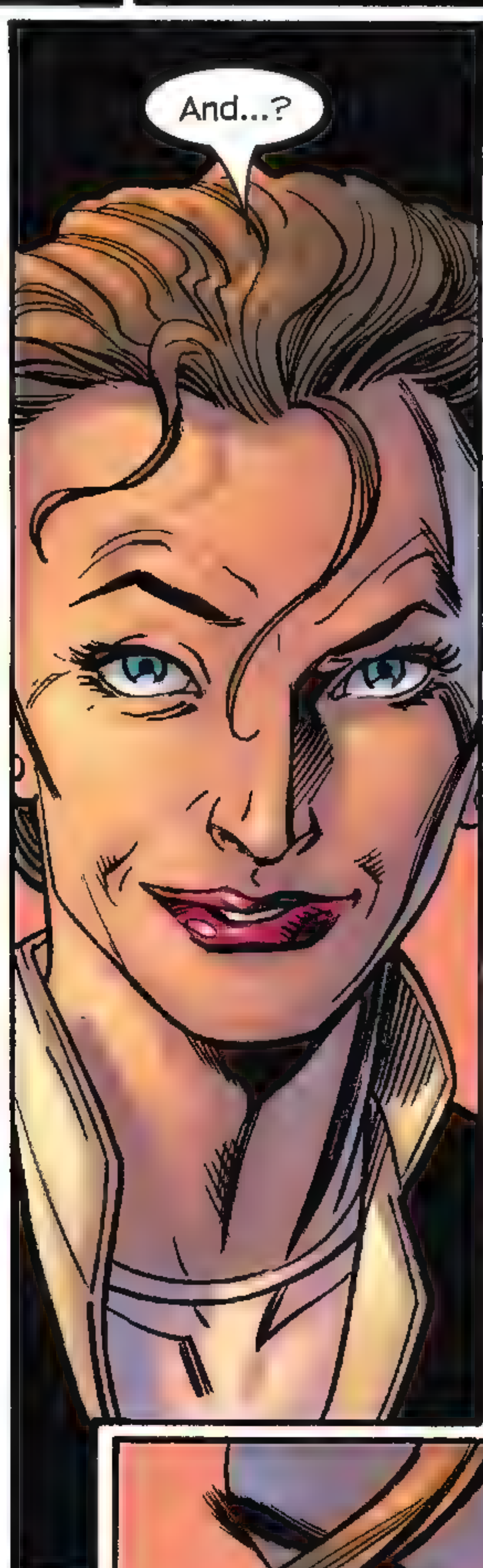
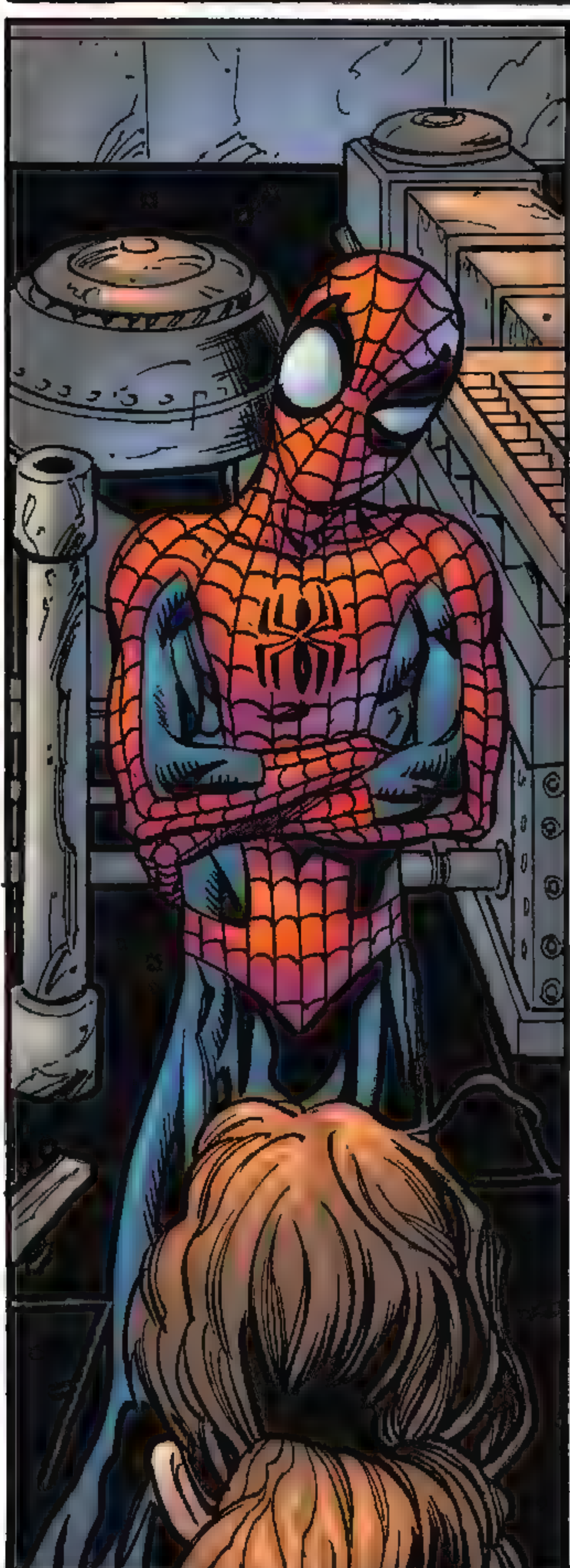
Listen, I need your advice on something.

Listen! Yesterday I was having pizza with the Kingpin and--

Not about pockets?



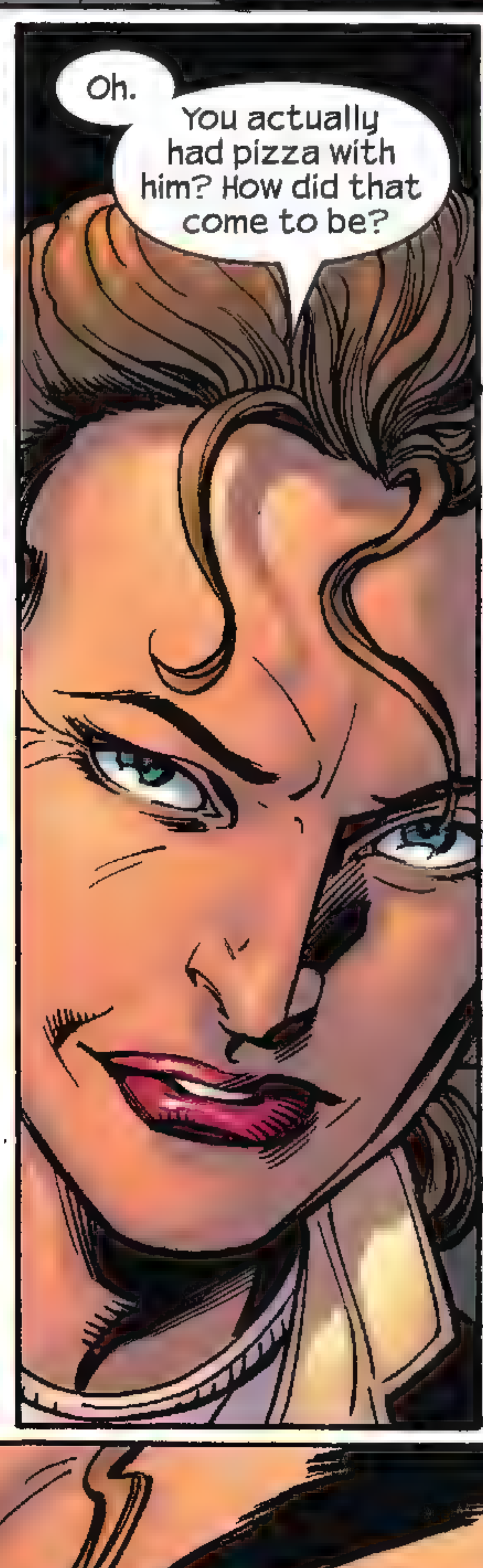
Ha!



And...?

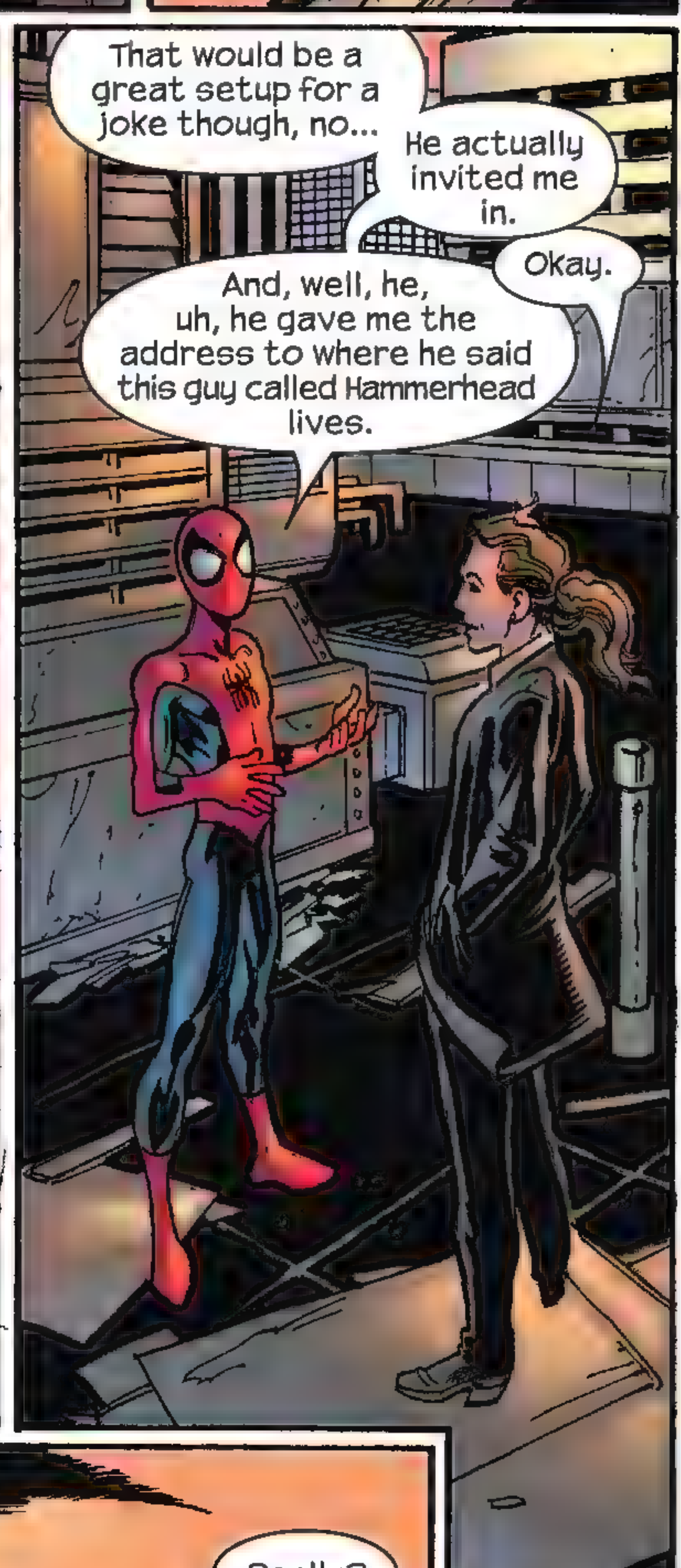


I'm, uh, not joking.



Oh.

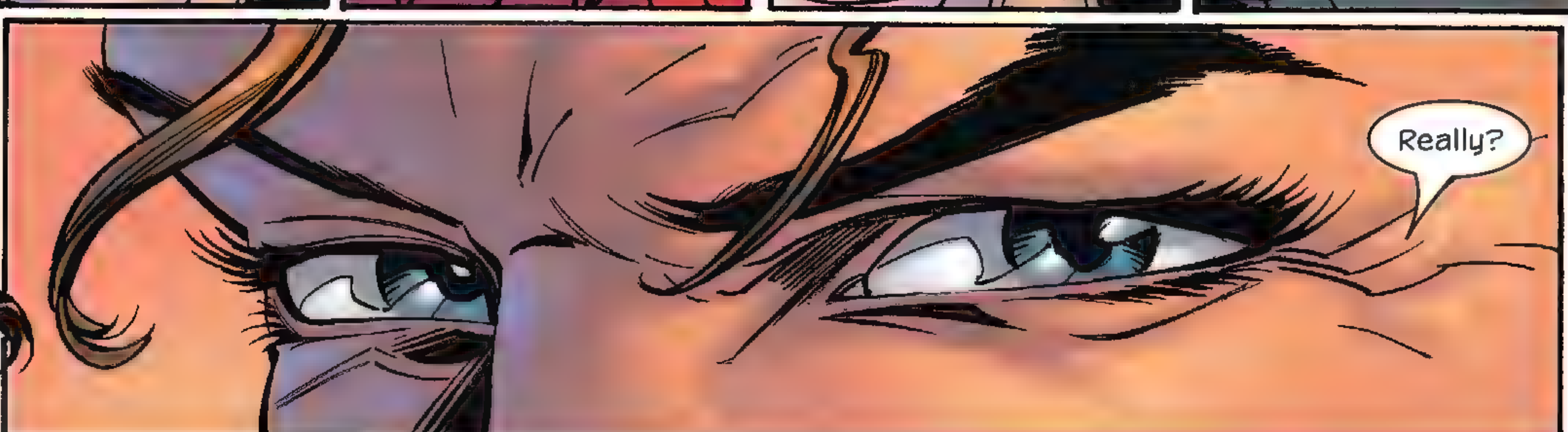
You actually had pizza with him? How did that come to be?



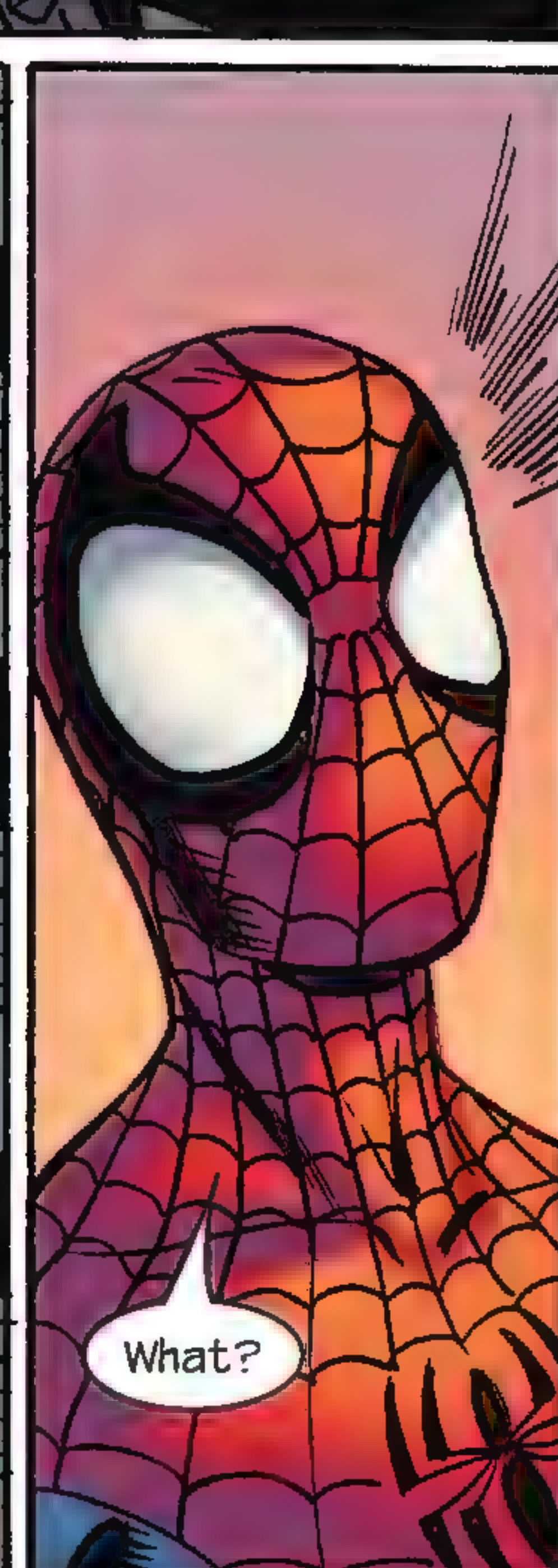
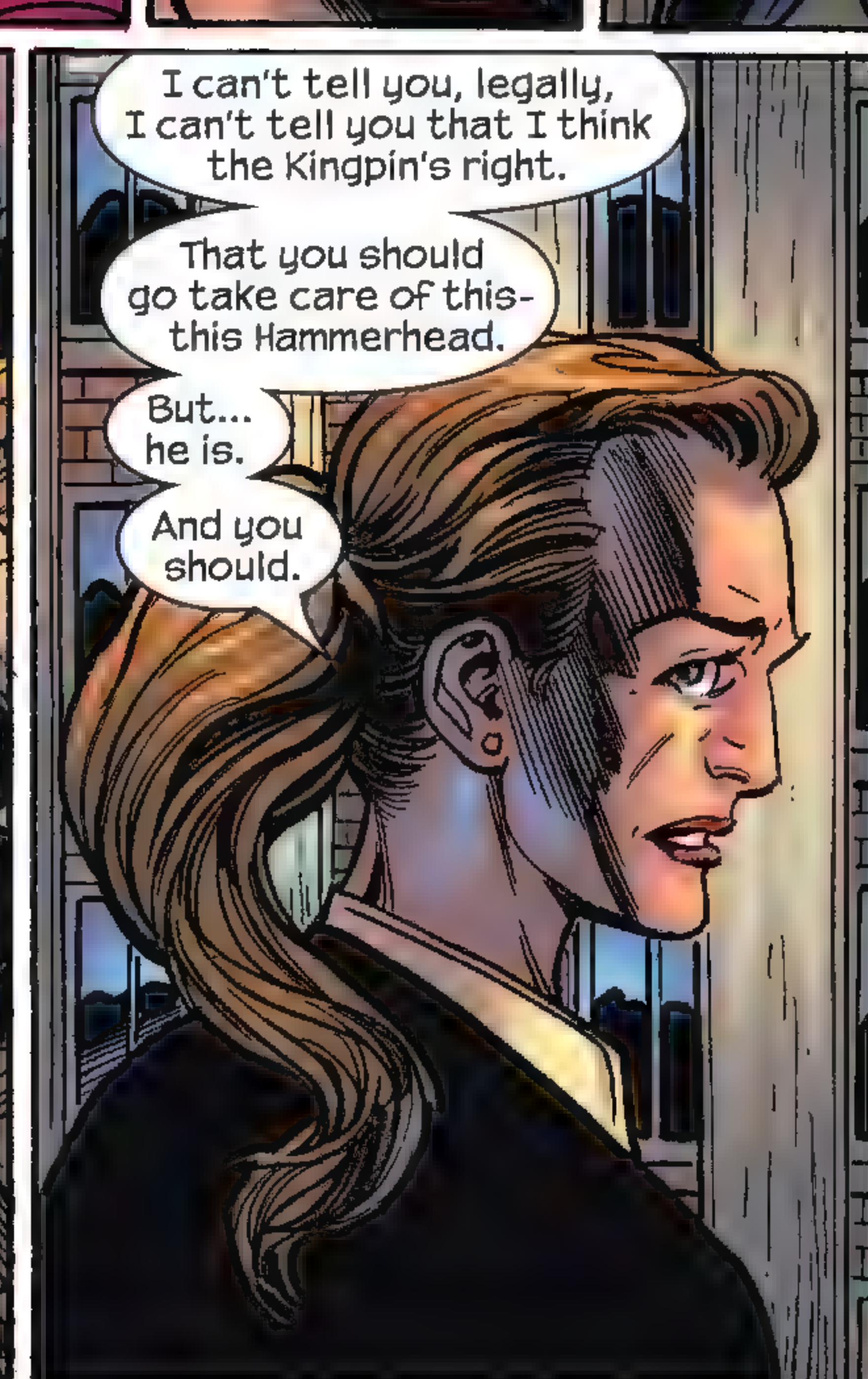
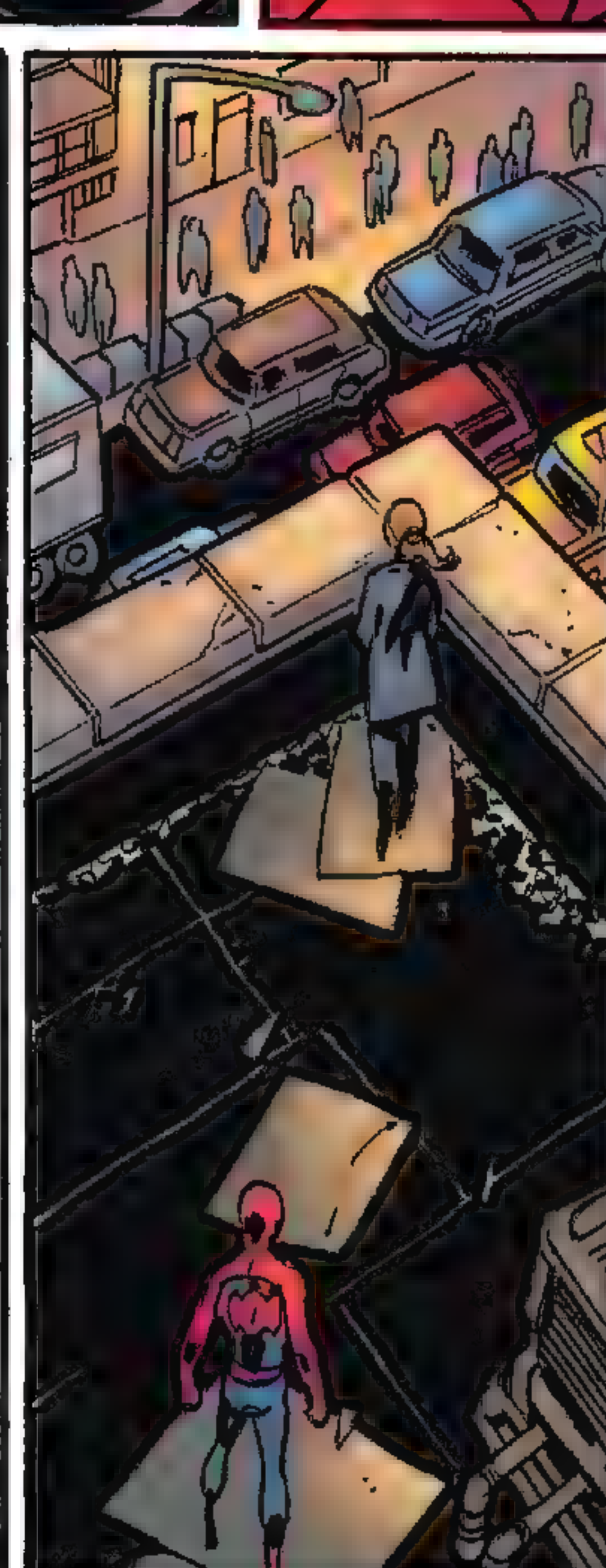
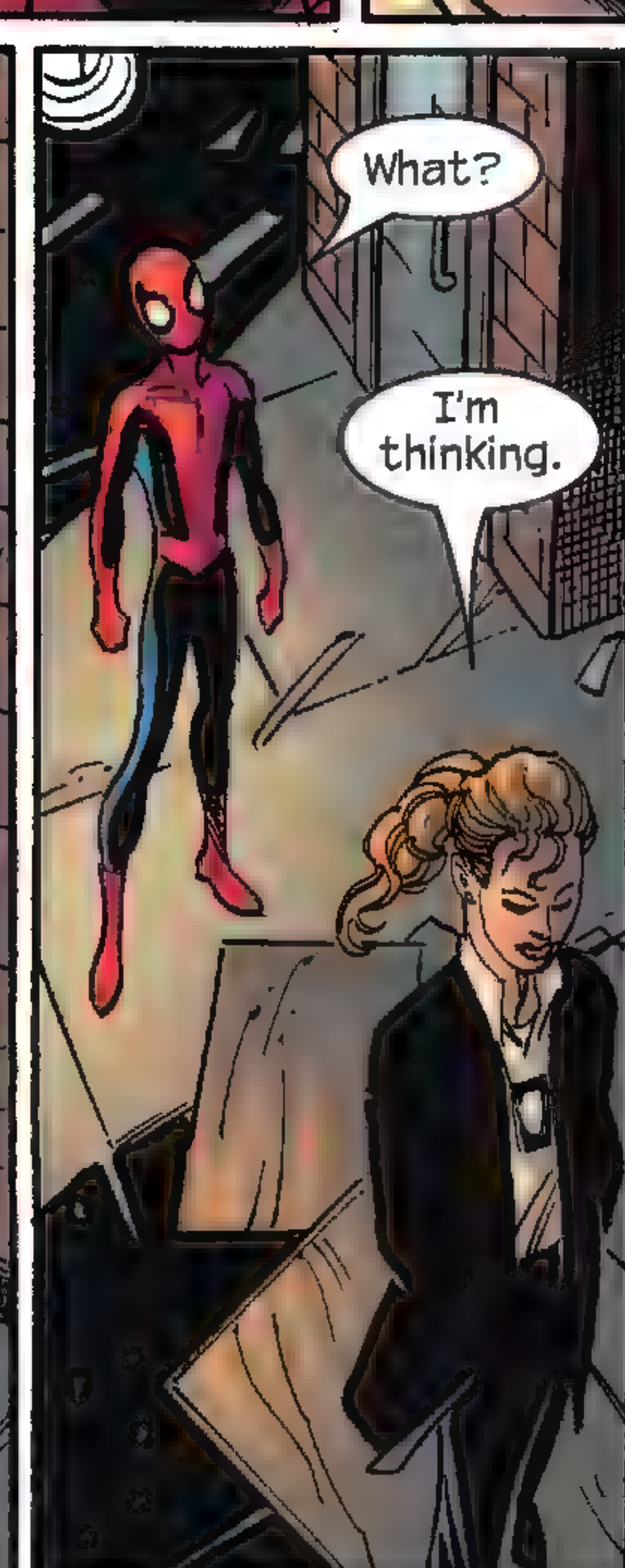
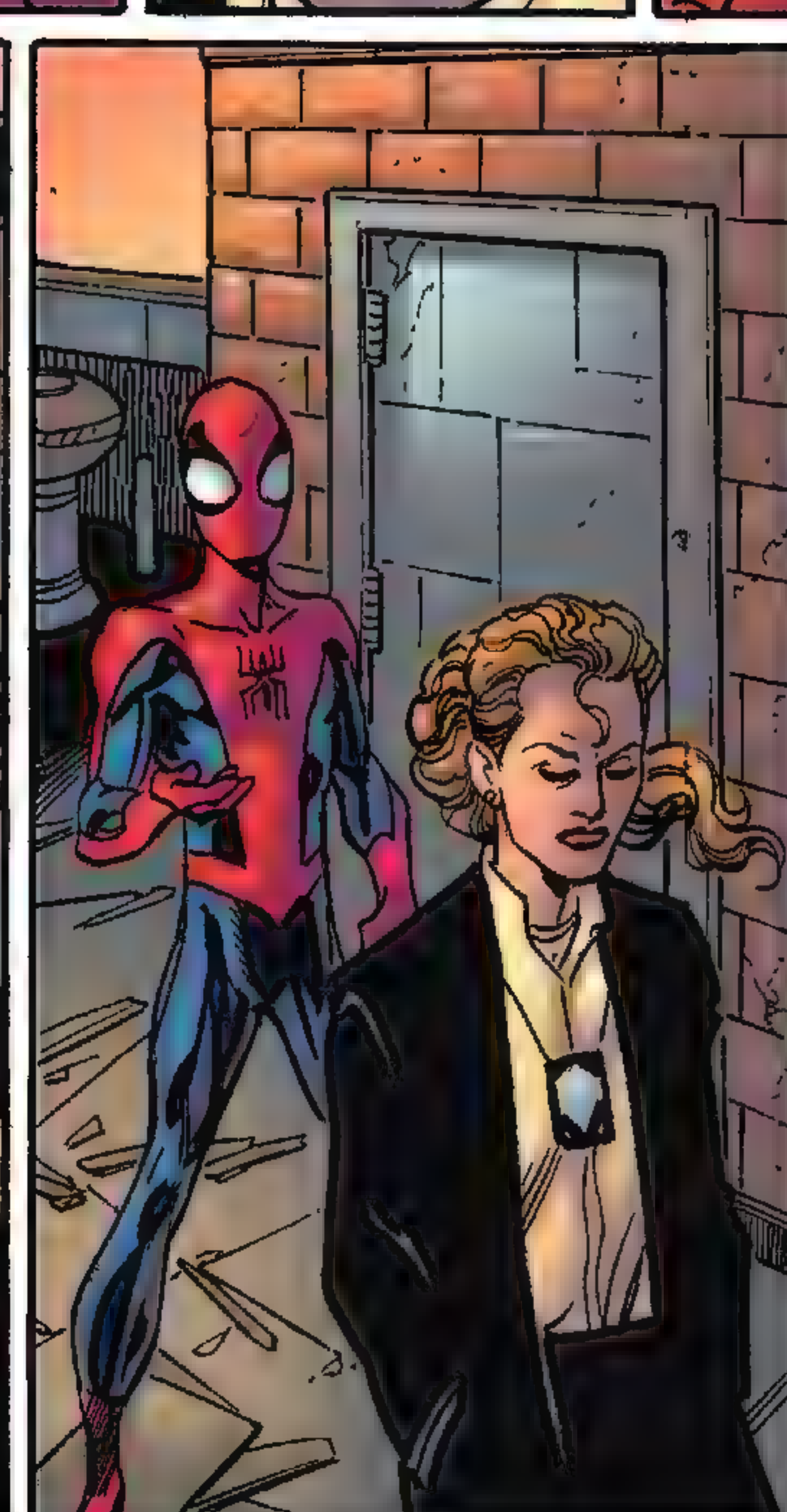
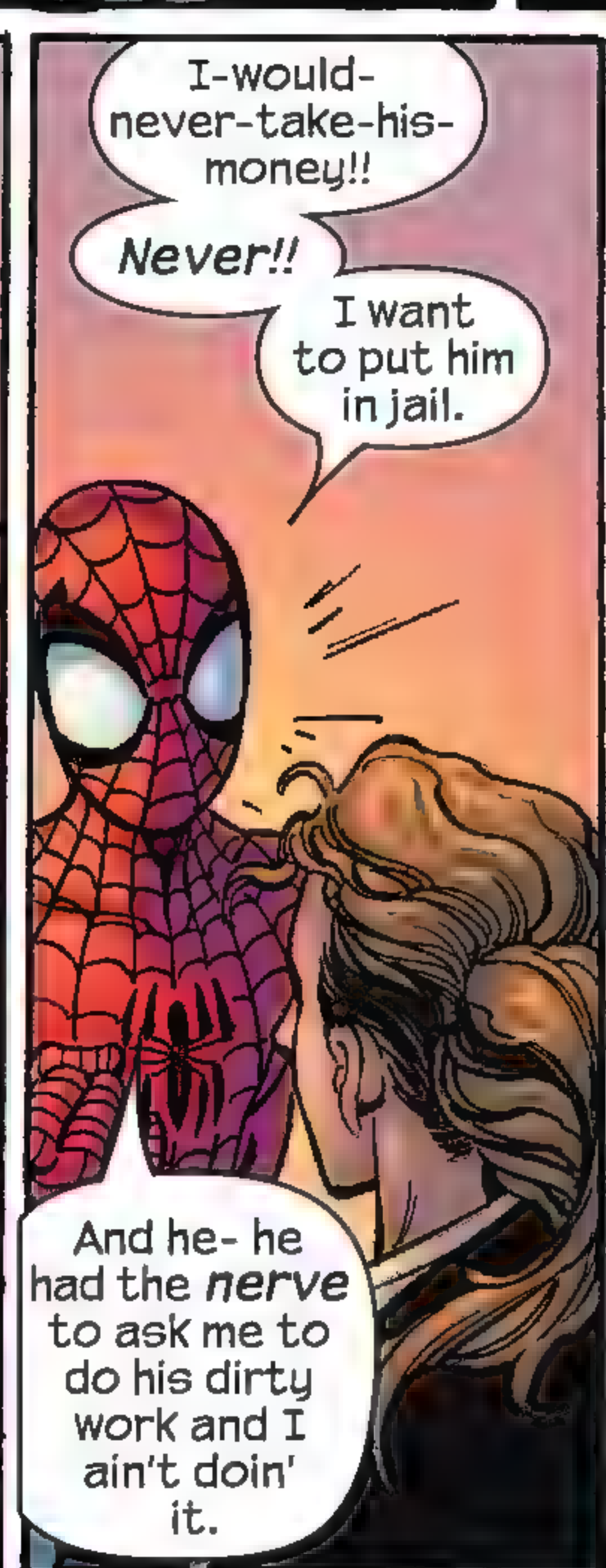
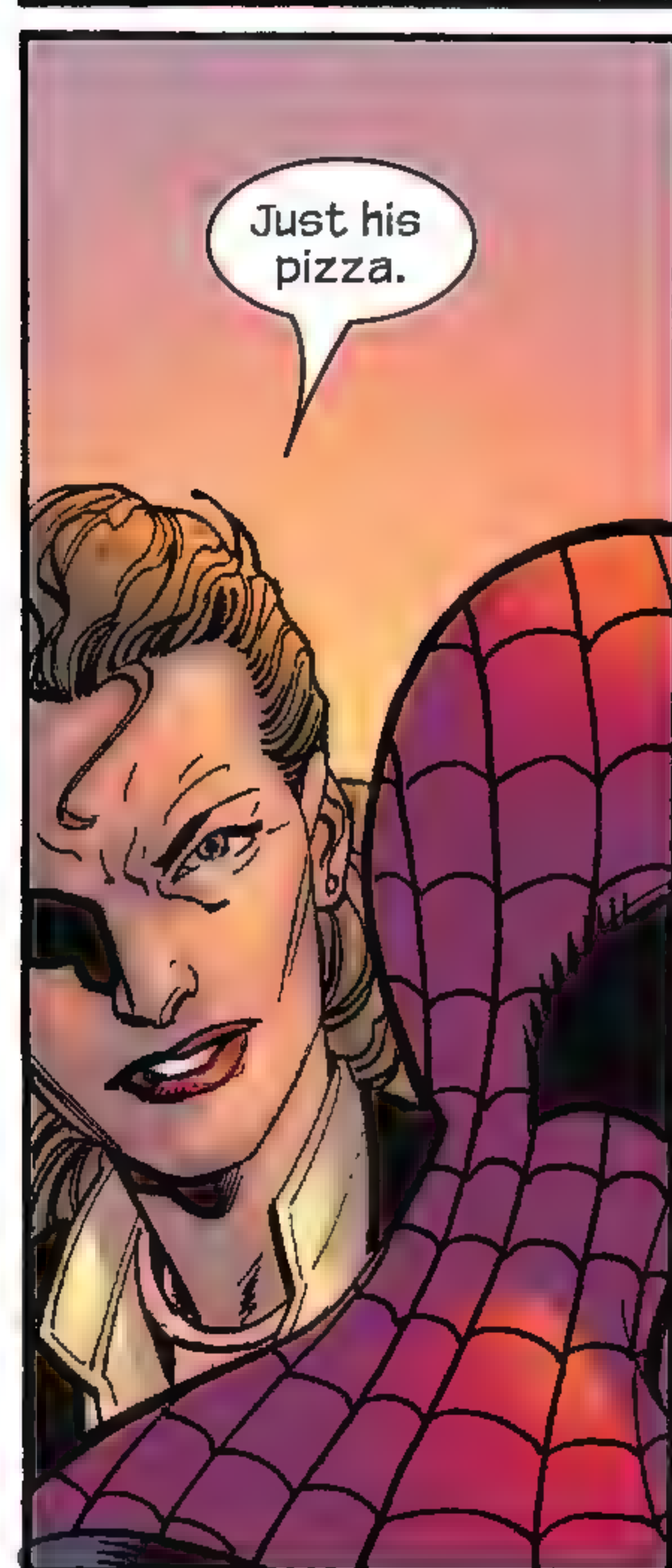
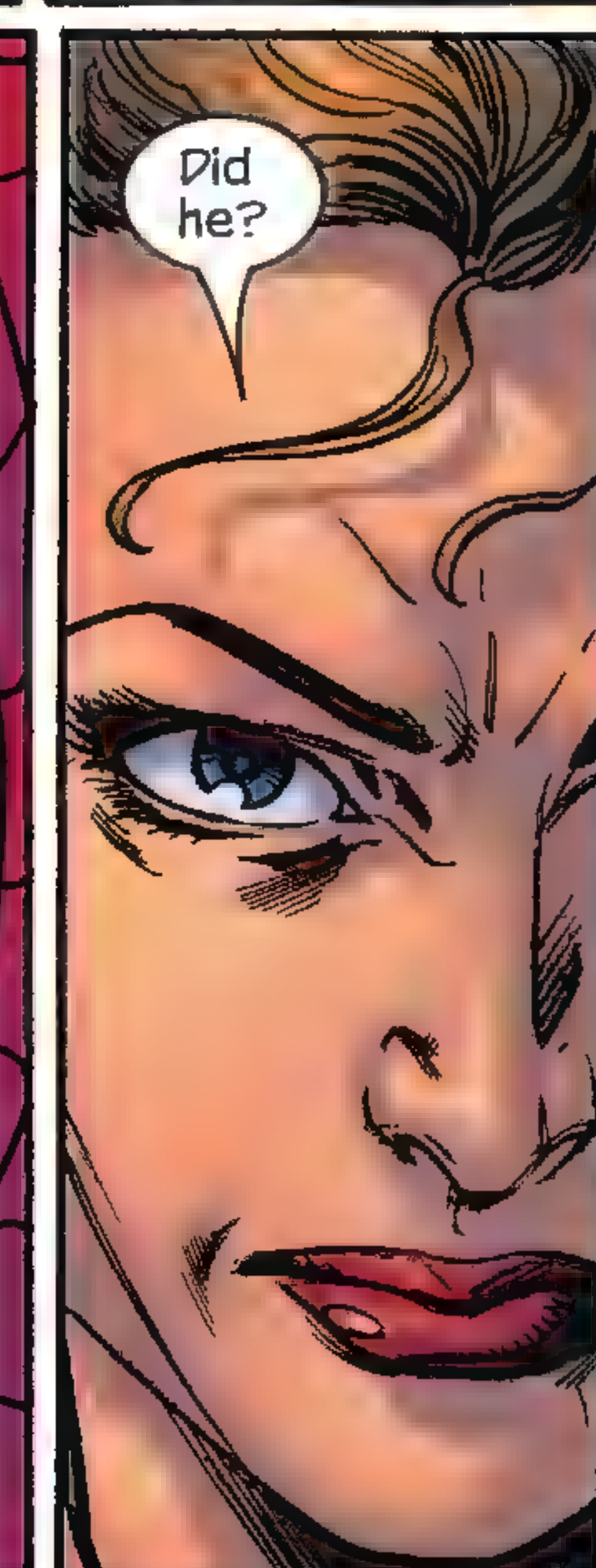
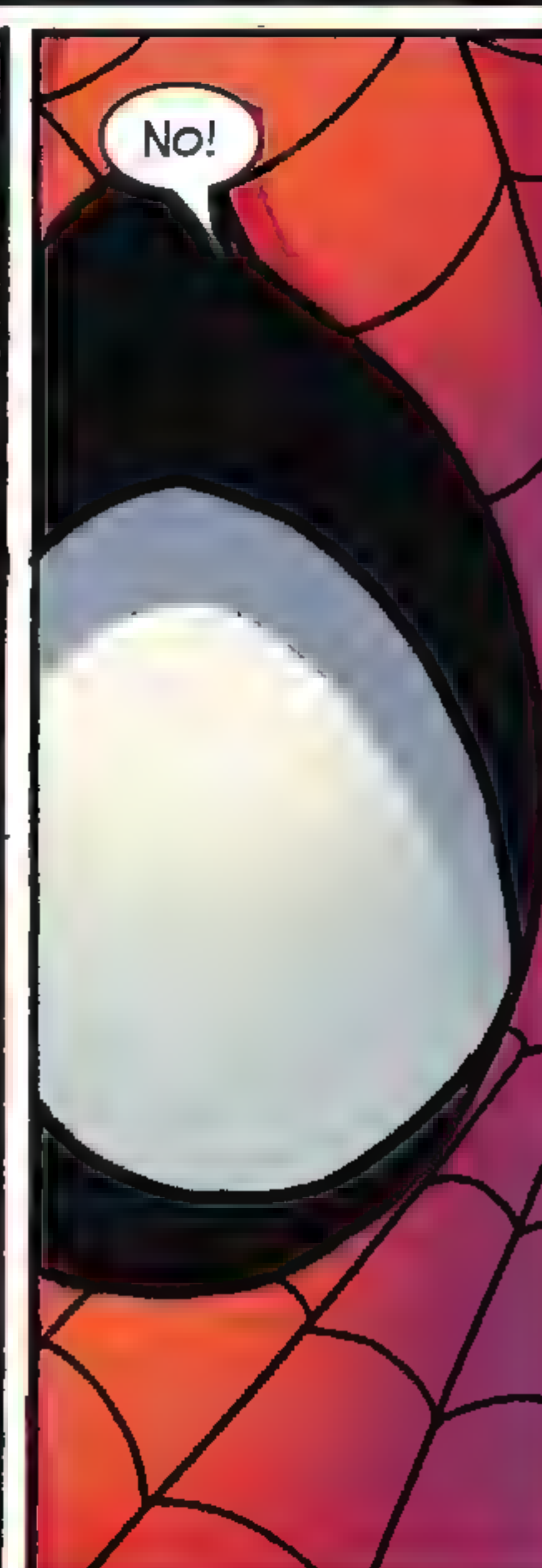
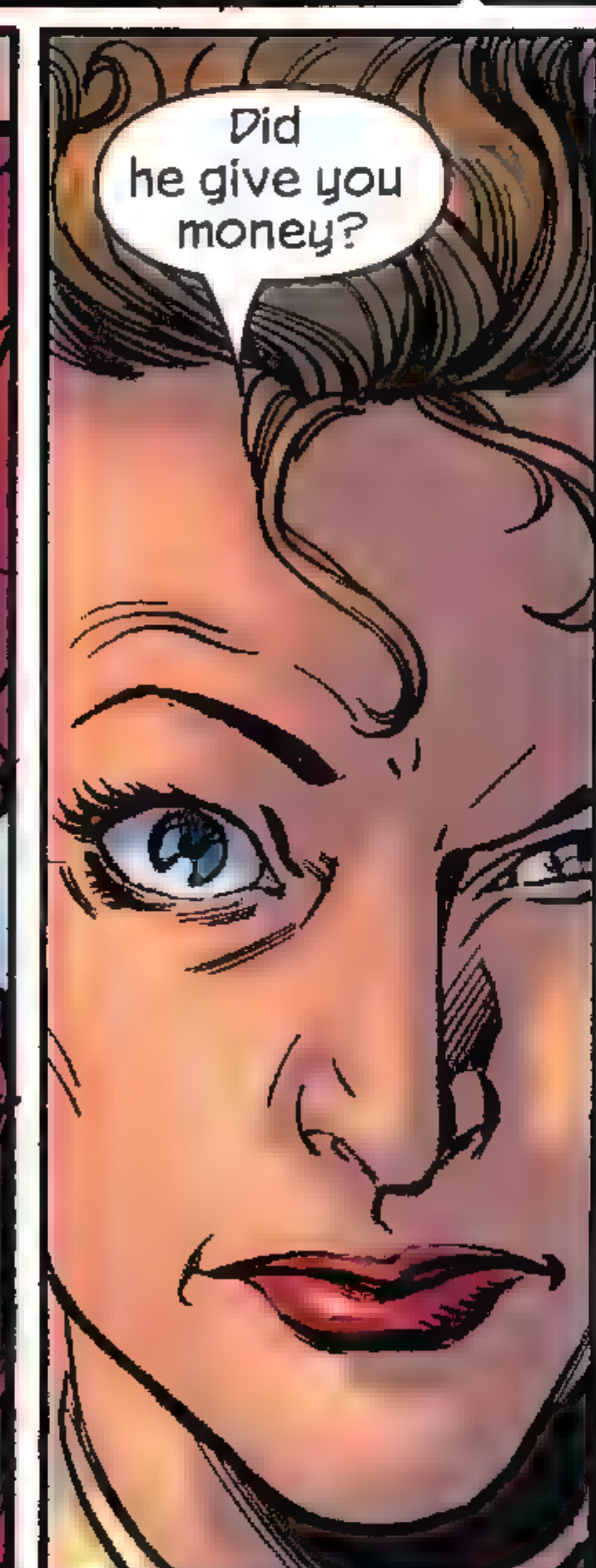
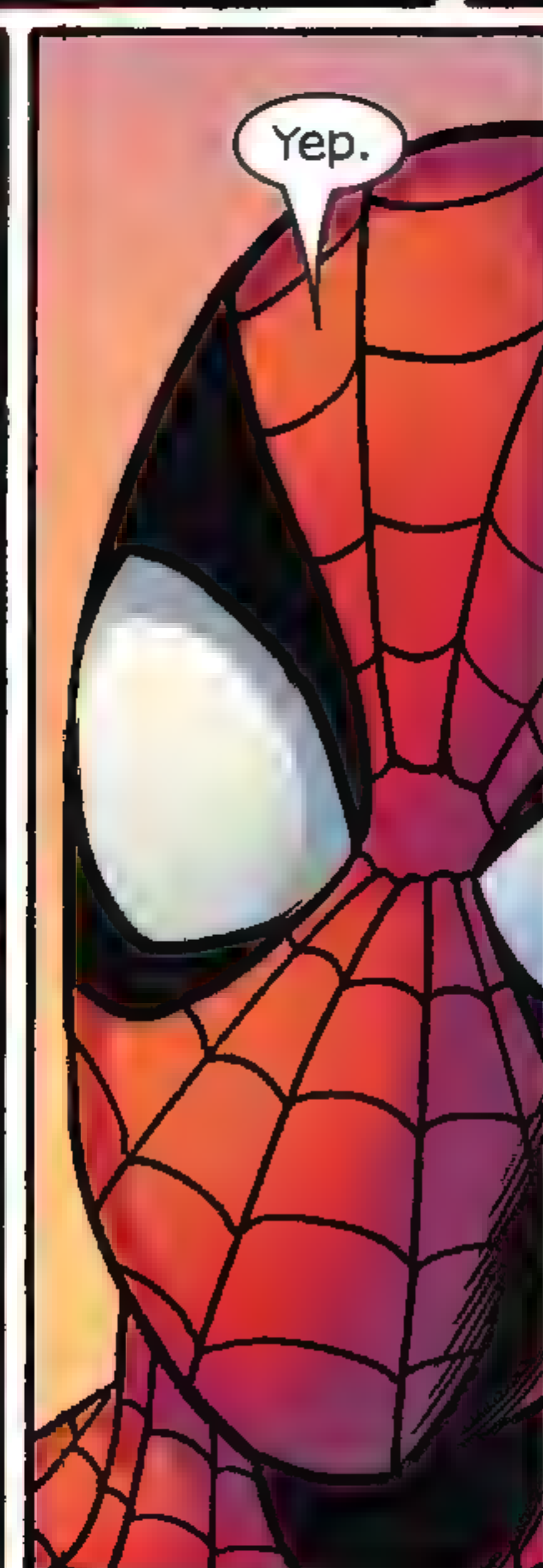
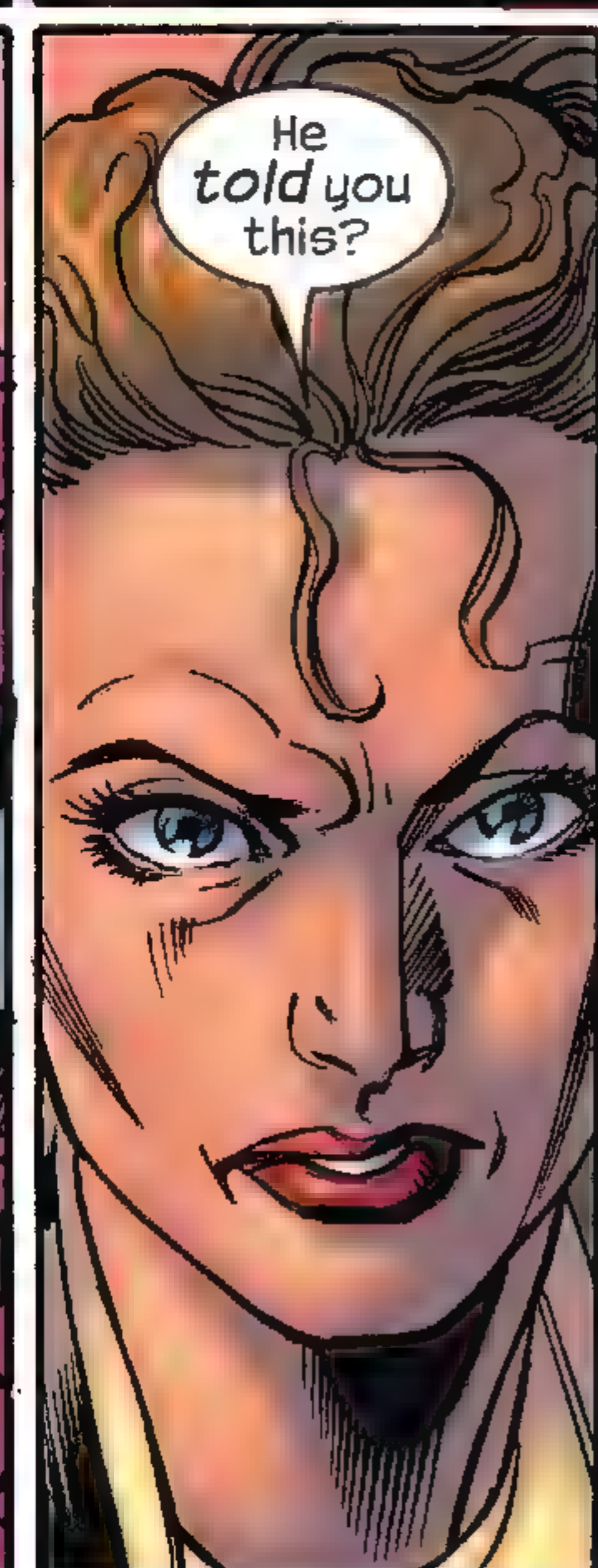
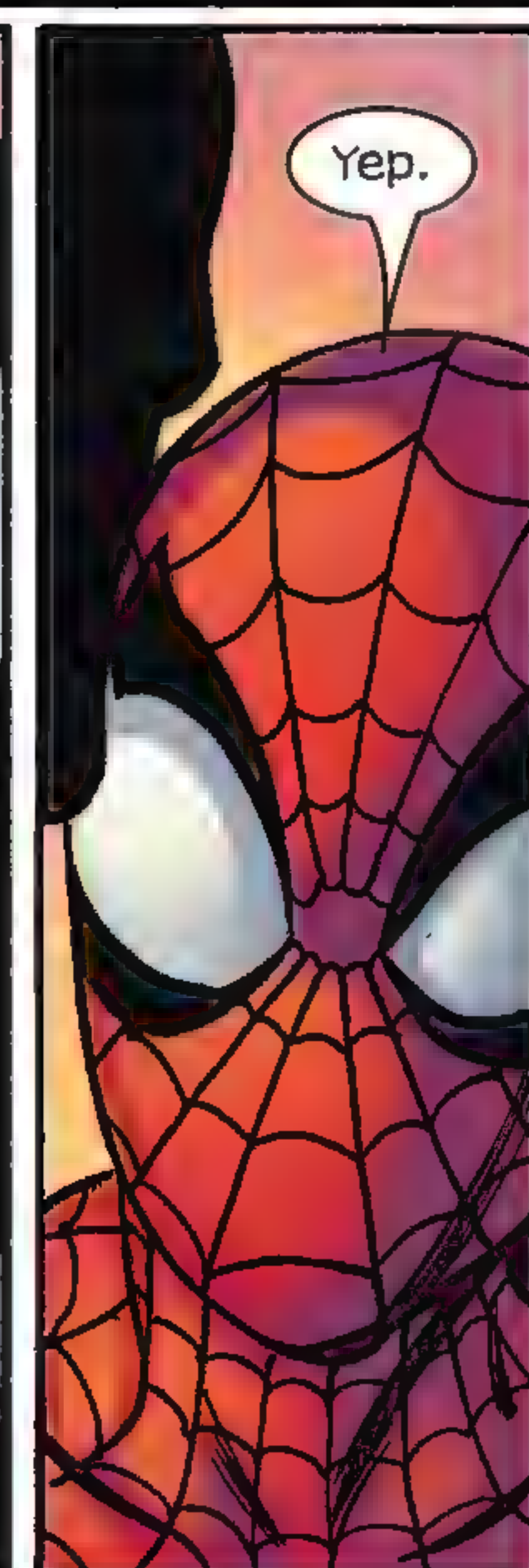
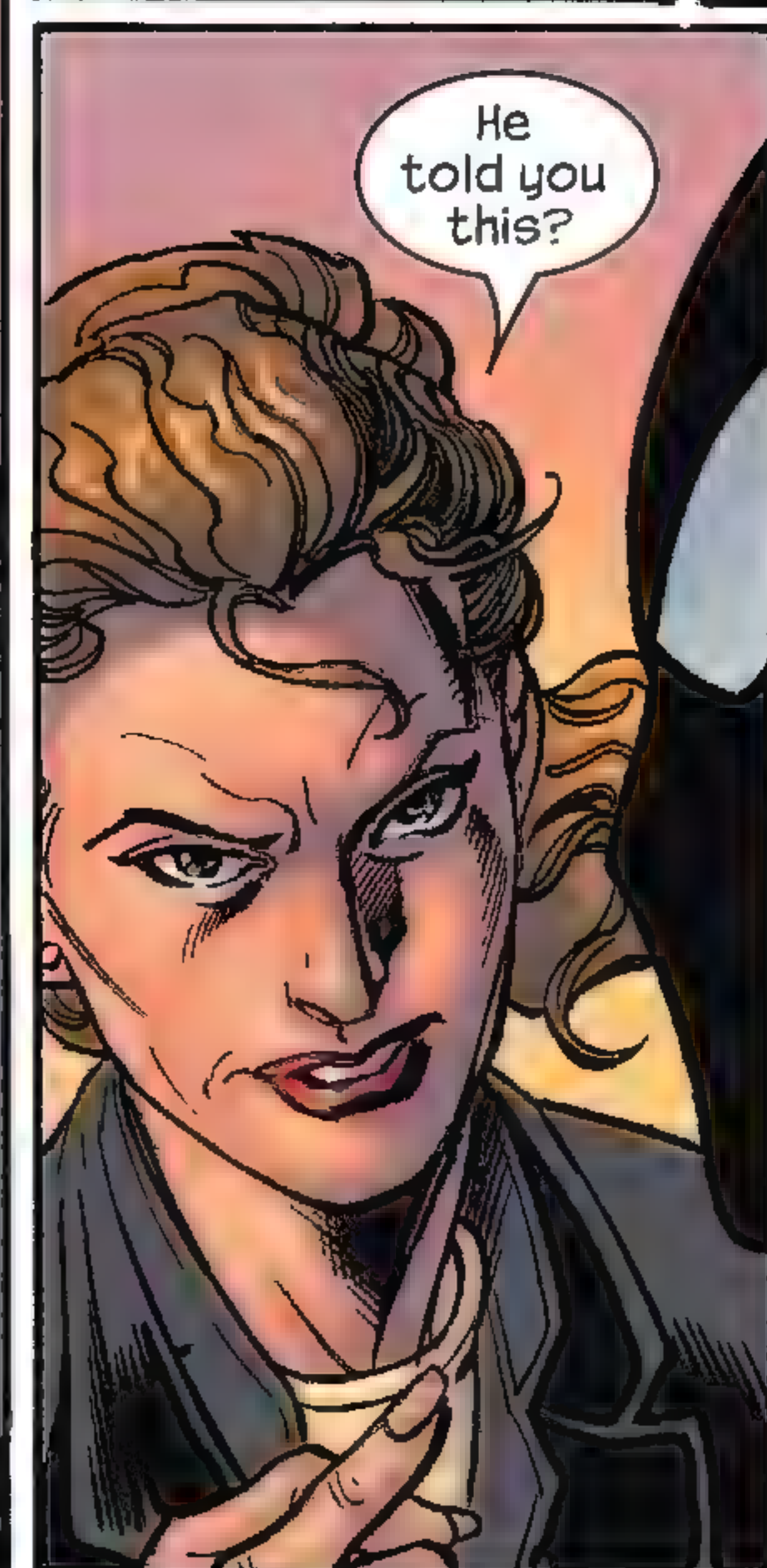
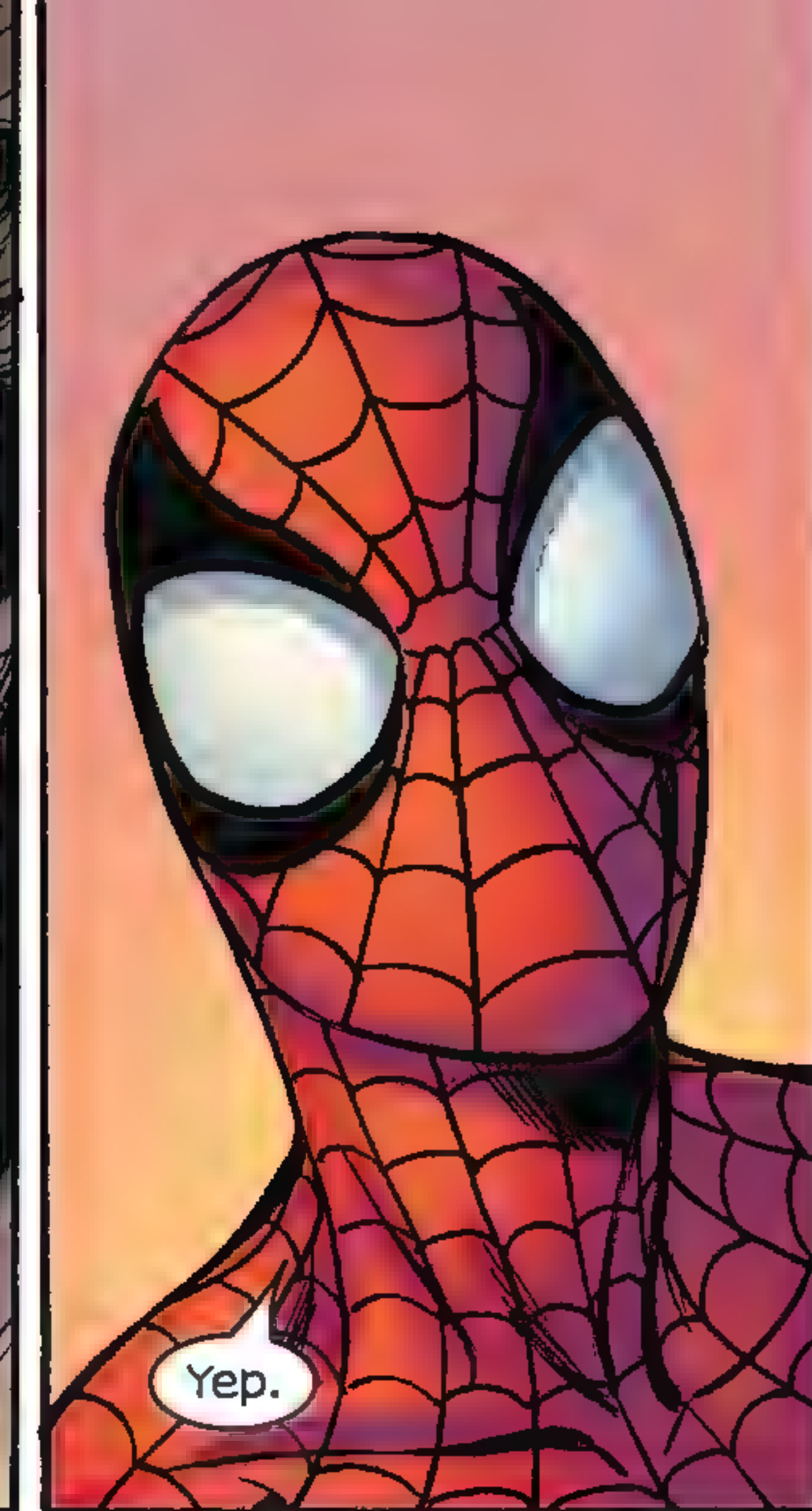
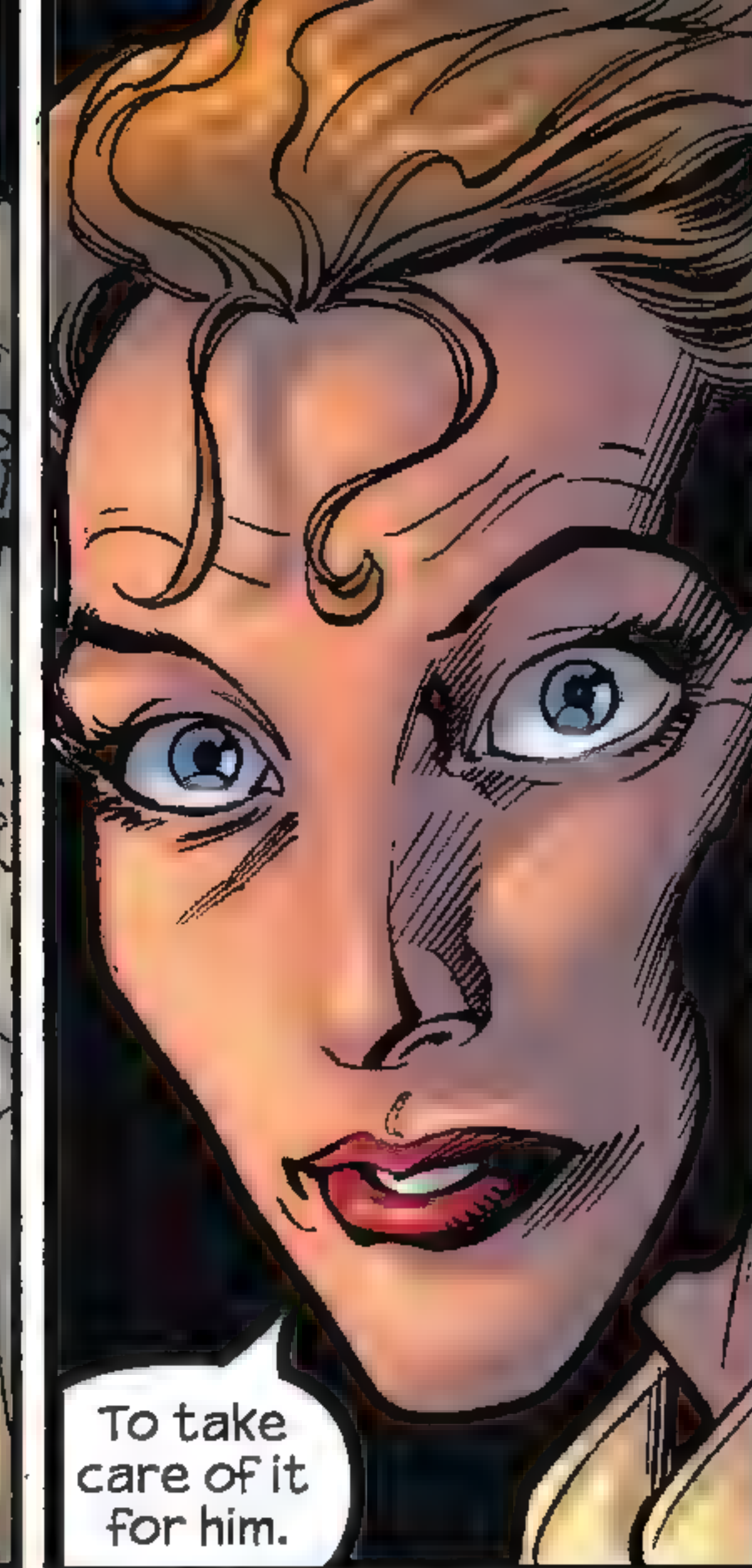
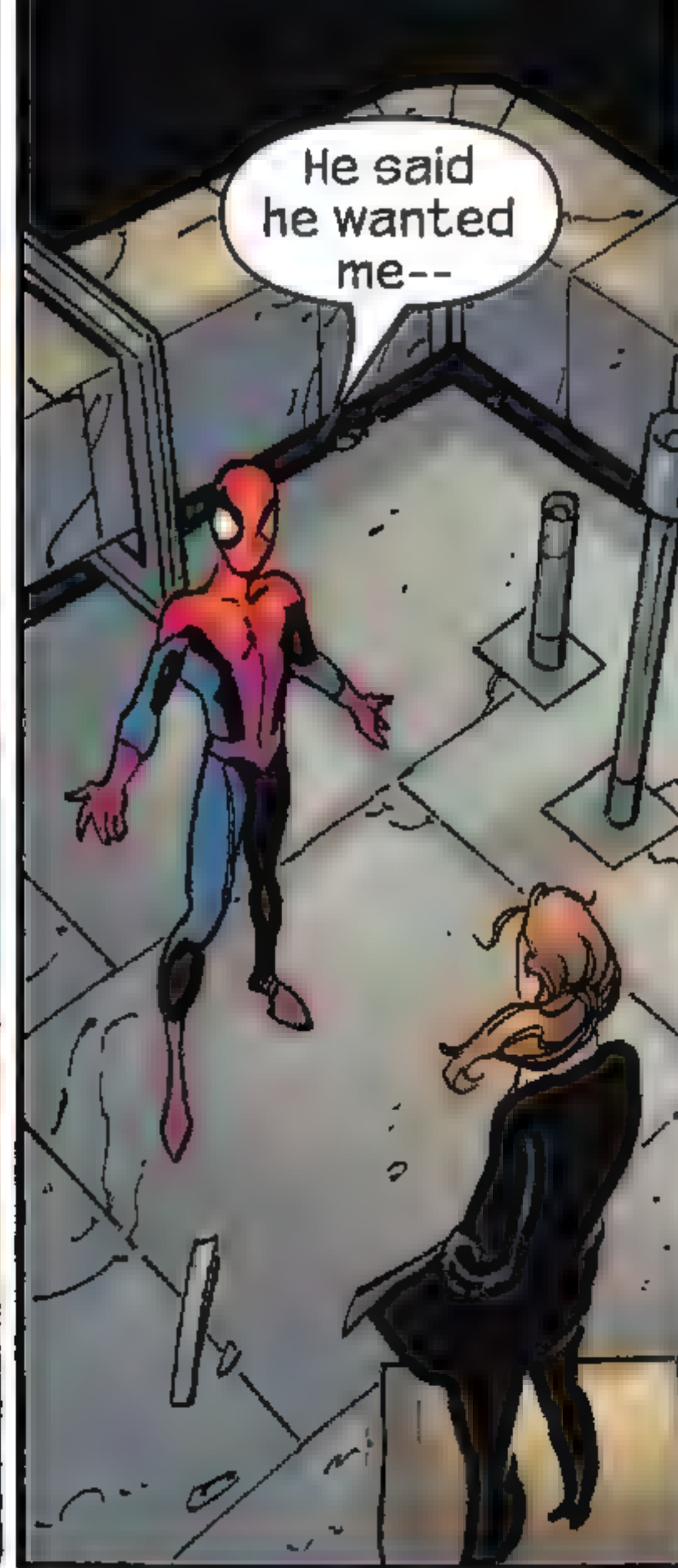
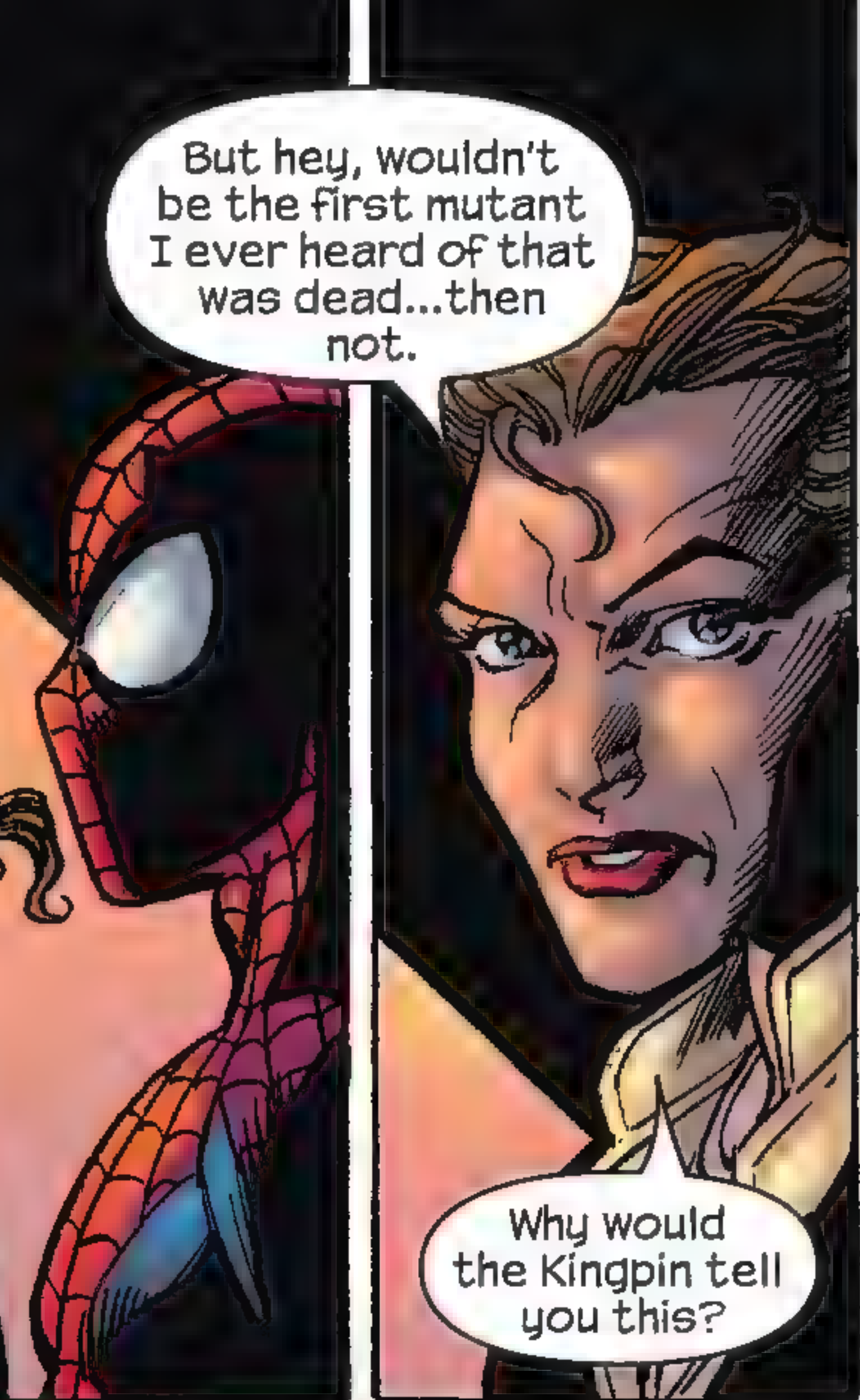
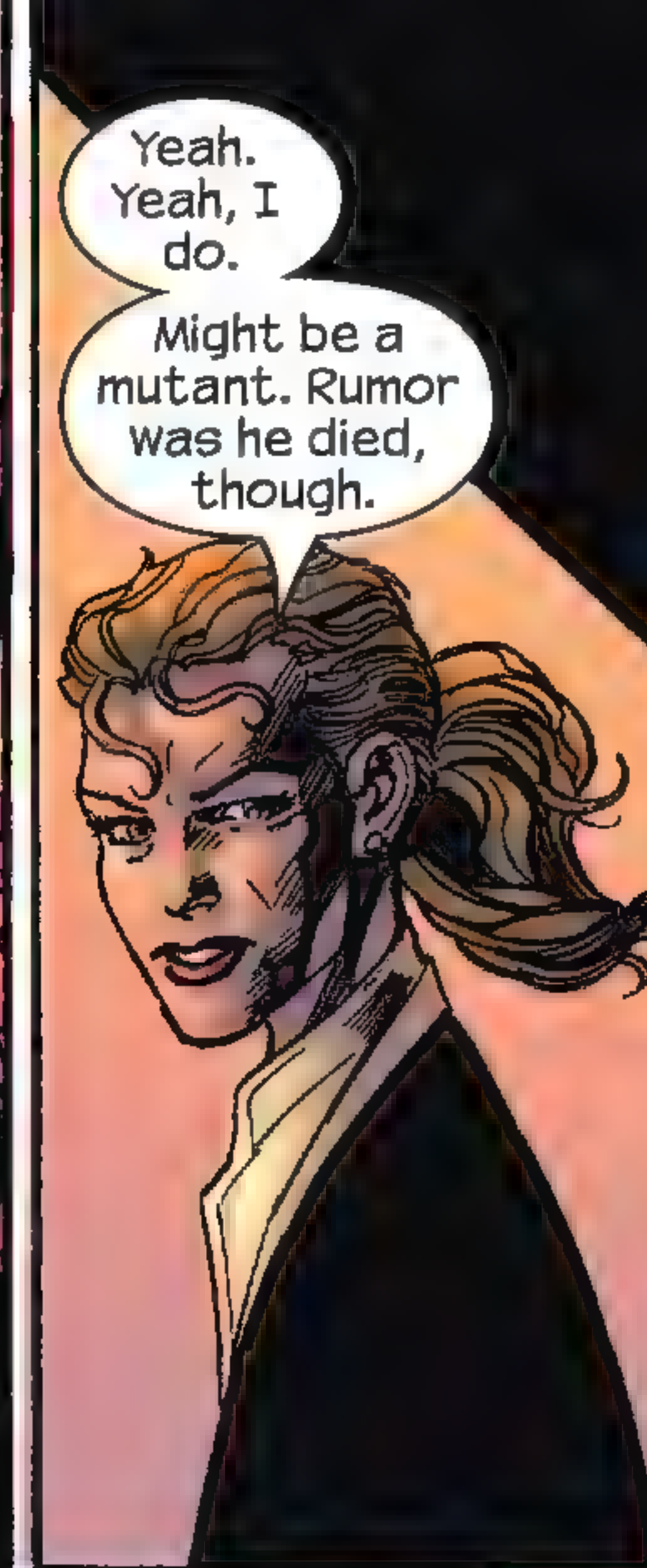
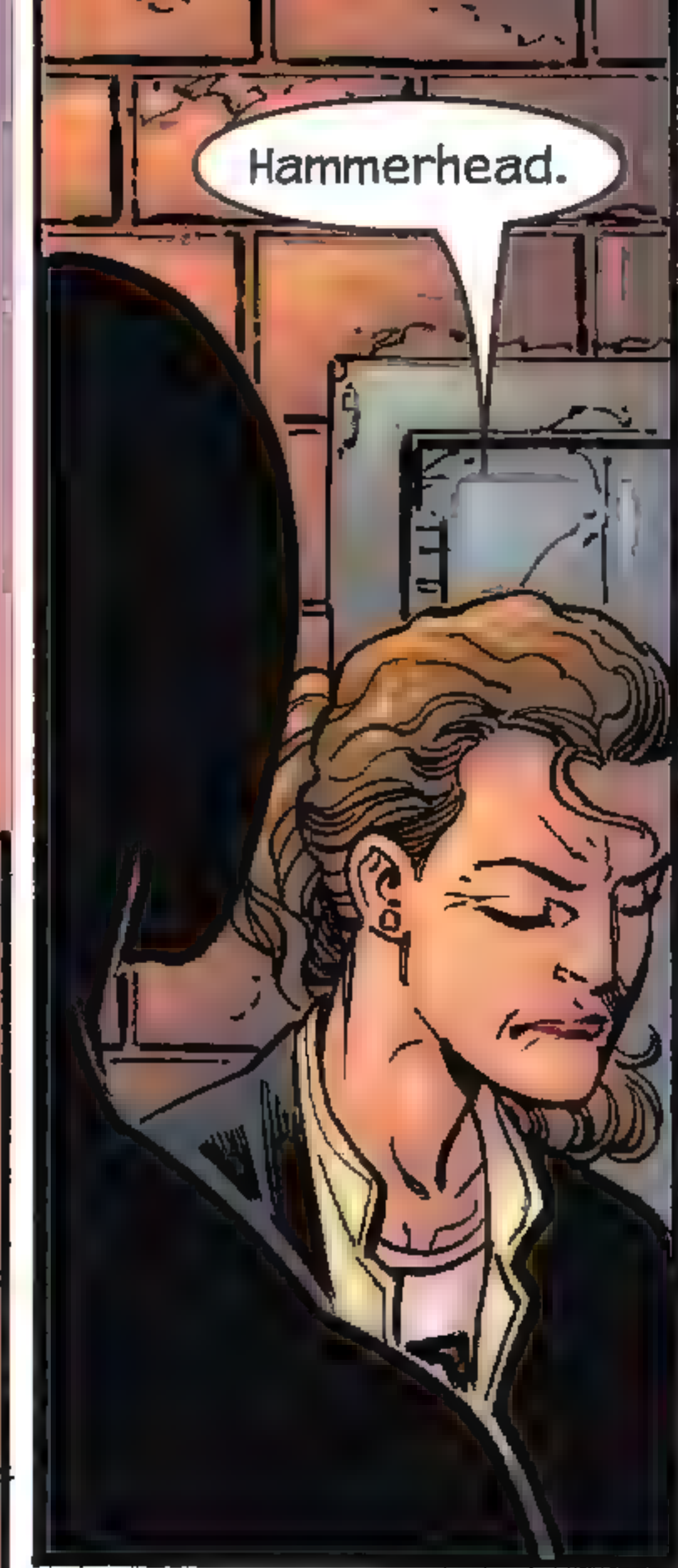
That would be a great setup for a joke though, no... He actually invited me in.

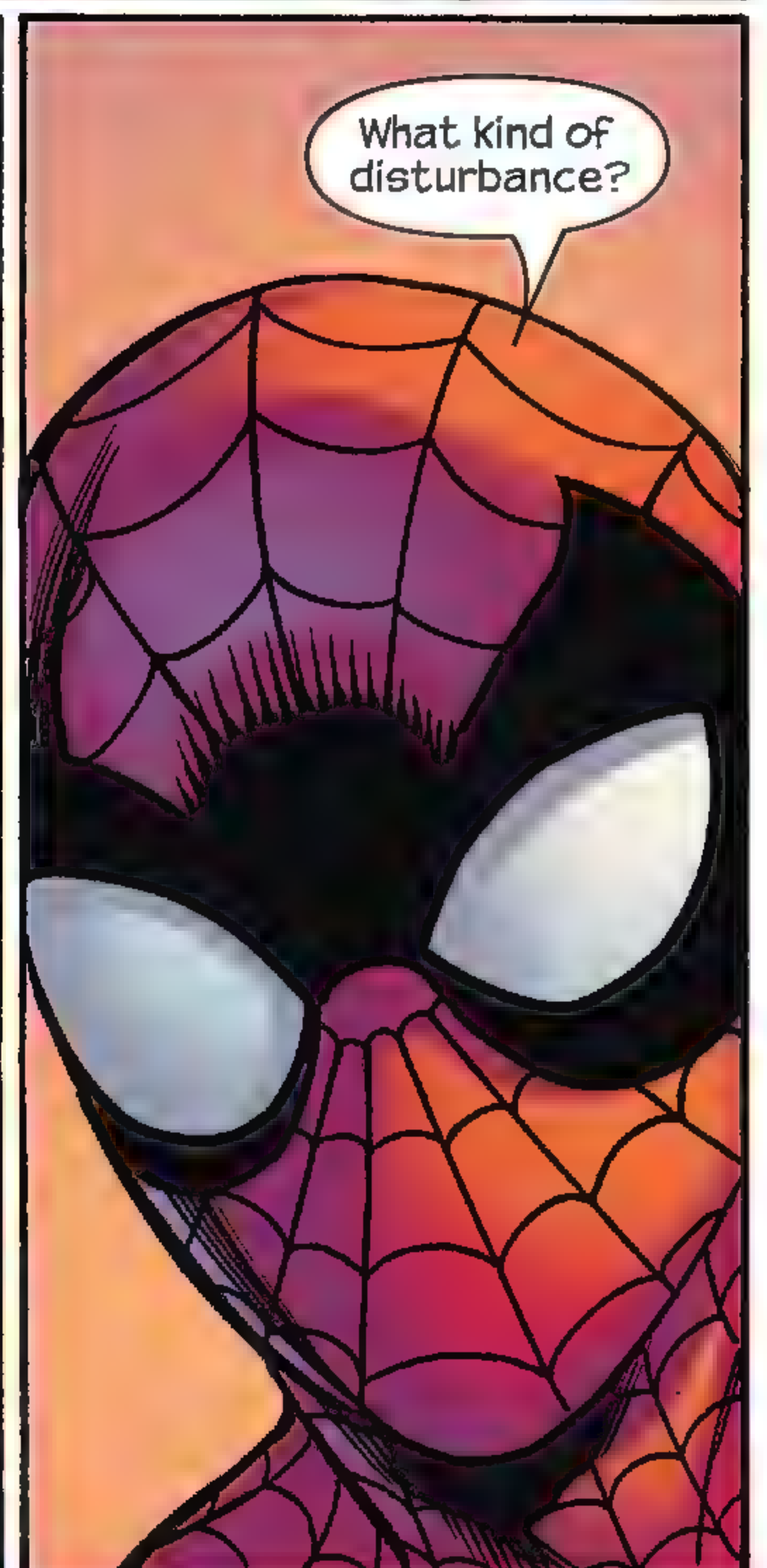
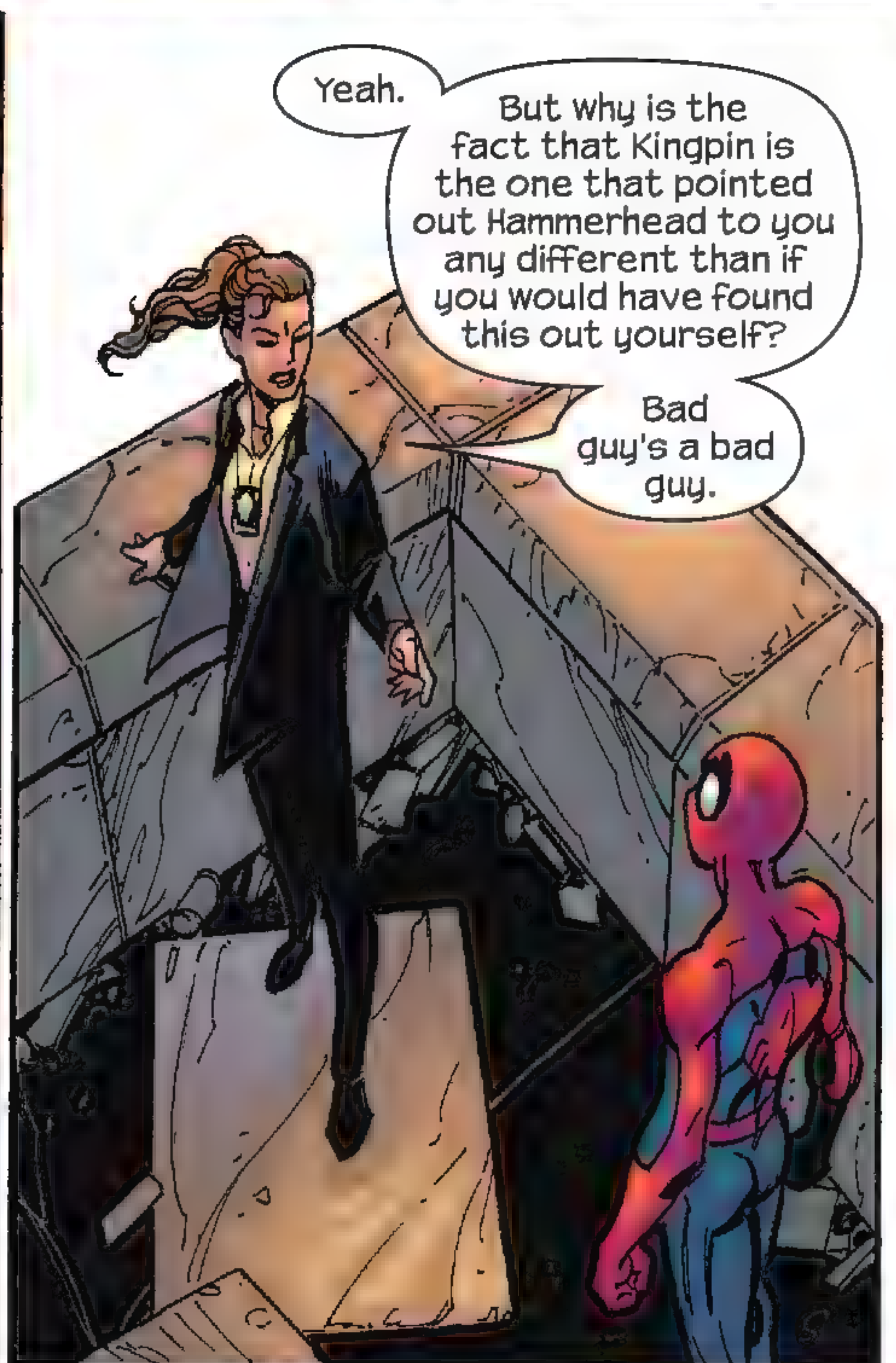
Okay.

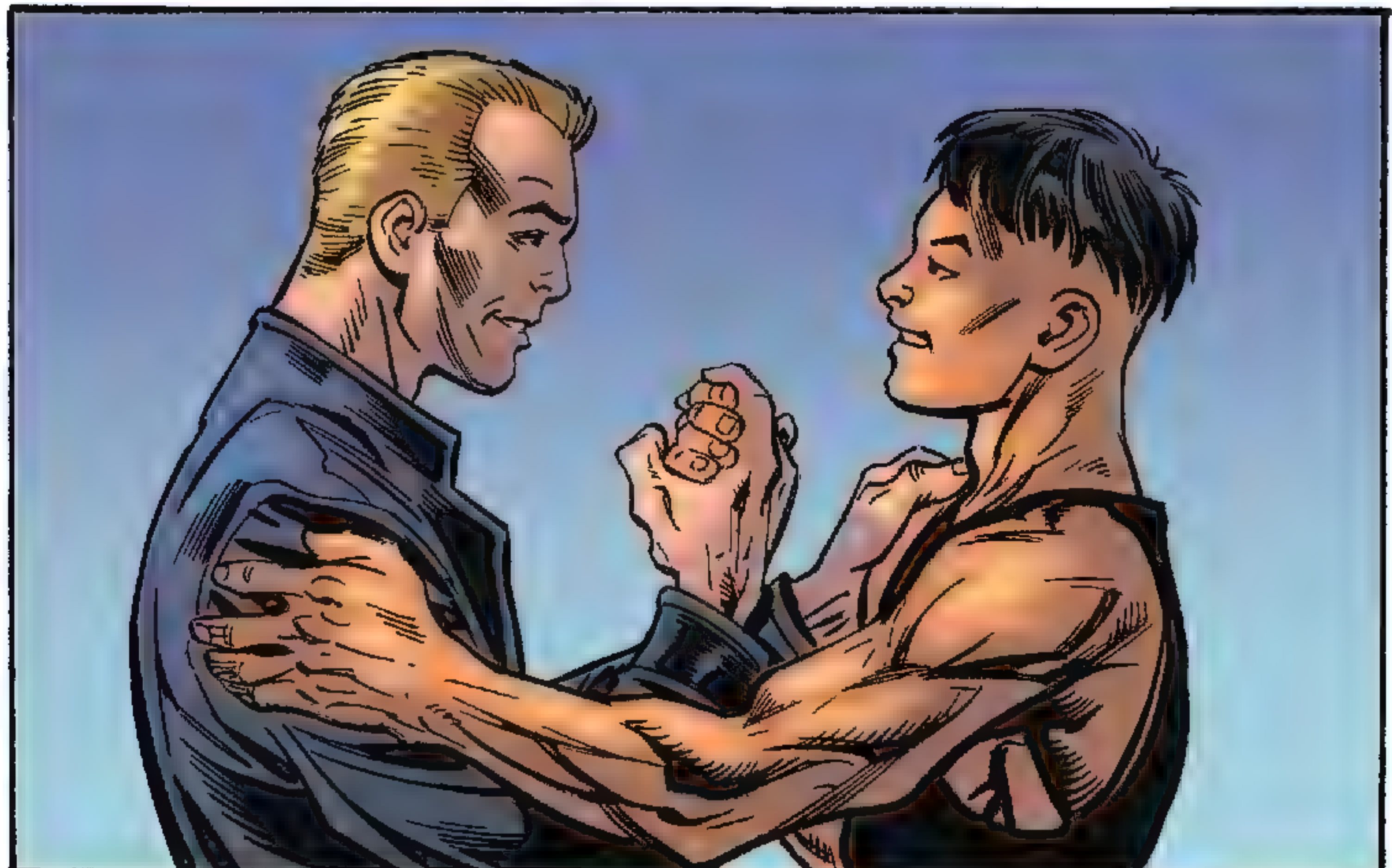
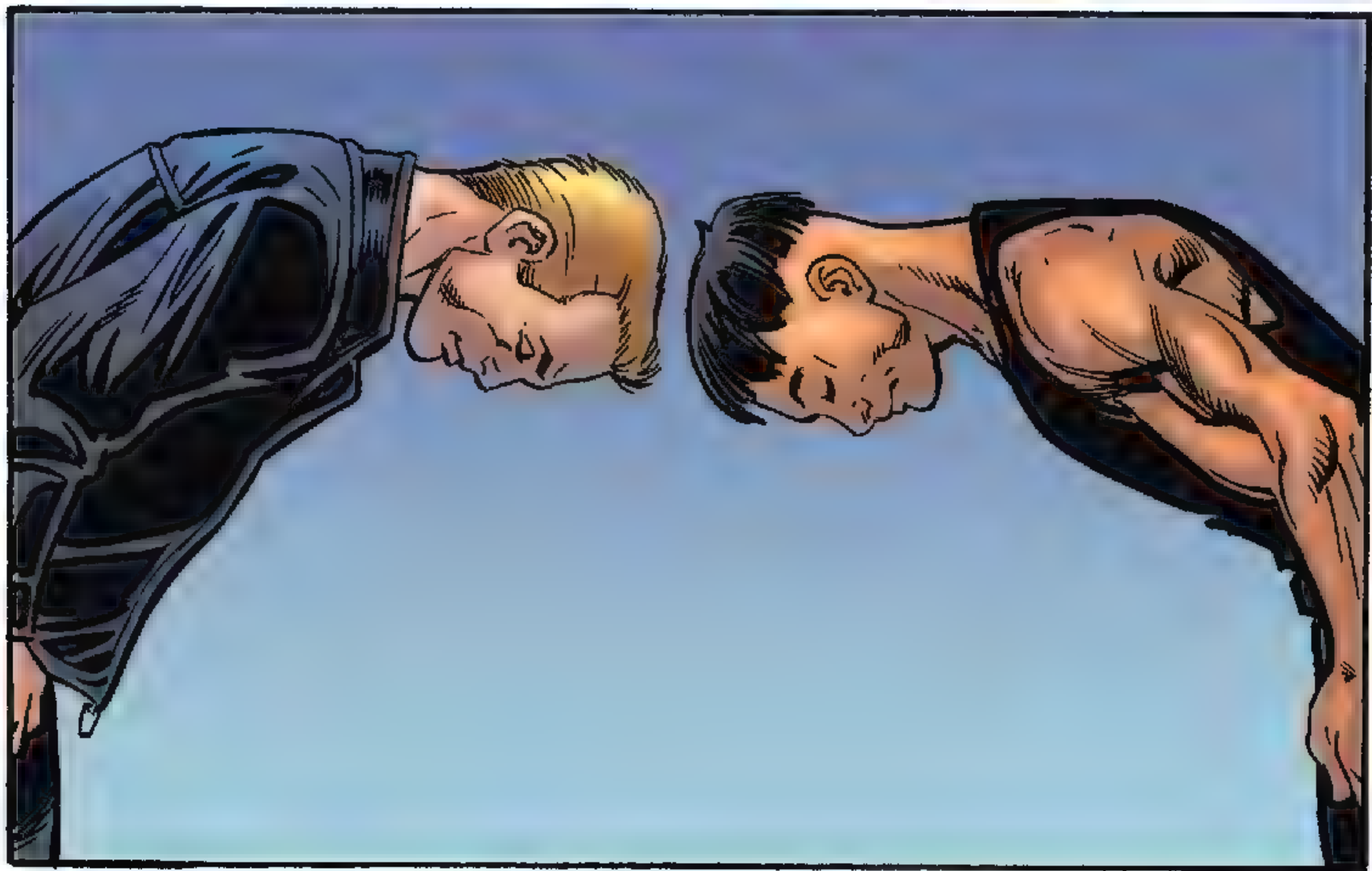
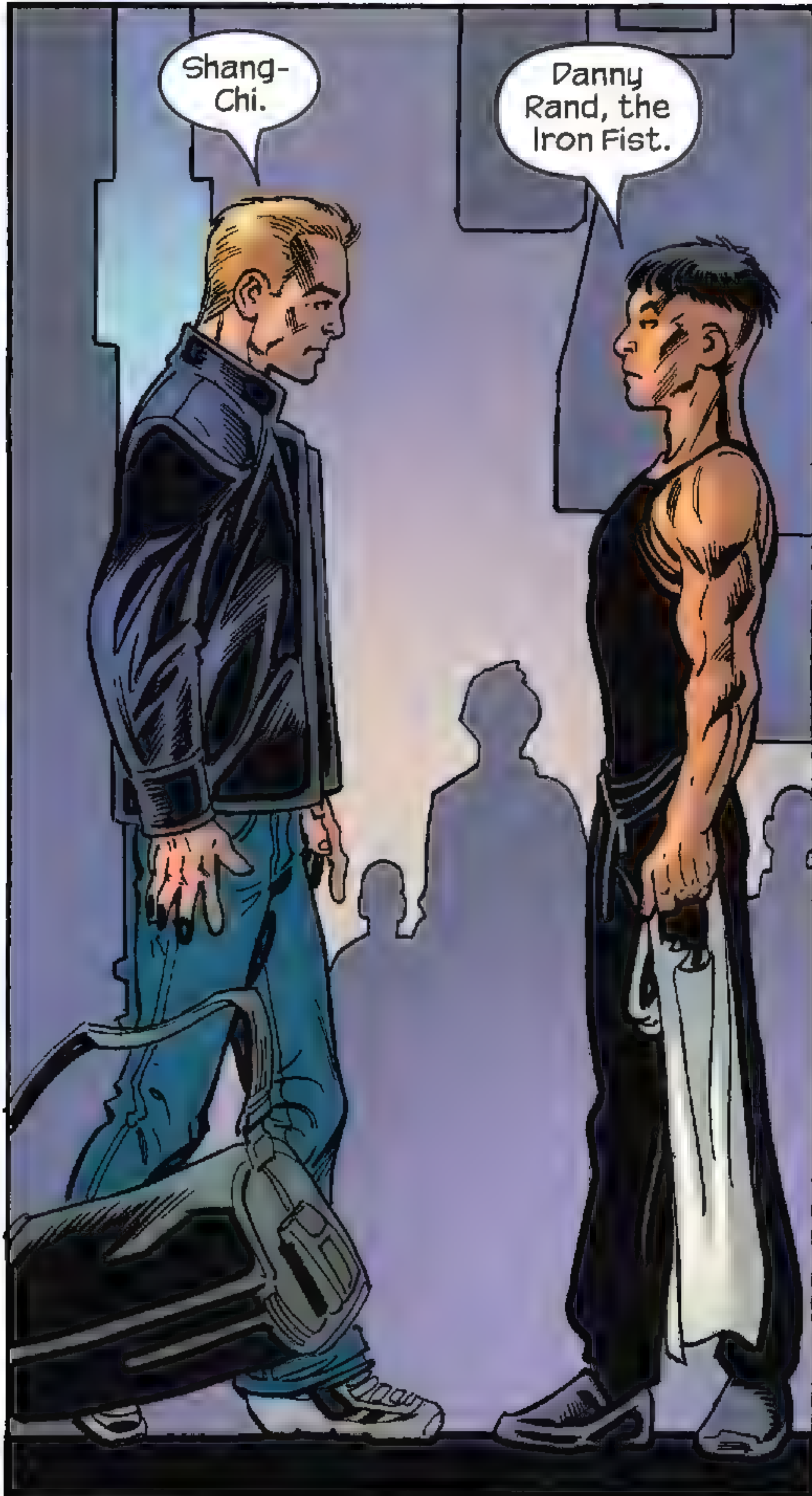
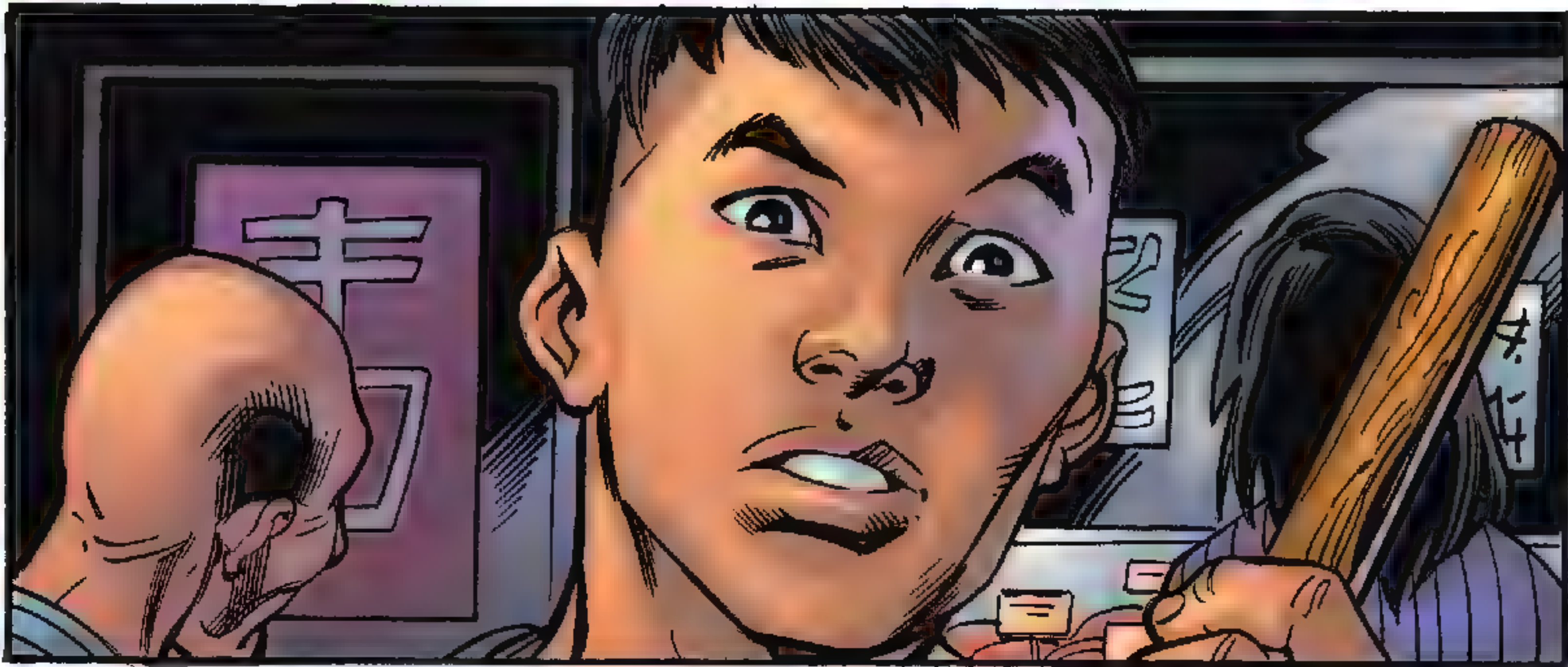
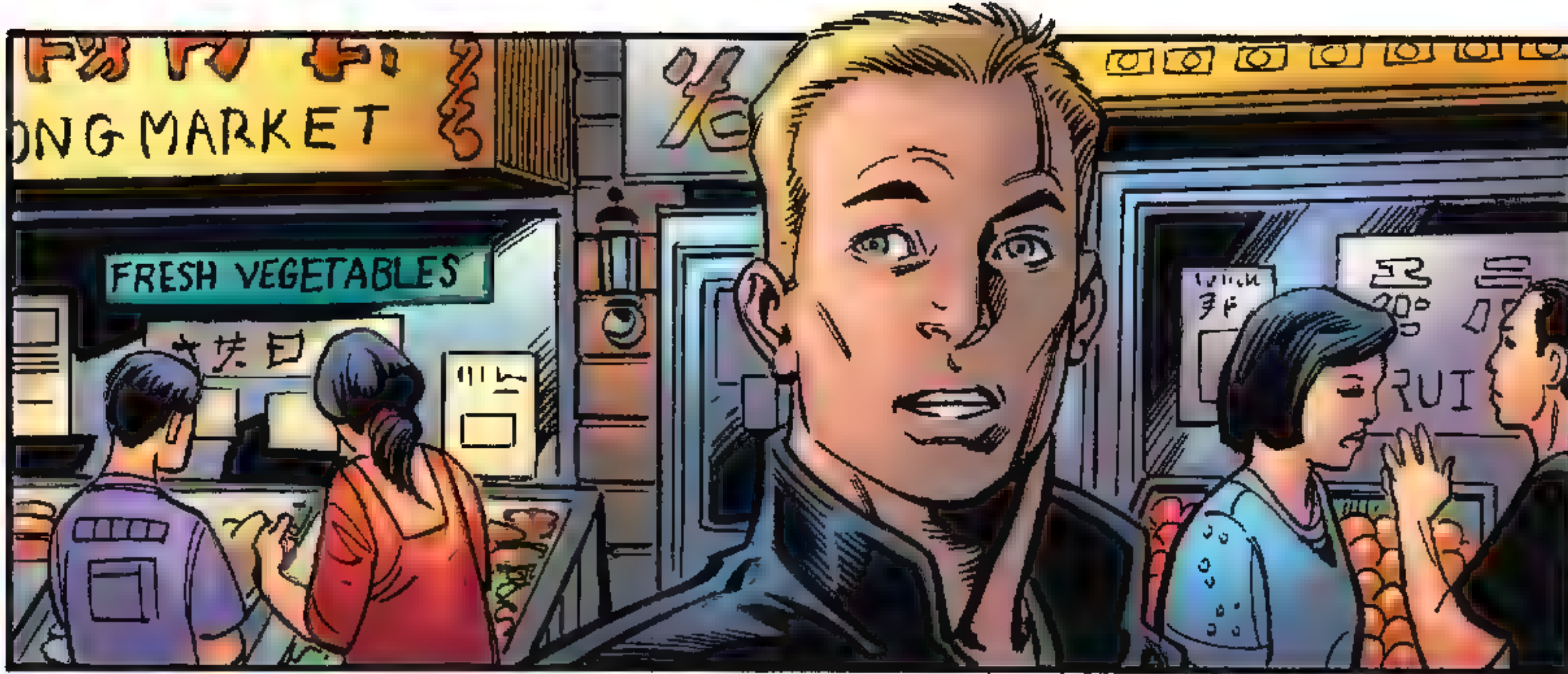
And, well, he, uh, he gave me the address to where he said this guy called Hammerhead lives.



Really?







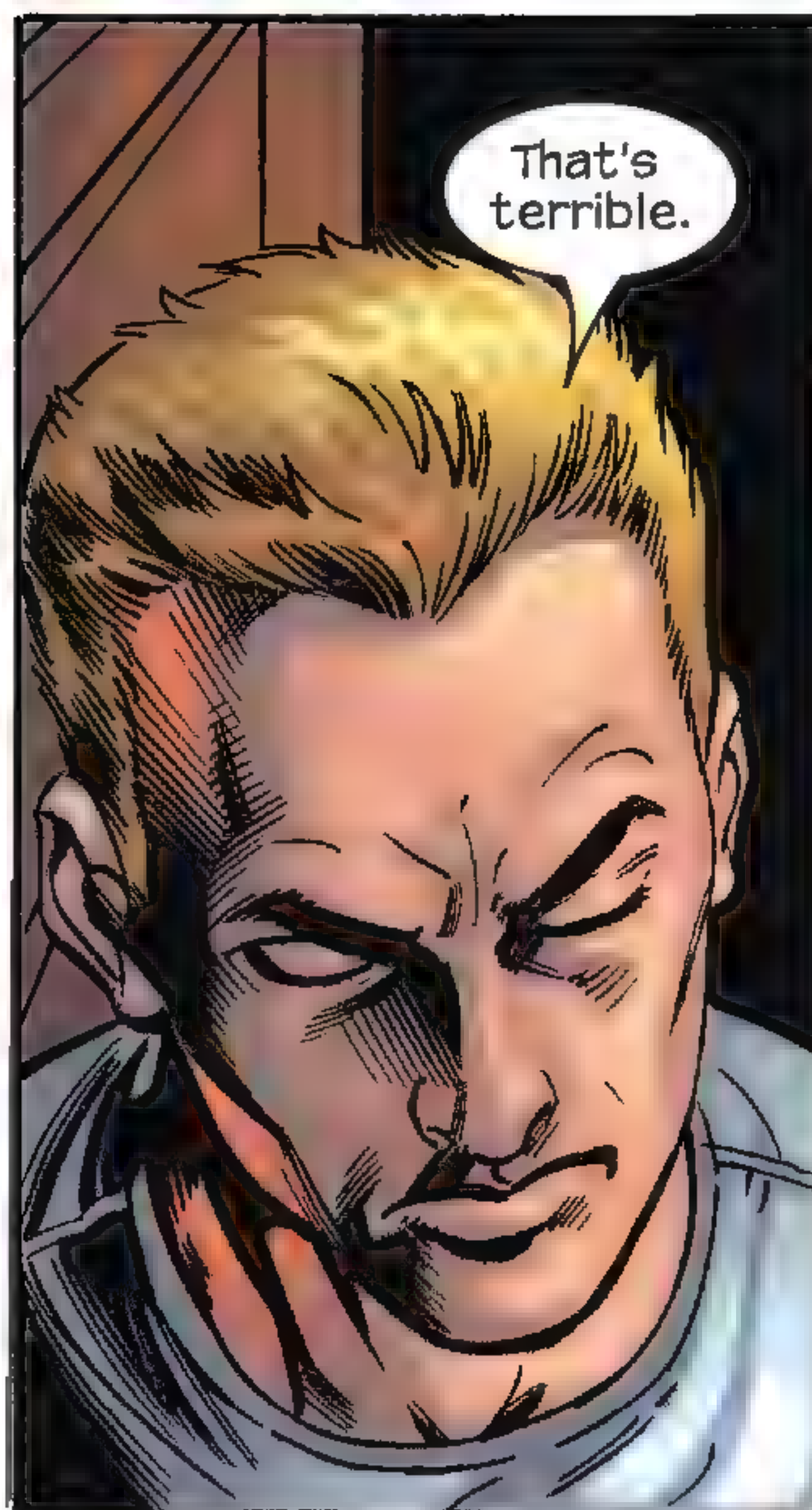


Did you hear about Master Kee while you were in prison?

Yes.

Who's running the school now?

It's closed.



That's terrible.



I was shocked to hear you were back in New York.

I thought you'd left.



These people need me here.

They need someone to protect them.

The police do nothing.

Three!! Three youth gangs in one little Chinatown.

Three gangs and they're all fighting for pennies.



For pennies!! Literally.

They kill. They steal. They rape.

Their own people.



So, nothing's changed.



It will.

Because I will fight them.

Until they learn not to come here.

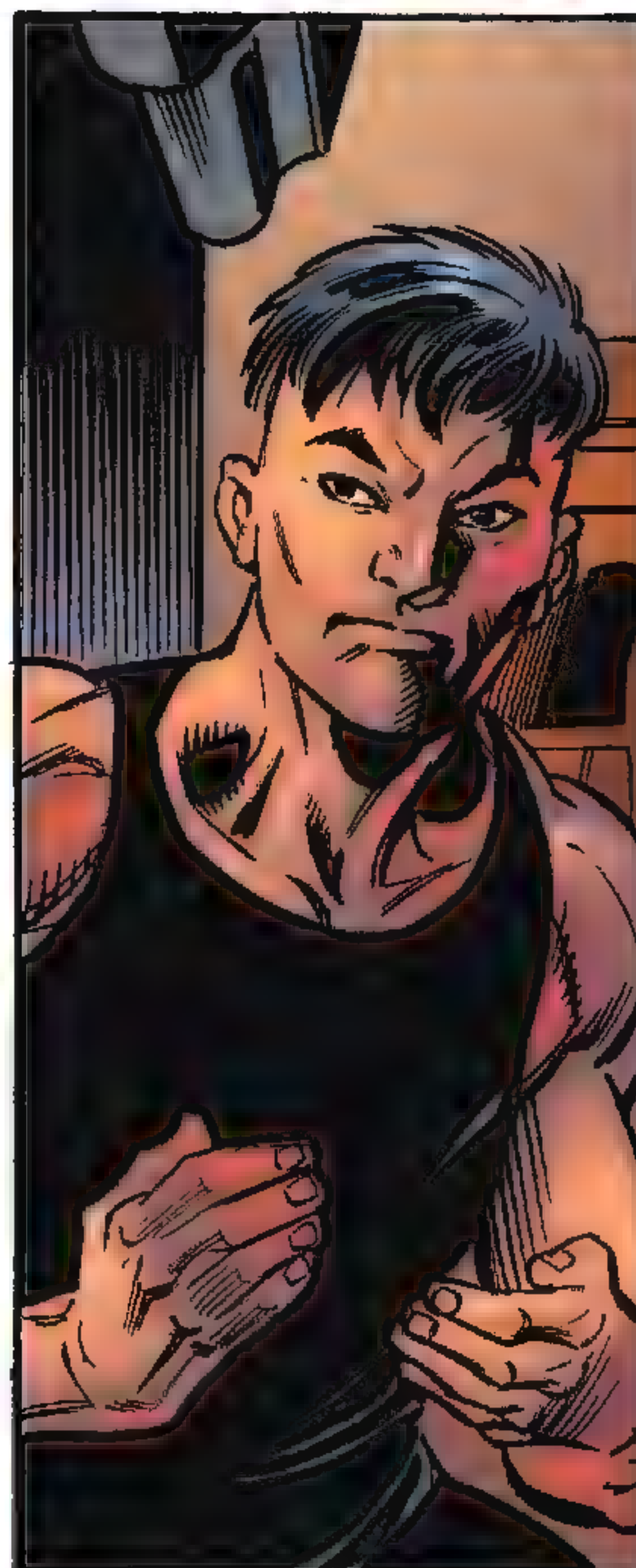
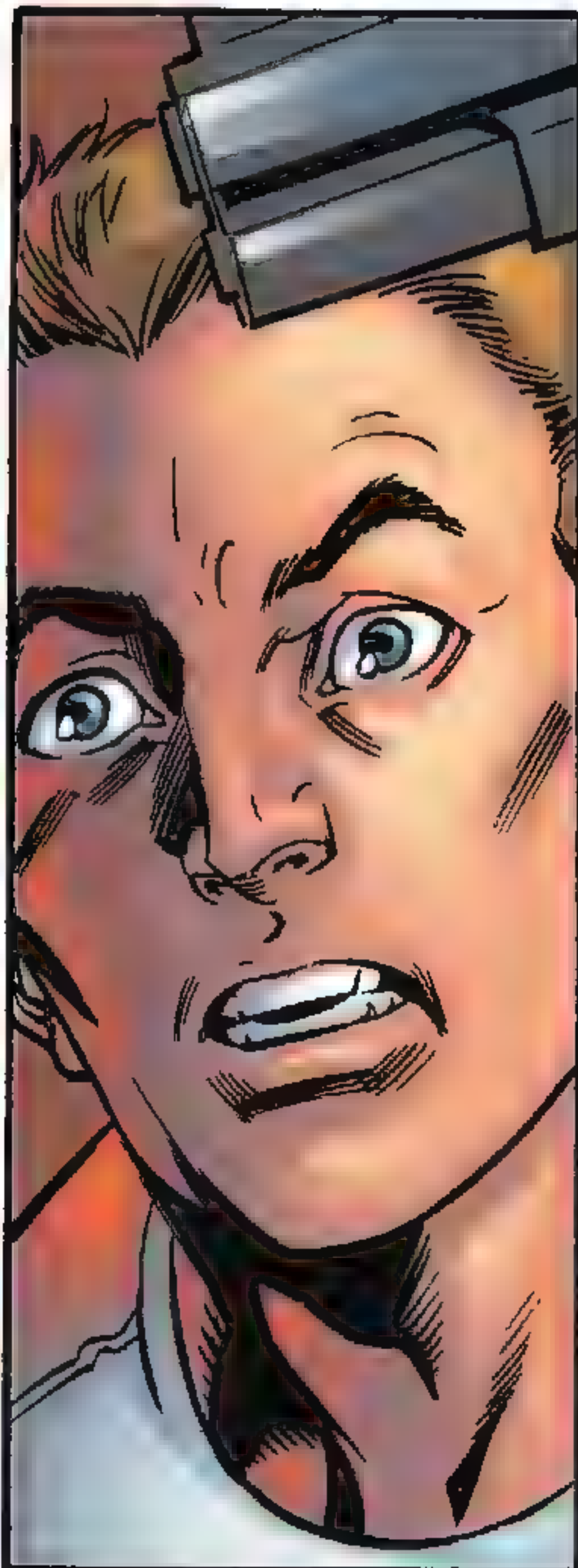
Okay, okay...

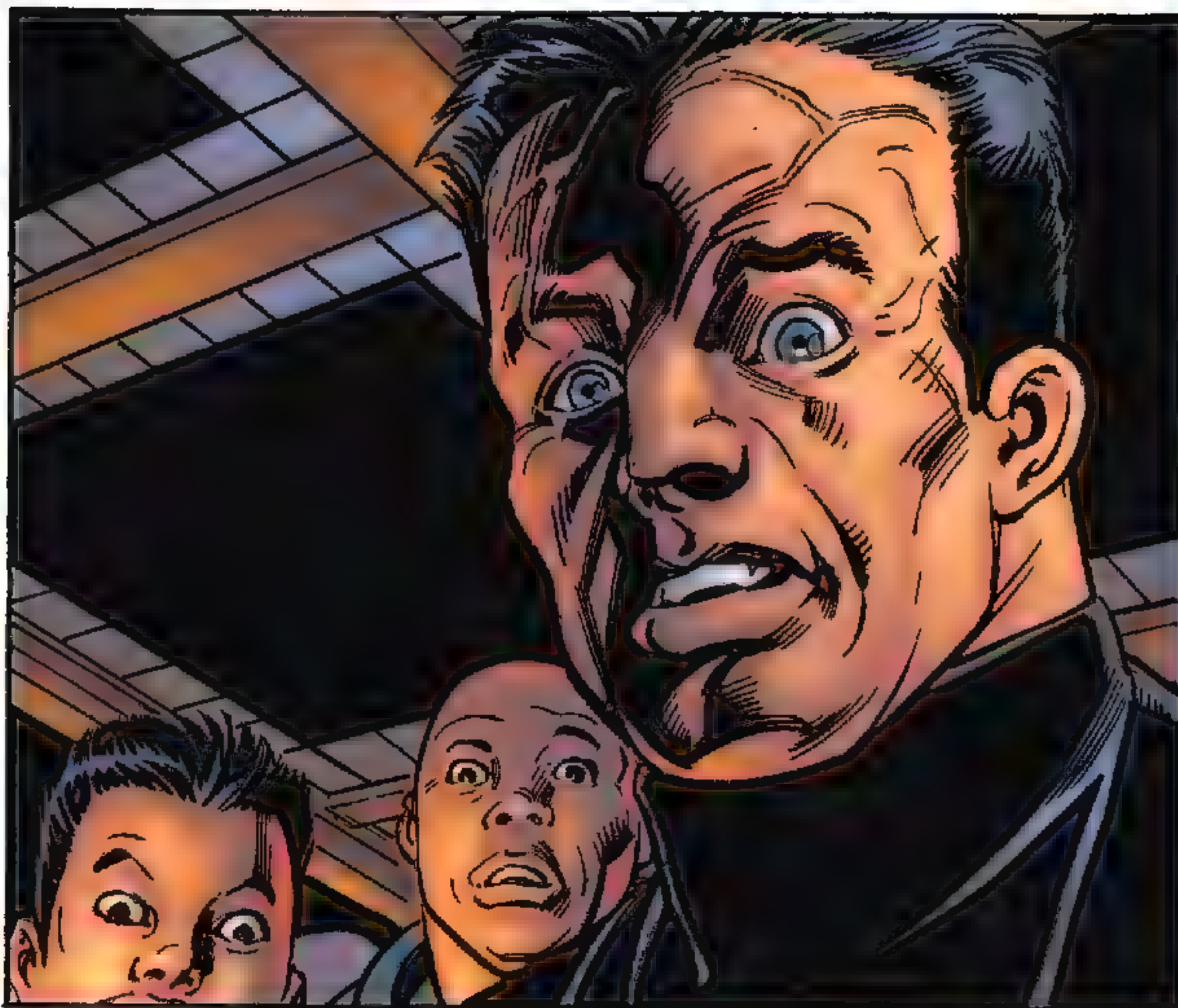
I'm sorry. It's been- it's been tense...

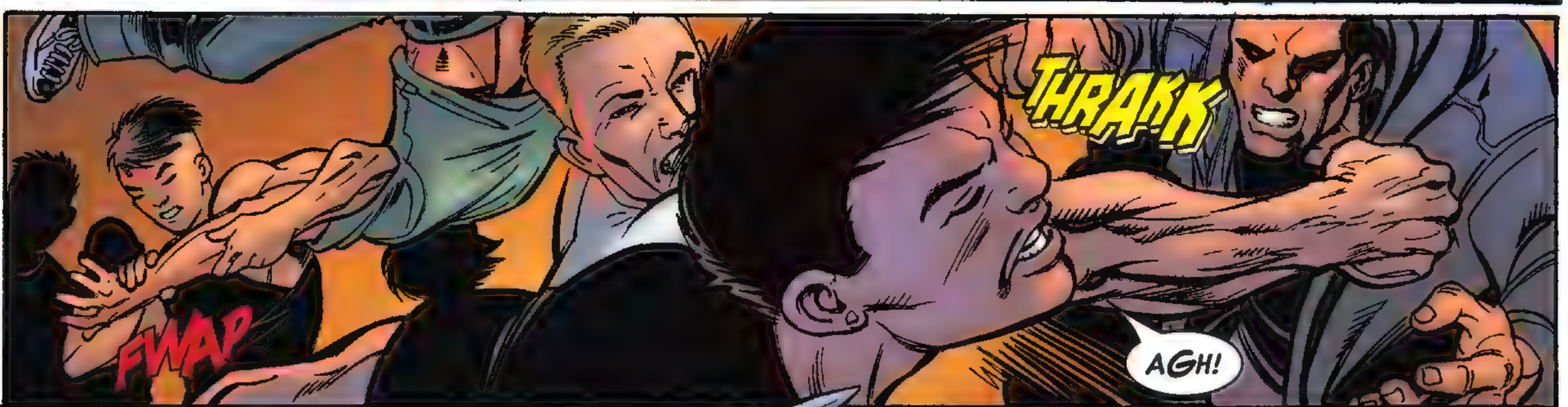
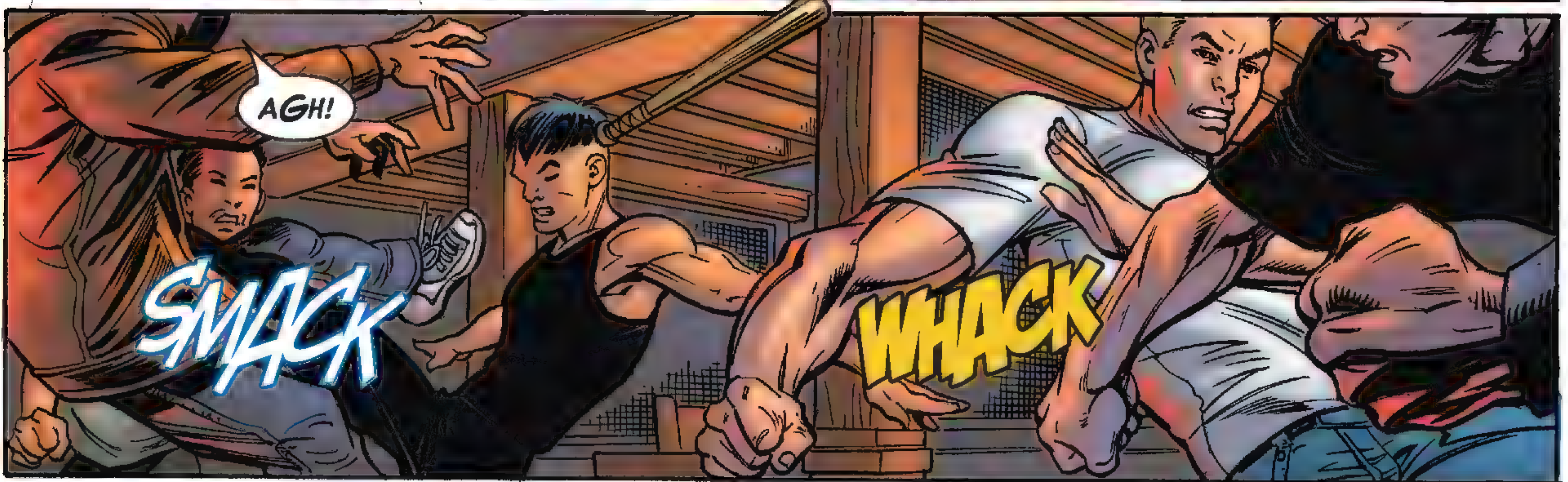


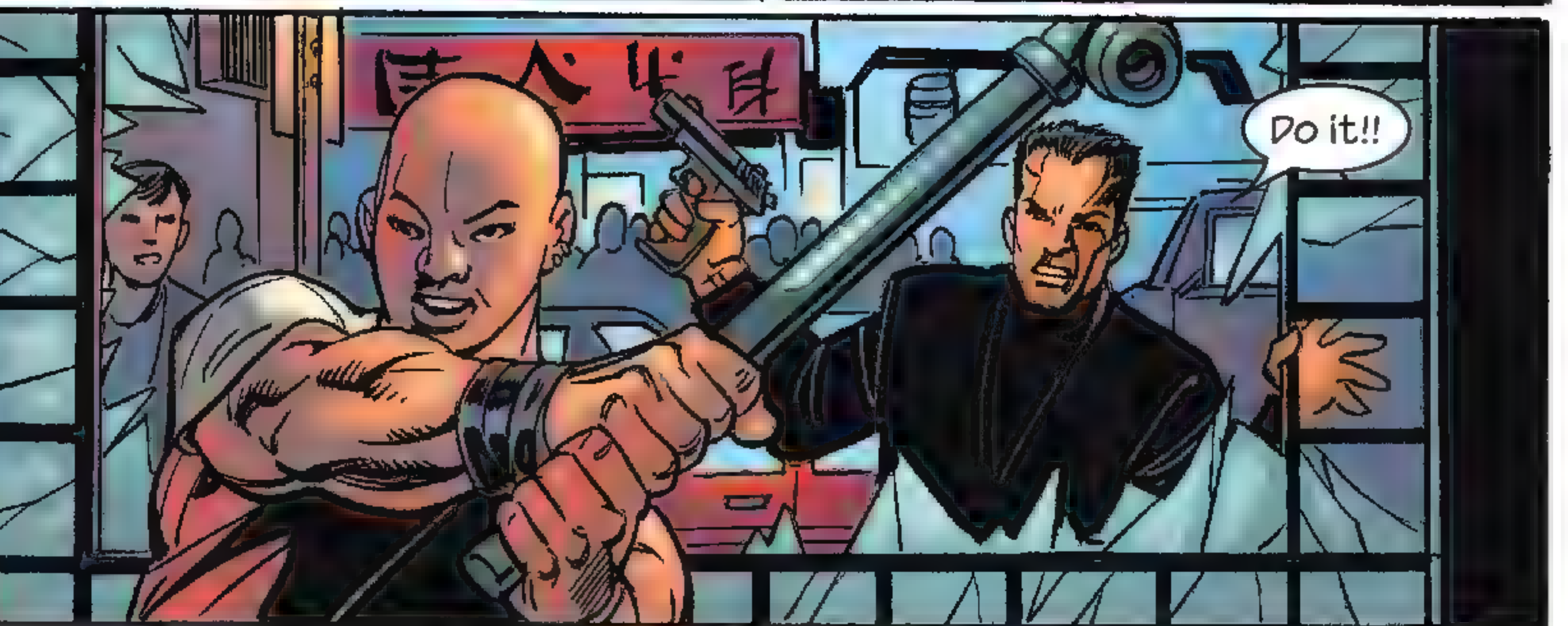
Well, they haven't learned yet.

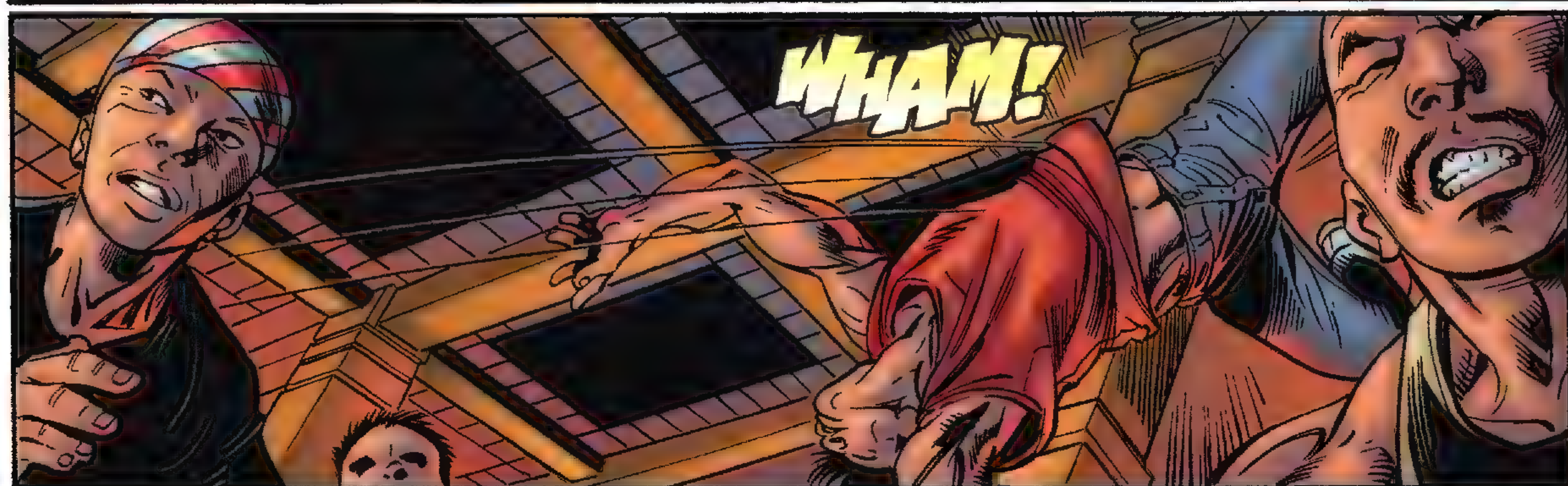


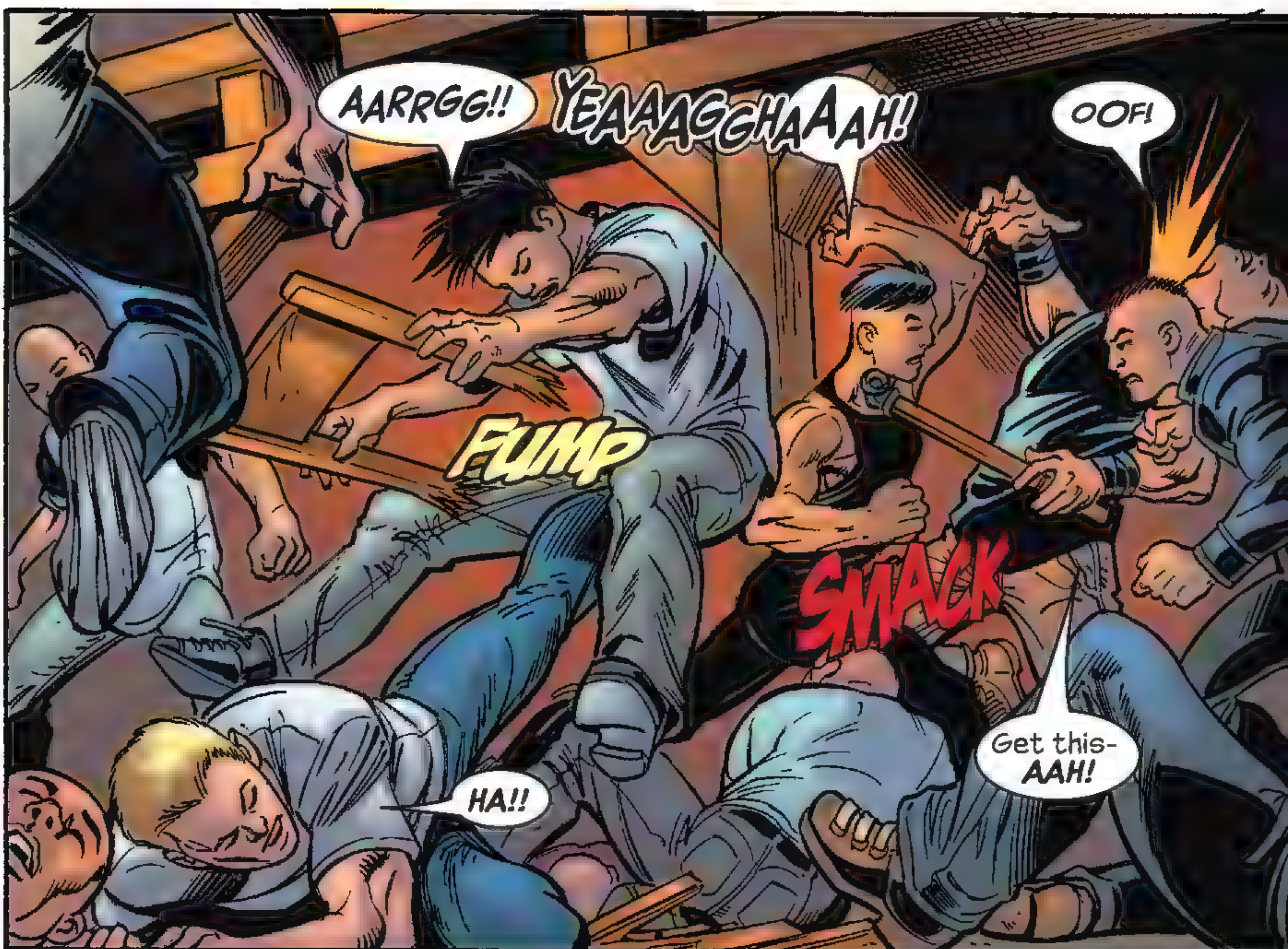


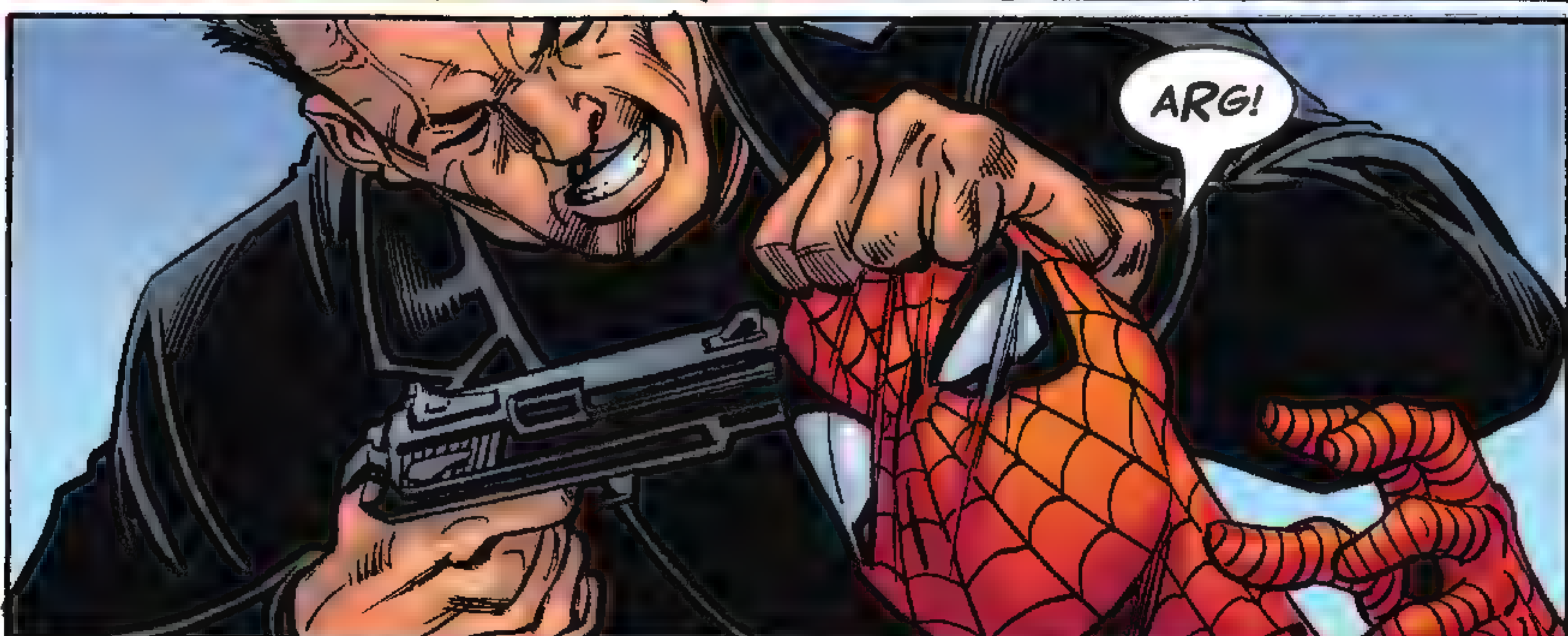
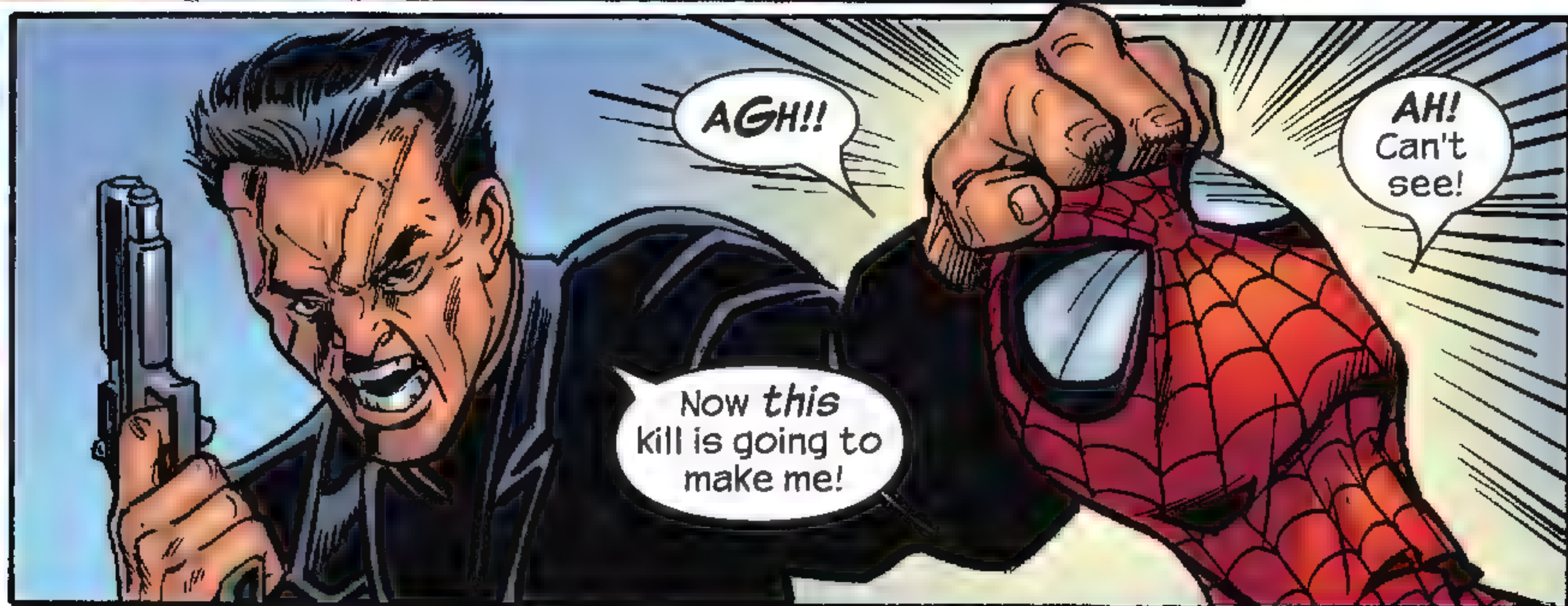
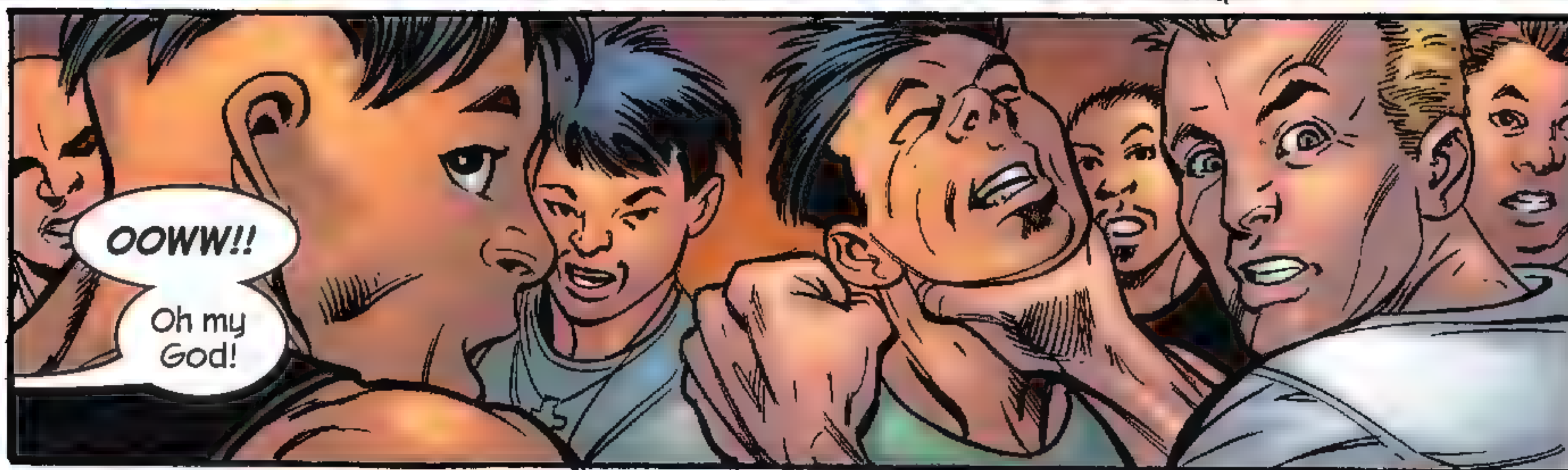














Hey, hey, hey!

You hurt one hair on my boyfriend's head...

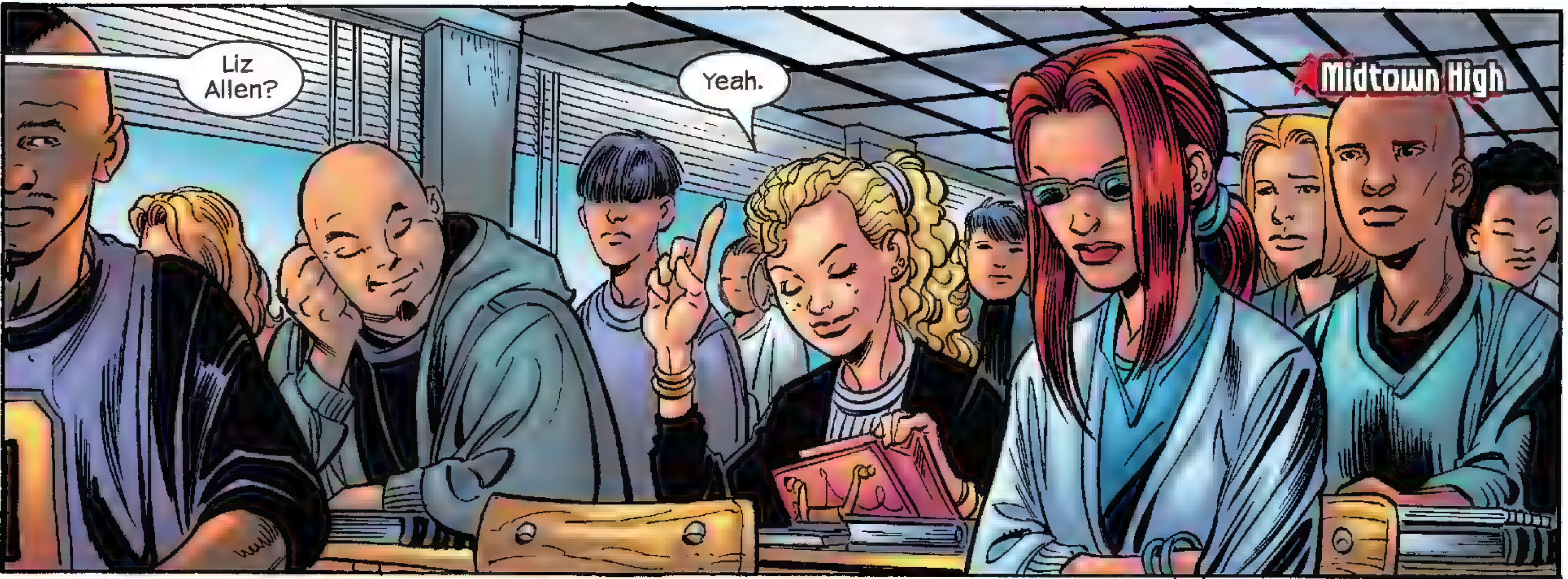
...and me and you are going to have words.

Oh no...

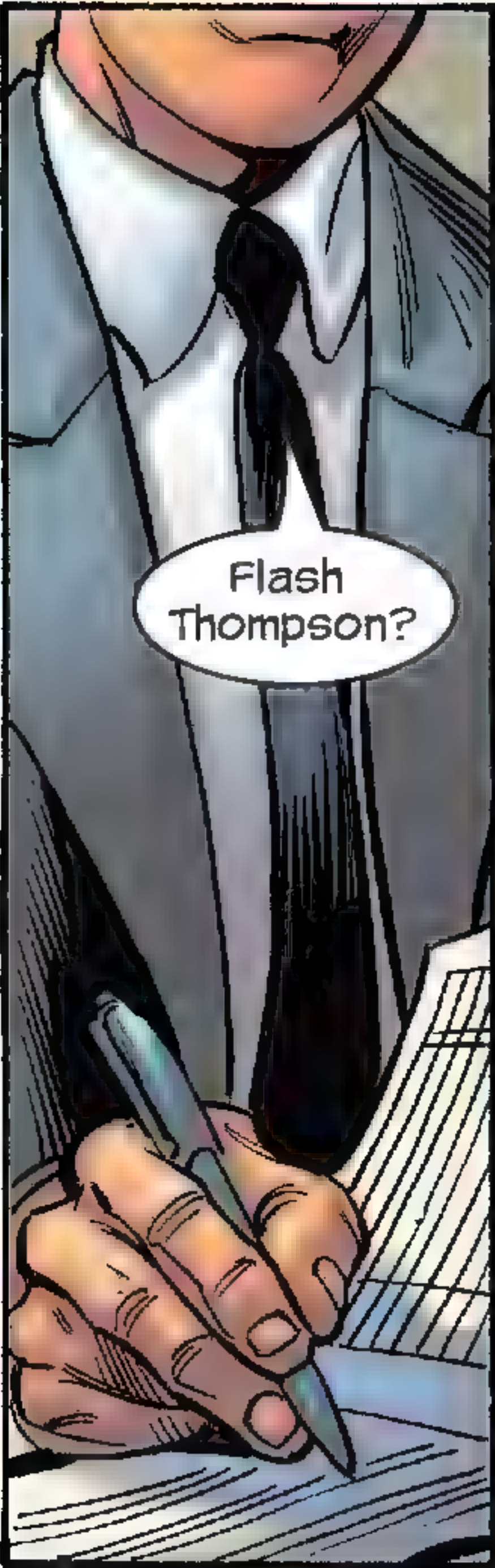
Hi, sweetie!

Miss me?

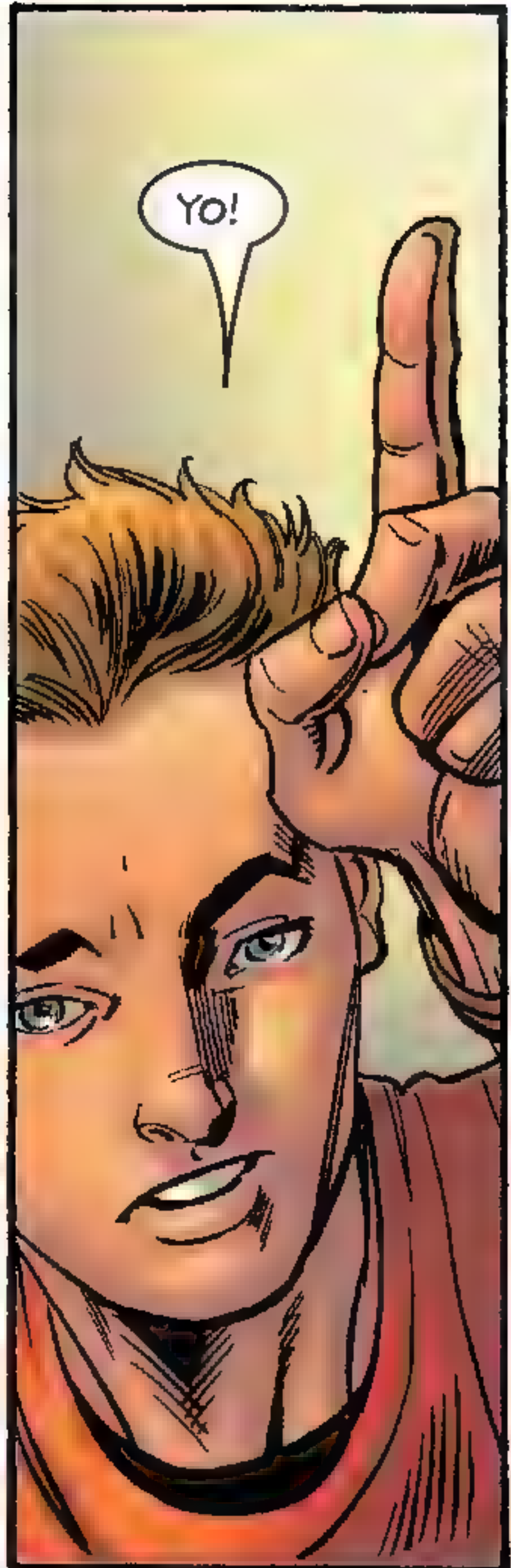




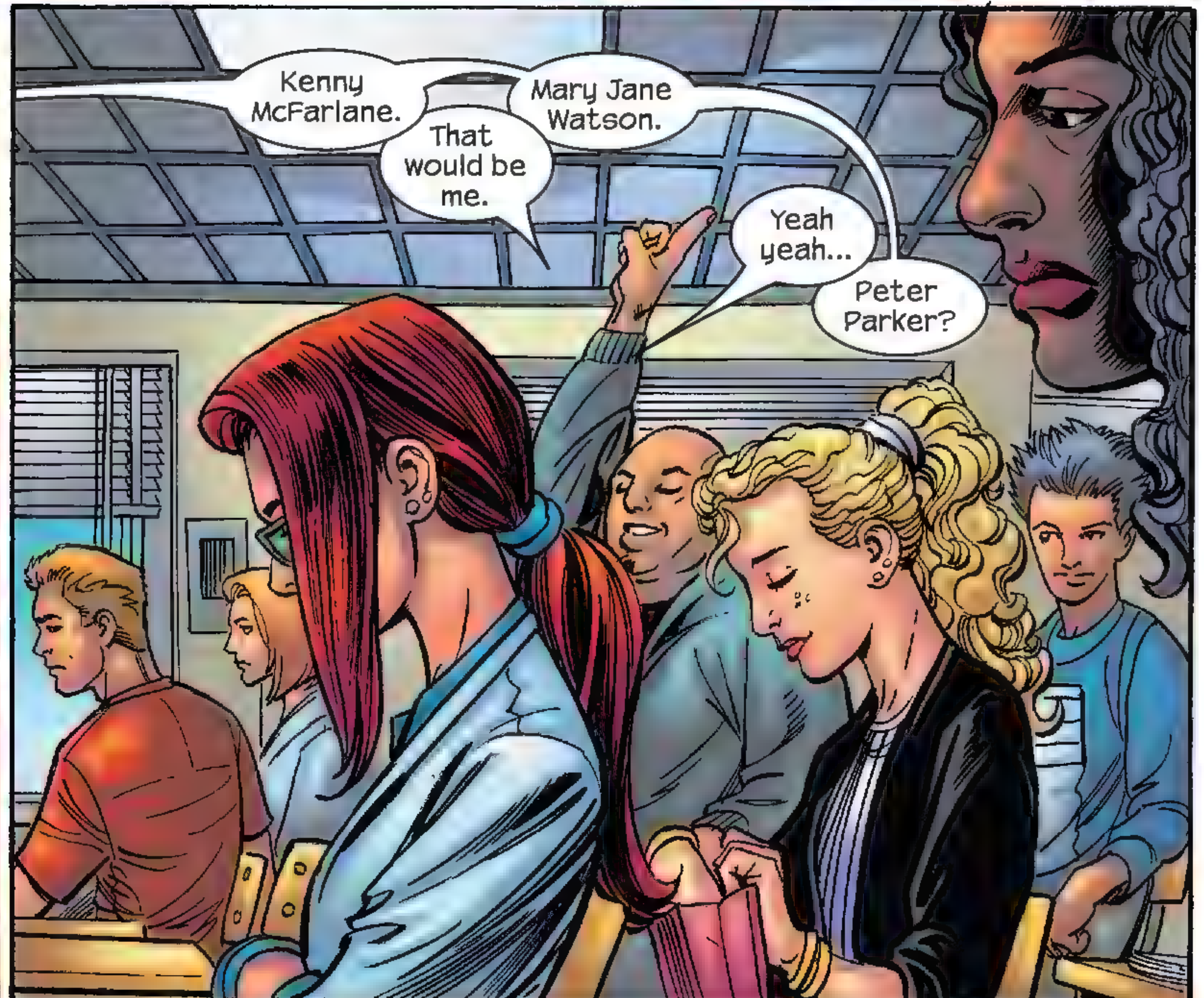
Midtown High



Flash Thompson?



Yo!



Kenny McFarlane.

Mary Jane Watson.

That would be me.

Yeah yeah...

Peter Parker?



Peter Parker?



Peter Parker?



Peter Parker?



Has anyone seen Peter Parker?



Chinatown

Skank!
Back off!

I'm
conducting
business!



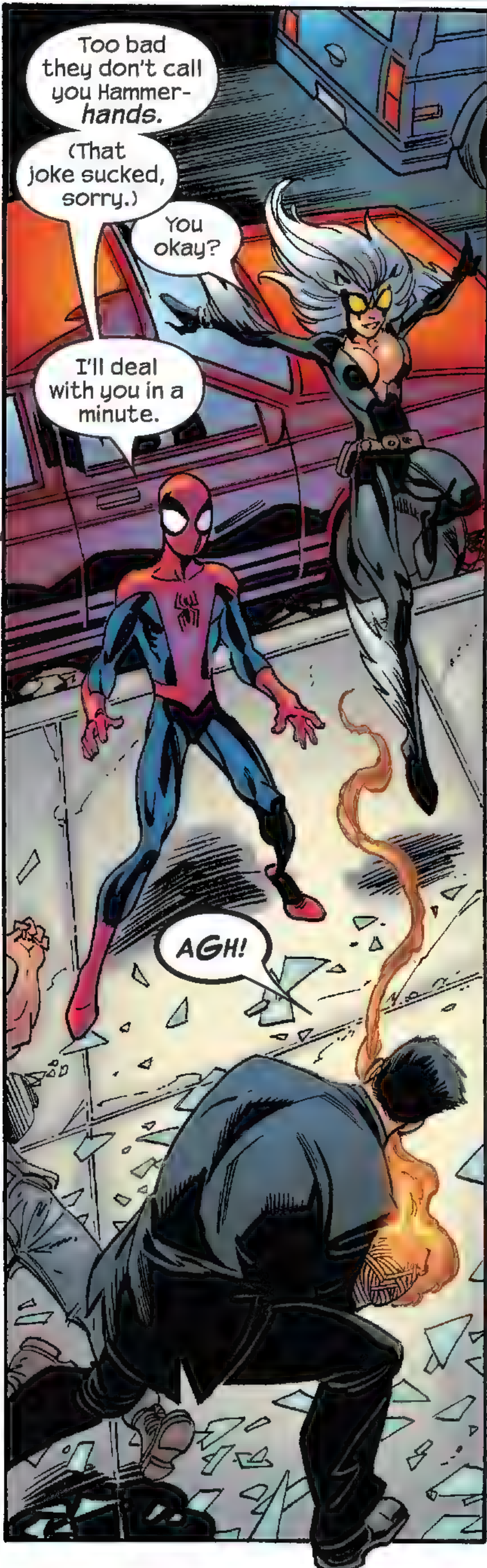
Gasp.

Do you
think I look
skanky in this
outfit?

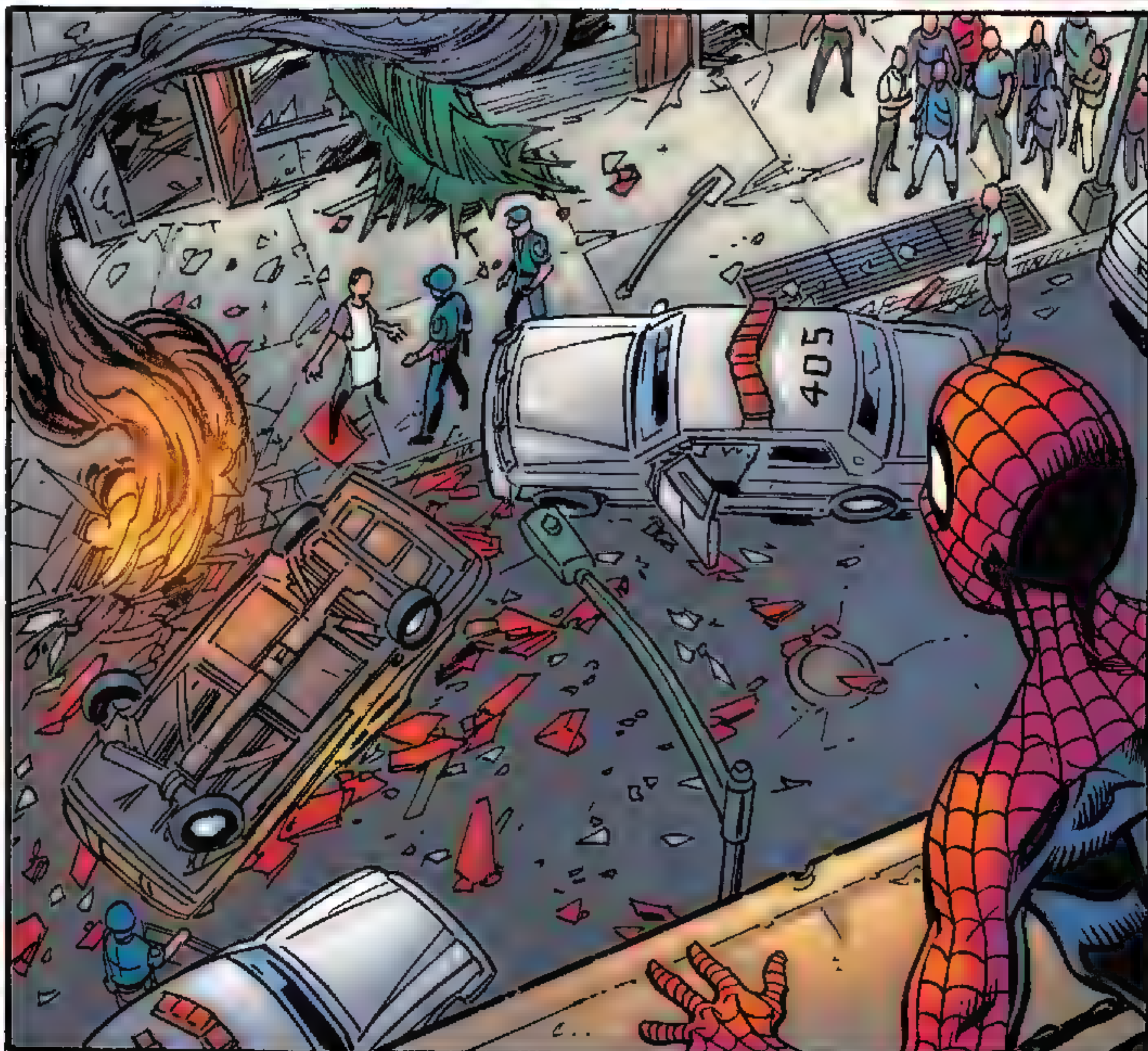
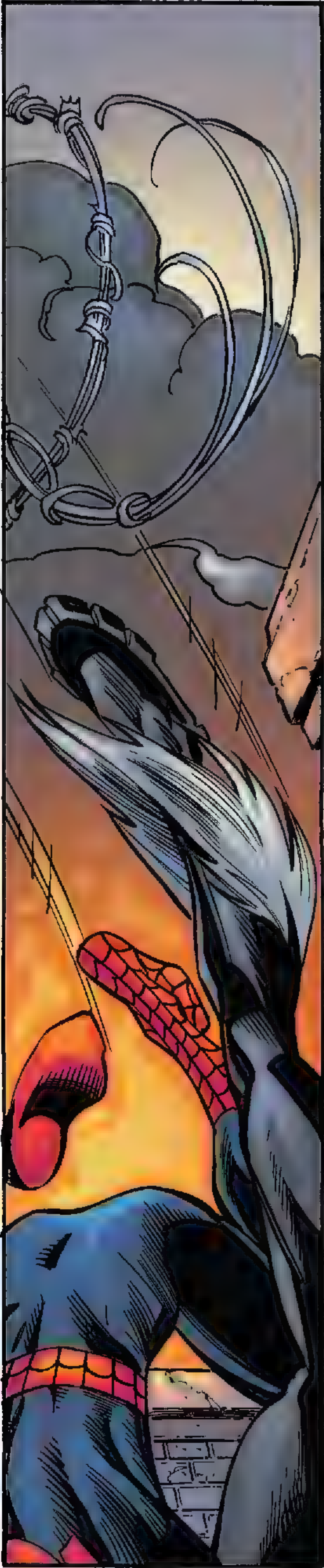


It's not a
negative.

THWAP
BAM









Gah!
Jeez!



Whoah whoah whoah!!!



Jeez!
Time to go bye-bye. Come on...
I've been shot at now three times in fifteen minutes.
And there *was* that grenade in your face.



Cease fire!
Back off, lady.
Captain De Wolfe! And if I have to say it again I'm going to--
Oh my God!
Yeah!



Sorry, Captain, we were trying to subdue Spider-Man. He was--
Why?
Did Spider-Man do this? Did he blow up the street?
Why?
Um--
"Um" yes or "um" no?



That guy said--

I asked *you* a question?

That guy pointed to Spider-Man and--

So you just started firing at him?



Hey you, did you see what happened here?

Yes, yes, it was awful.

Who threw the grenade?

It was this guy with a big head.

Was he wearing a Spider-Man costume?

Um--



The guy with the big head who blew up your neighborhood, was he wearing a *Spider-Man* costume?

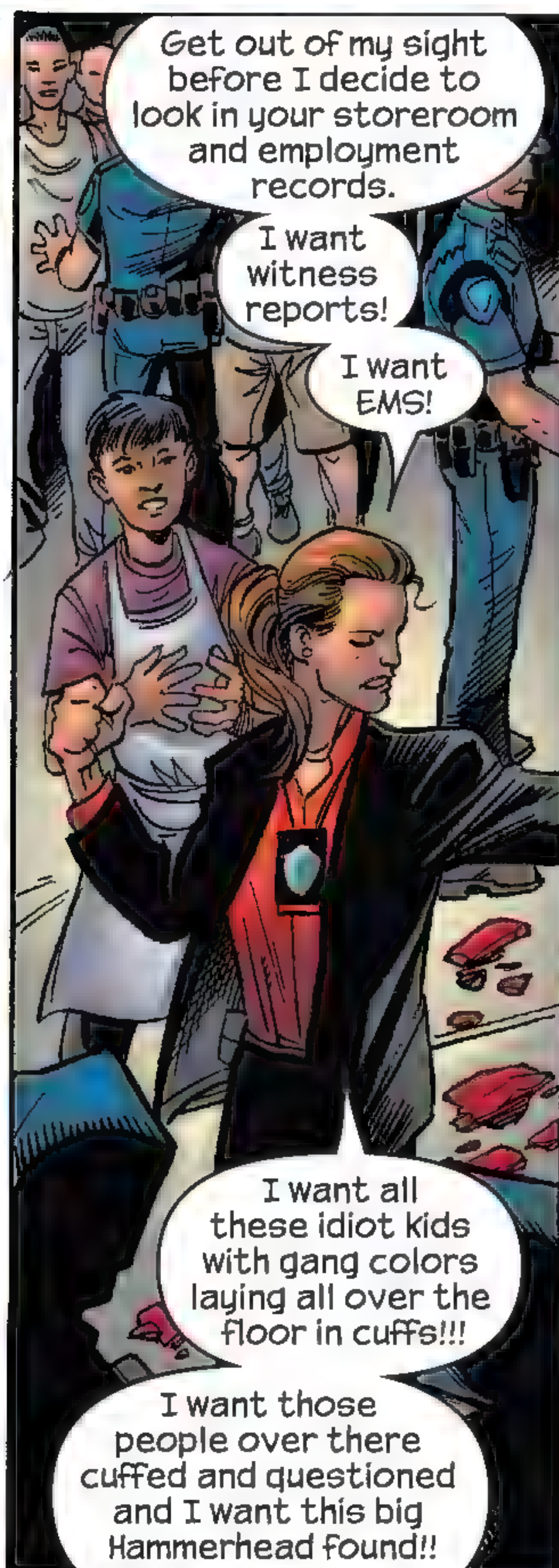
No, he just had a-a big head.

Was Spider-Man trying to subdue the guy with the big head?

Yes.

So he was trying to *stop* the bad guy and you told my officers what?

Uh--



Get out of my sight before I decide to look in your storeroom and employment records.

I want witness reports!

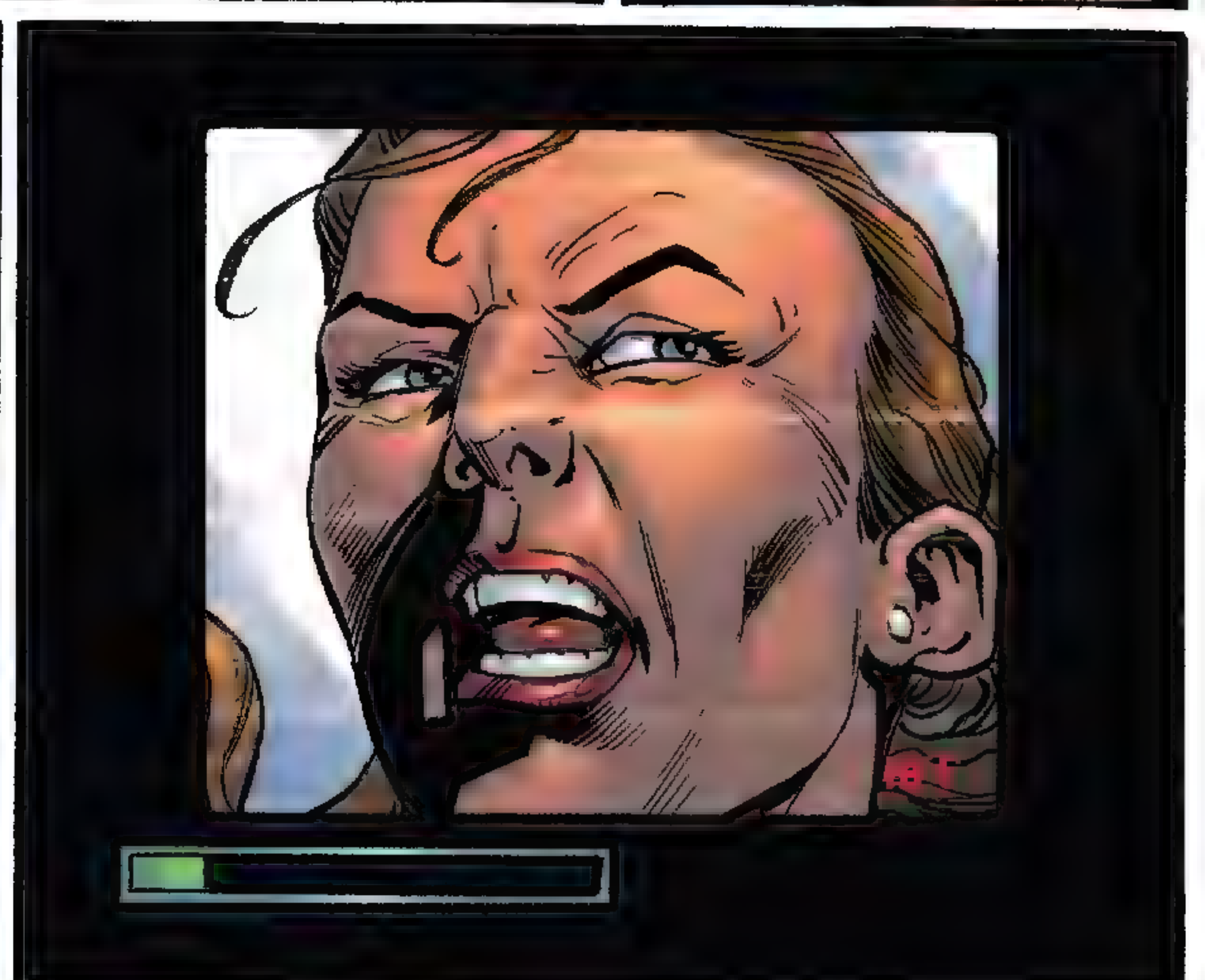
I want EMS!

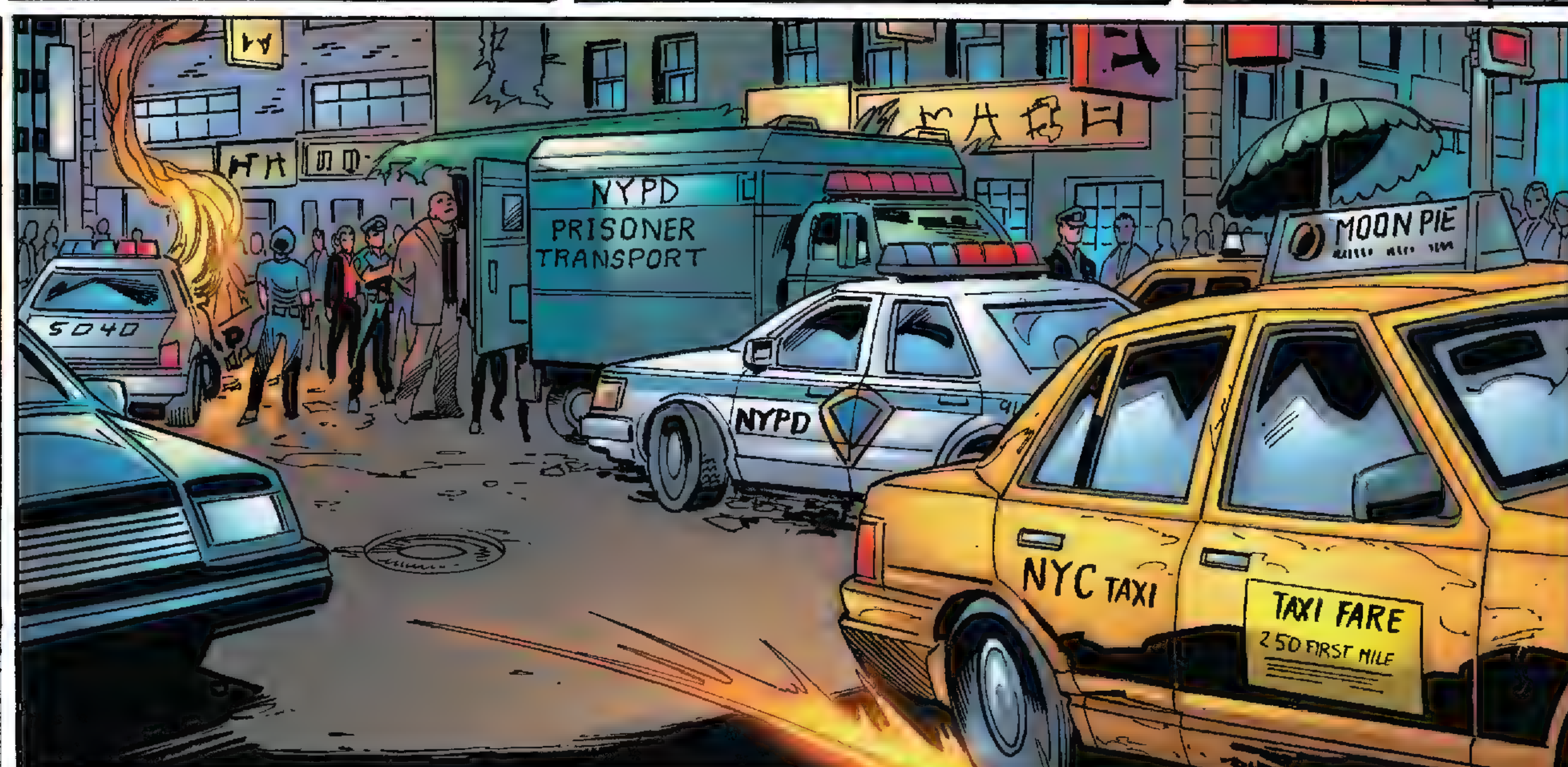
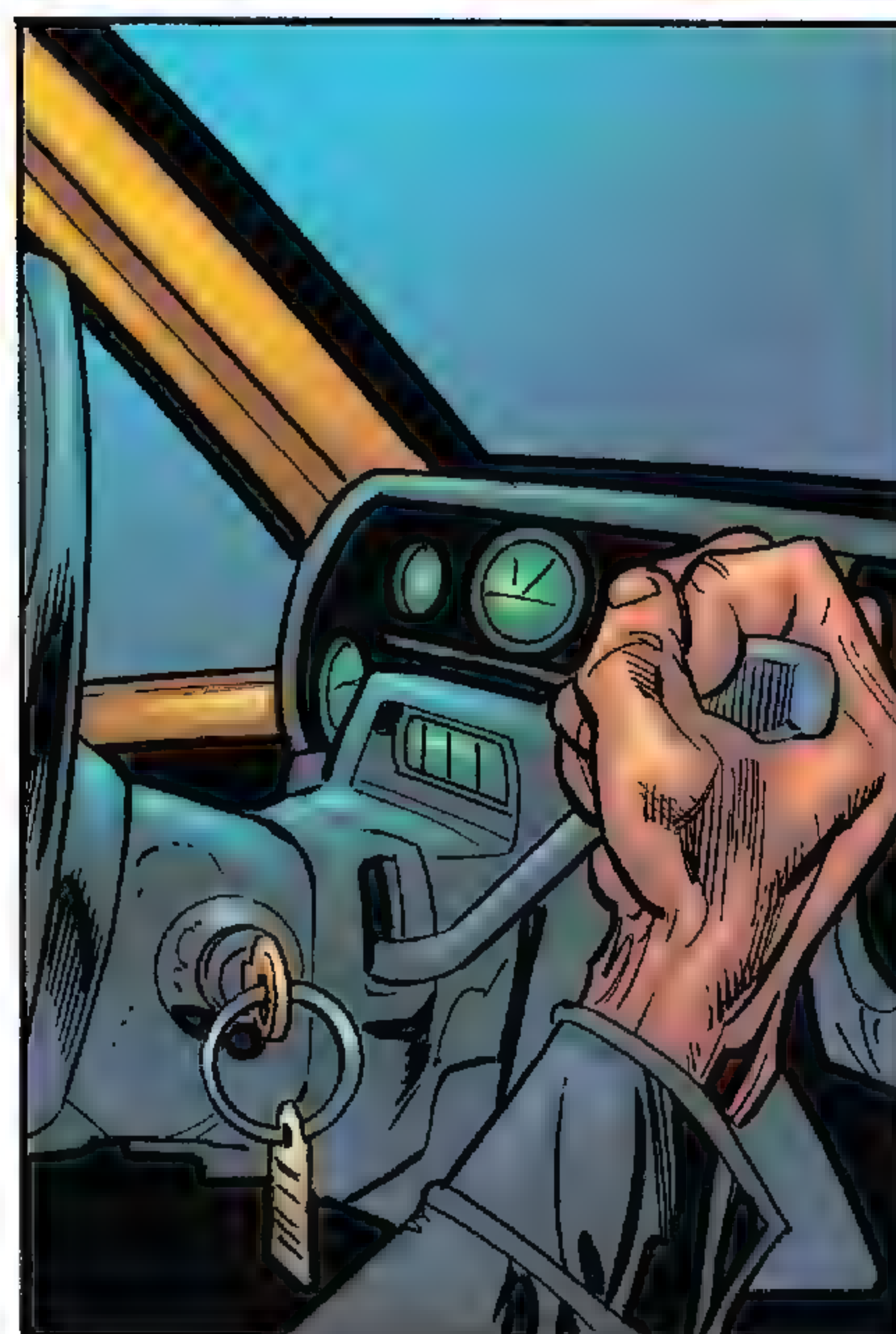
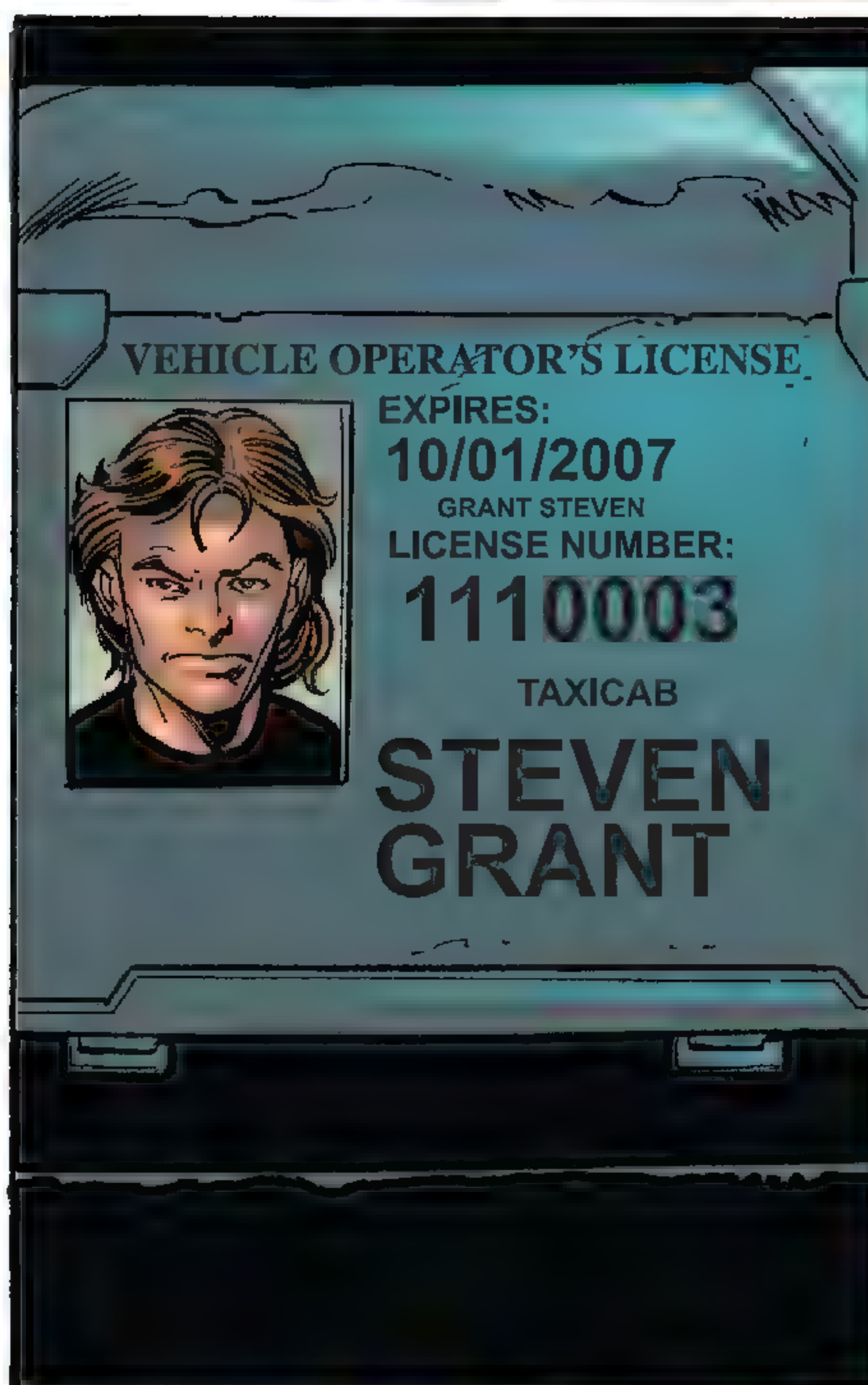
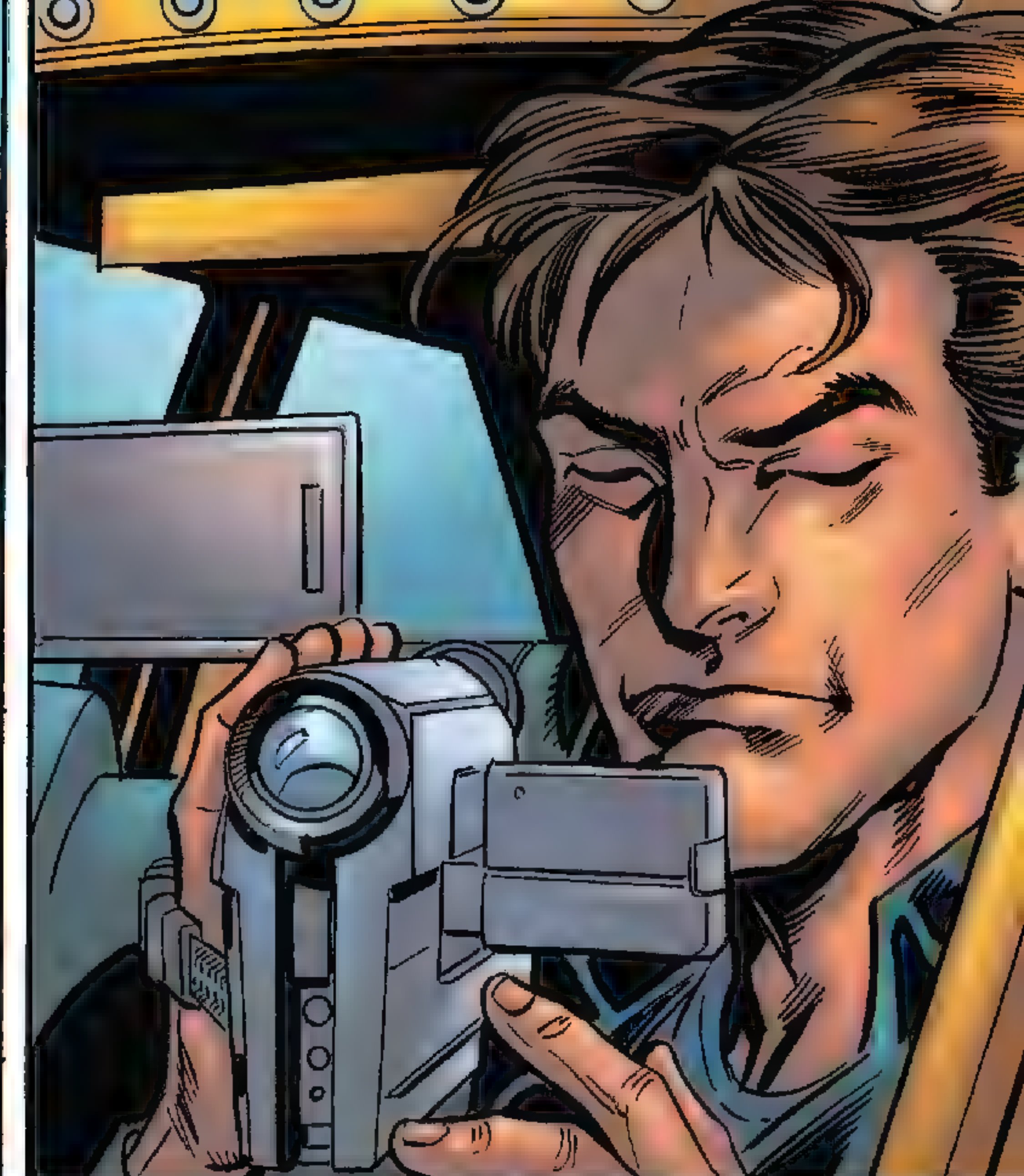
I want all these idiot kids with gang colors laying all over the floor in cuffs!!!

I want those people over there cuffed and questioned and I want this big Hammerhead found!!



NOW!!!









Whoah whoah whoah...

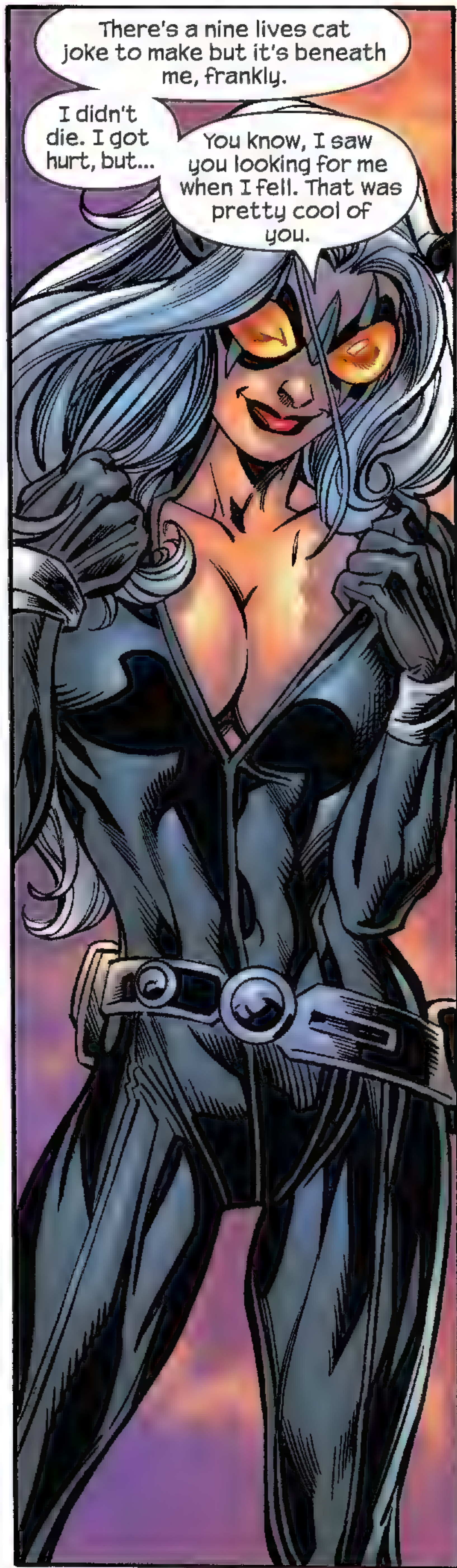
What?

How are you still alive?

When was I dead?

You got stabbed in the stomach and fell off a building.

Oh, that.



There's a nine lives cat joke to make but it's beneath me, frankly.

I didn't die. I got hurt, but...

You know, I saw you looking for me when I fell. That was pretty cool of you.

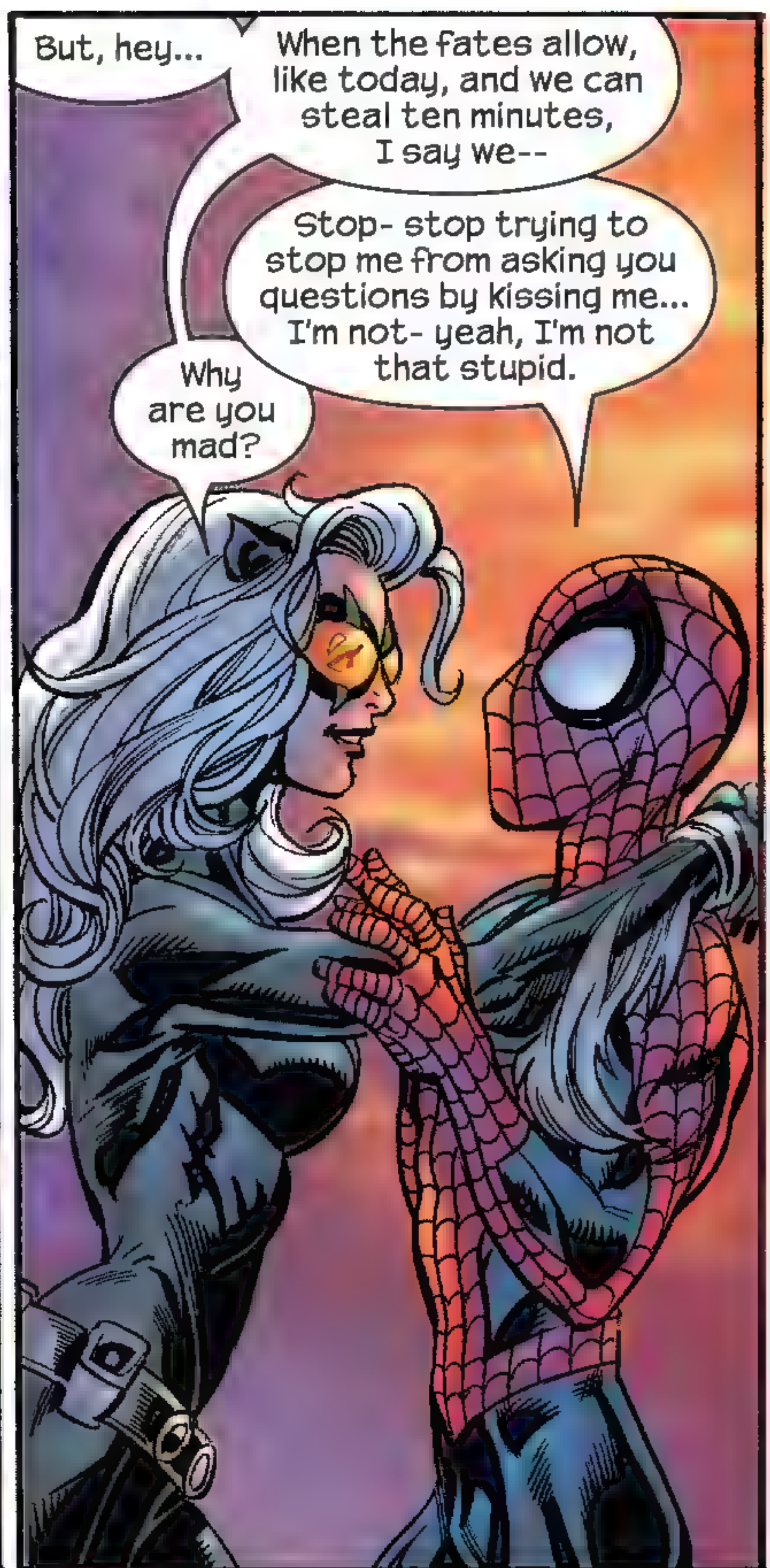


If I had a way to get ahold of you, sweetie, I would have.

But such is the nature of our relationship.

I'm sorry my Kingpin revenge quest has to take a front seat to the unbelievably scrumptious promise of you and I...

What relationship is that?



But, hey...

When the fates allow, like today, and we can steal ten minutes, I say we--

Stop- stop trying to stop me from asking you questions by kissing me... I'm not- yeah, I'm not that stupid.

Why are you mad?



Because I never have any idea what's going on?!!!



You're spazzing out

Wouldn't you rather be making out?



I'm so confused.

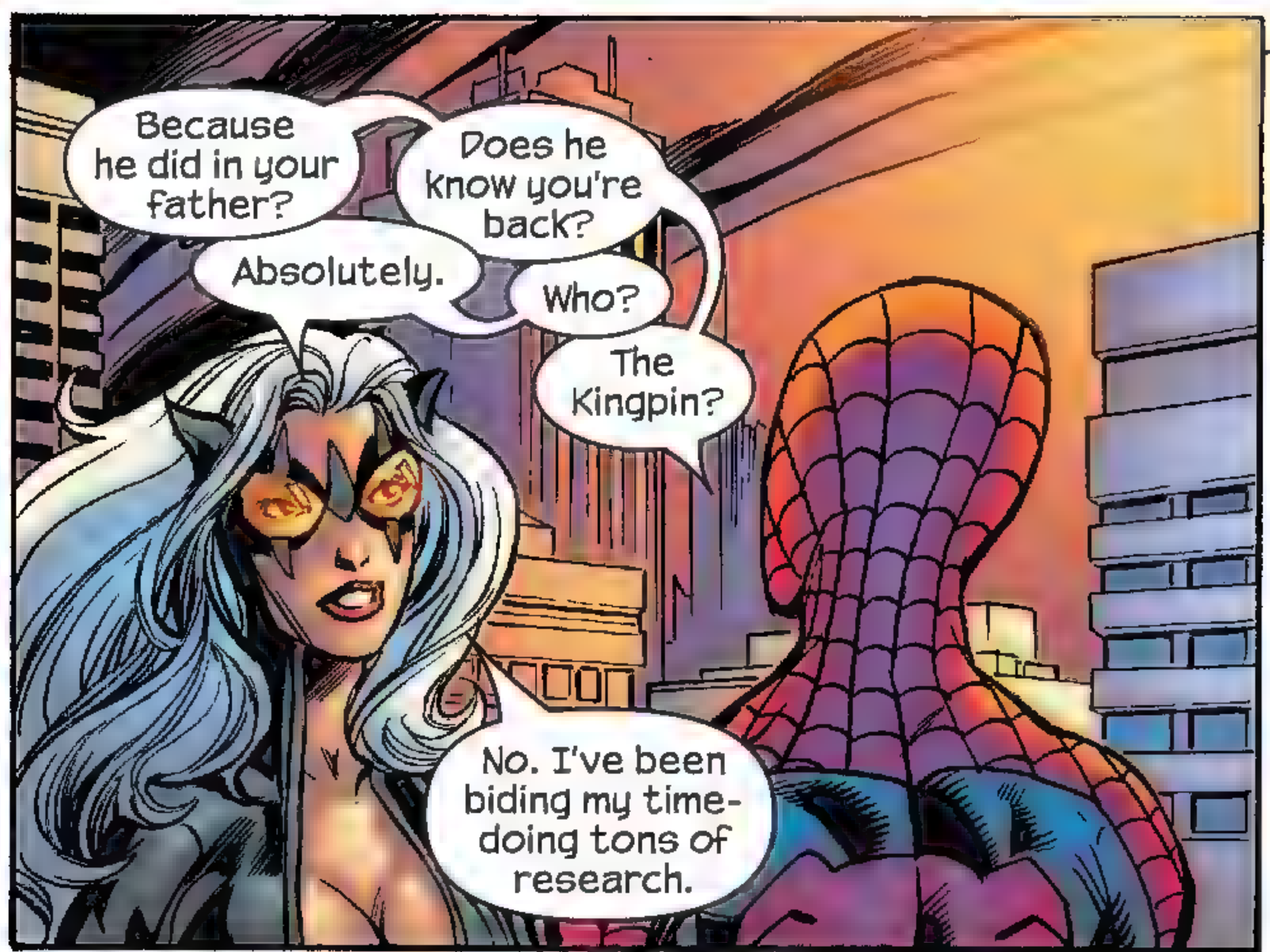
Okay, what do you want to know?

You're back.

I am.

Still after the Kingpin?

Absolutely.



Because he did in your father?

Does he know you're back?

Absolutely.

Who?

The Kingpin?

No. I've been biding my time—doing tons of research.



I'm the one who called in that leak on his guy Dini. Started the wheels turning on his federal legal woes.

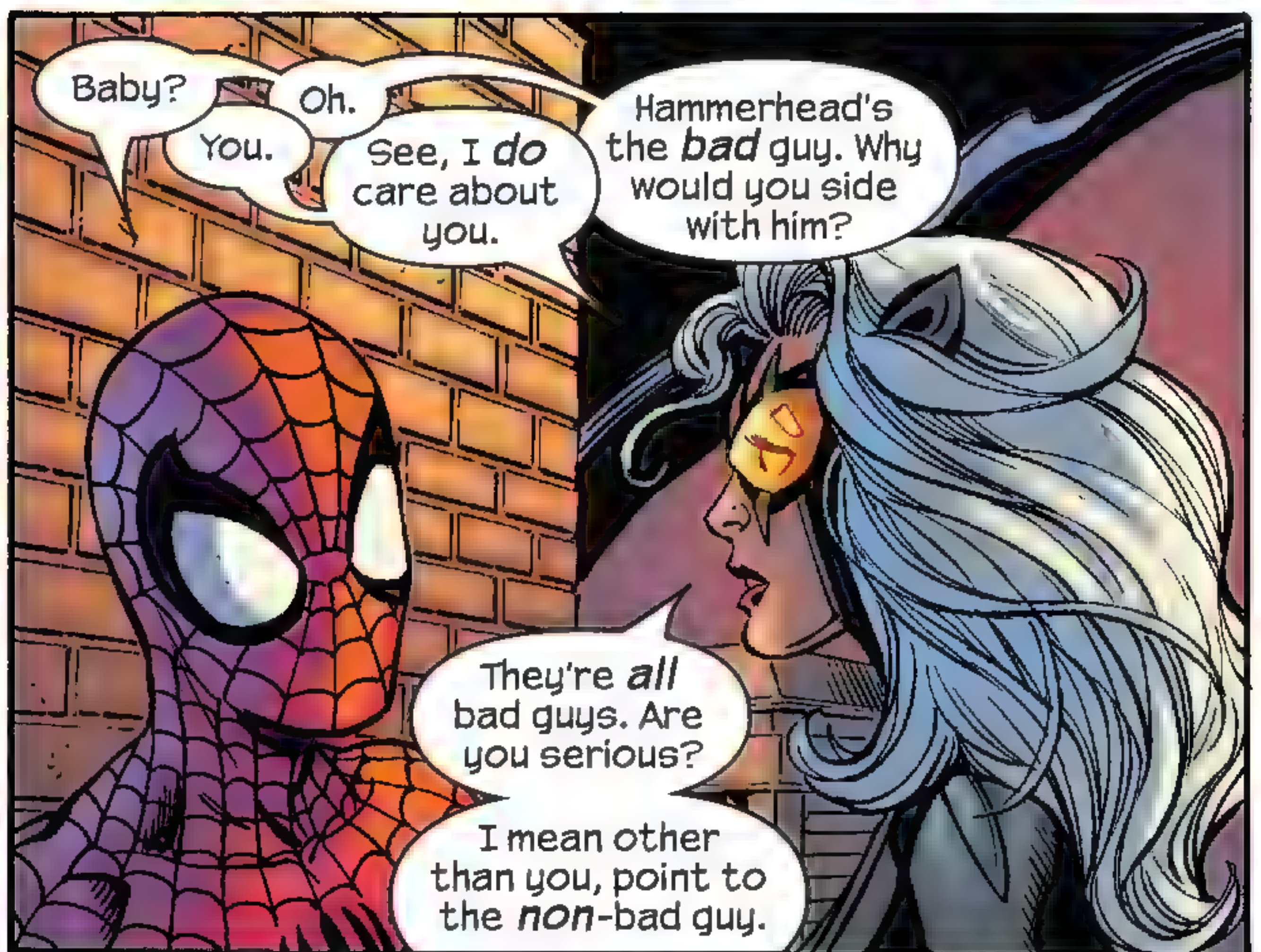
Yay me!

Then I started doing recon on Hammerhead. Following him. Waiting to make my move.

Move?

Maybe help this Hammerhead topple the fat pig...

...but when he had my baby all rough like that I had to do something.



Baby?

You.

Oh.

See, I *do* care about you.

Hammerhead's the *bad* guy. Why would you side with him?

They're *all* bad guys. Are you serious?

I mean other than you, point to the *non*-bad guy.



There will *always* be bad guys.

I don't *care* about getting the *bad* guys...

...I only care about Wilson Fisk.

Wilson Fisk is the goal.

When Wilson Fisk is down for good then it's done.

It?

This. It's done.



This outfit comes off and me and you can go ice skating or whatever people do who don't wear leather-ish outfits and run around rooftops.



Uh...
Are we dating and no one told me?



You haven't thought about me?

Well, I'm-I'm glad you're okay.

I'm more than okay. I thought about you, you know.

You did?

I did. Really.



I can see your eyes in those lenses, you know.

I like them.



Oh my God!

What?

What time is it?

Who cares?

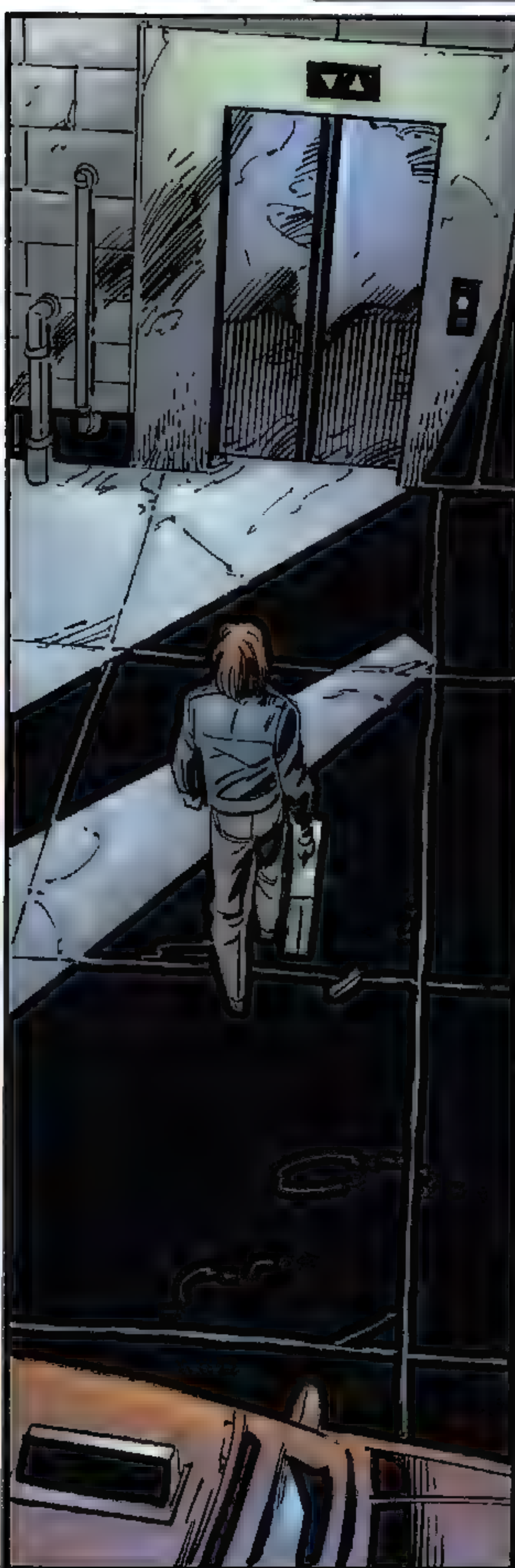
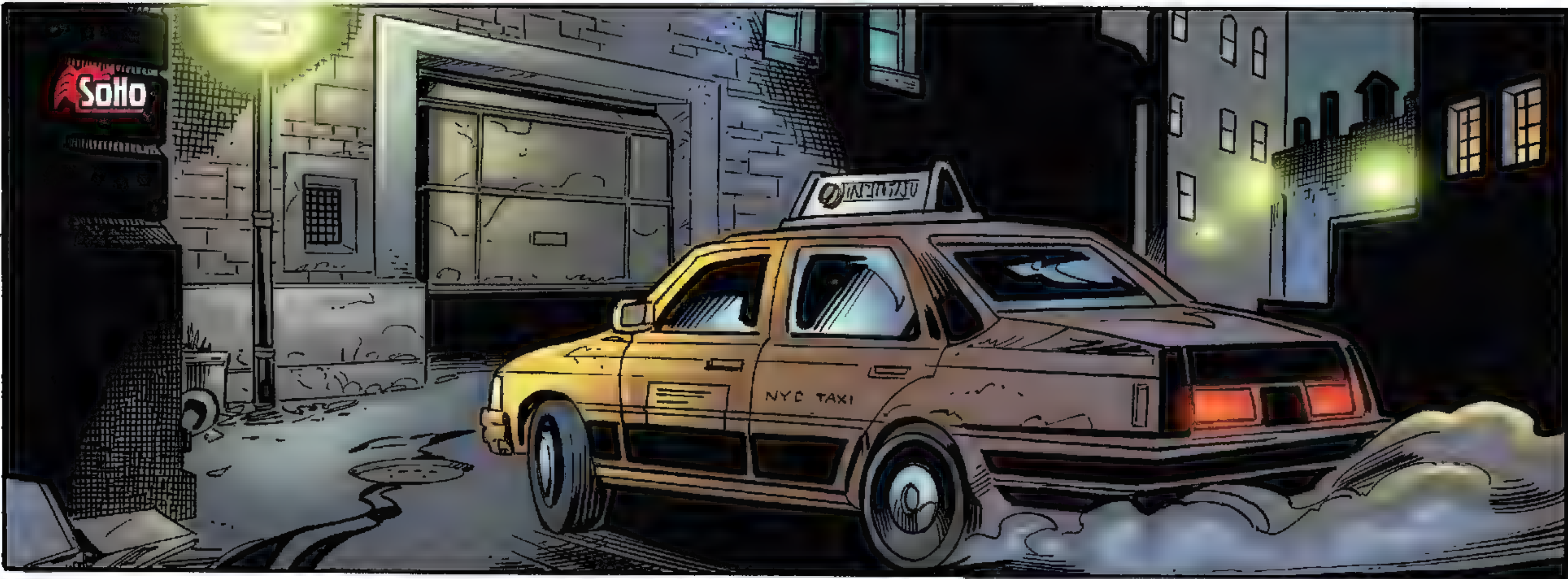


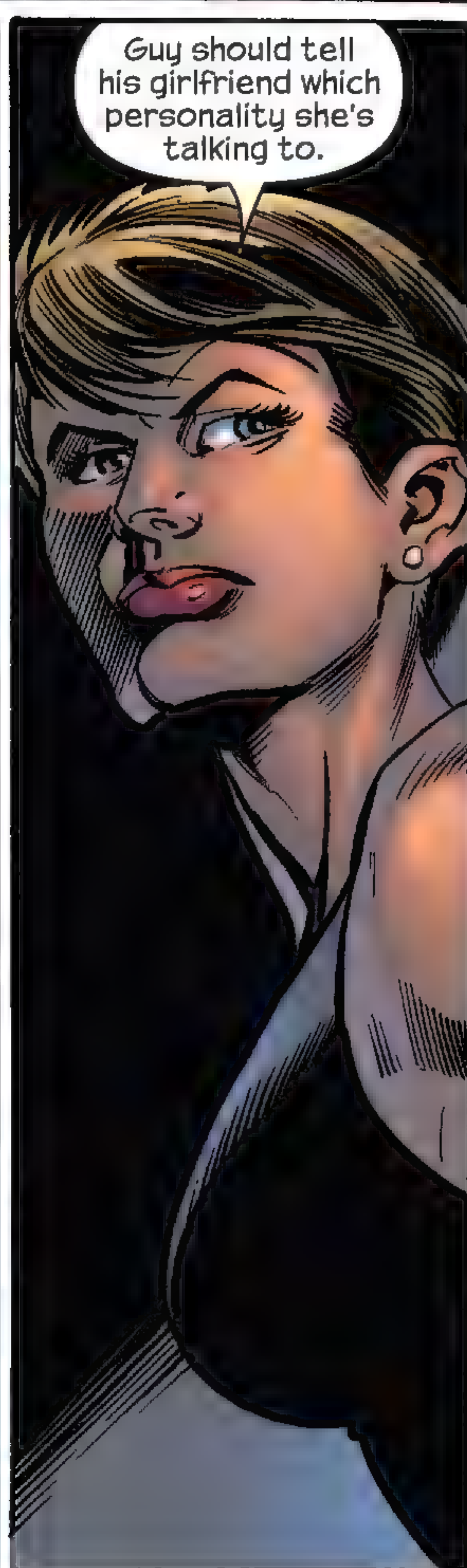
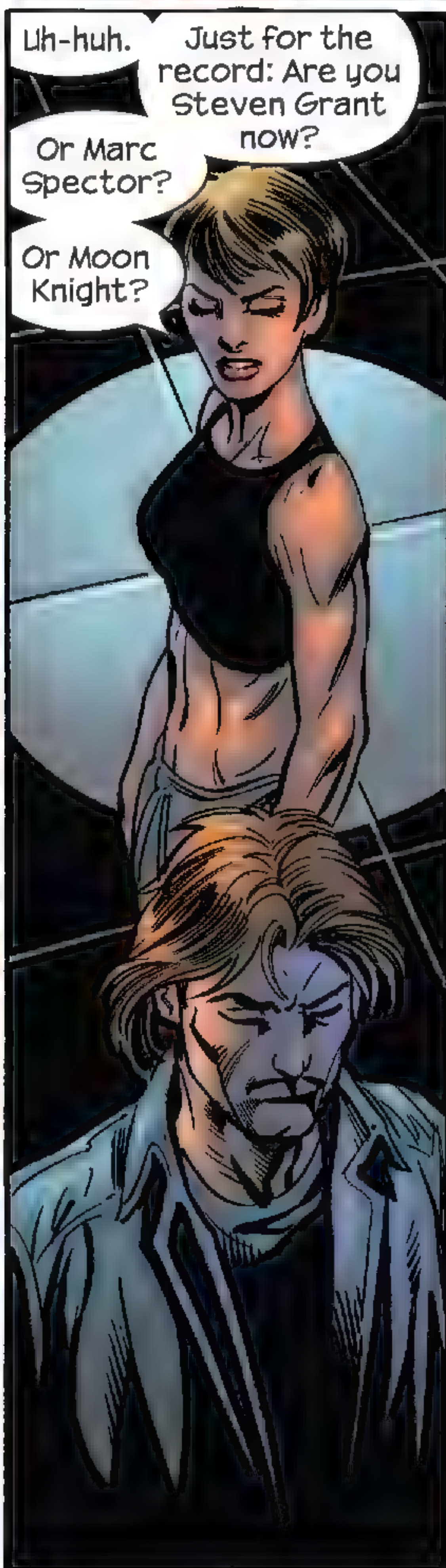
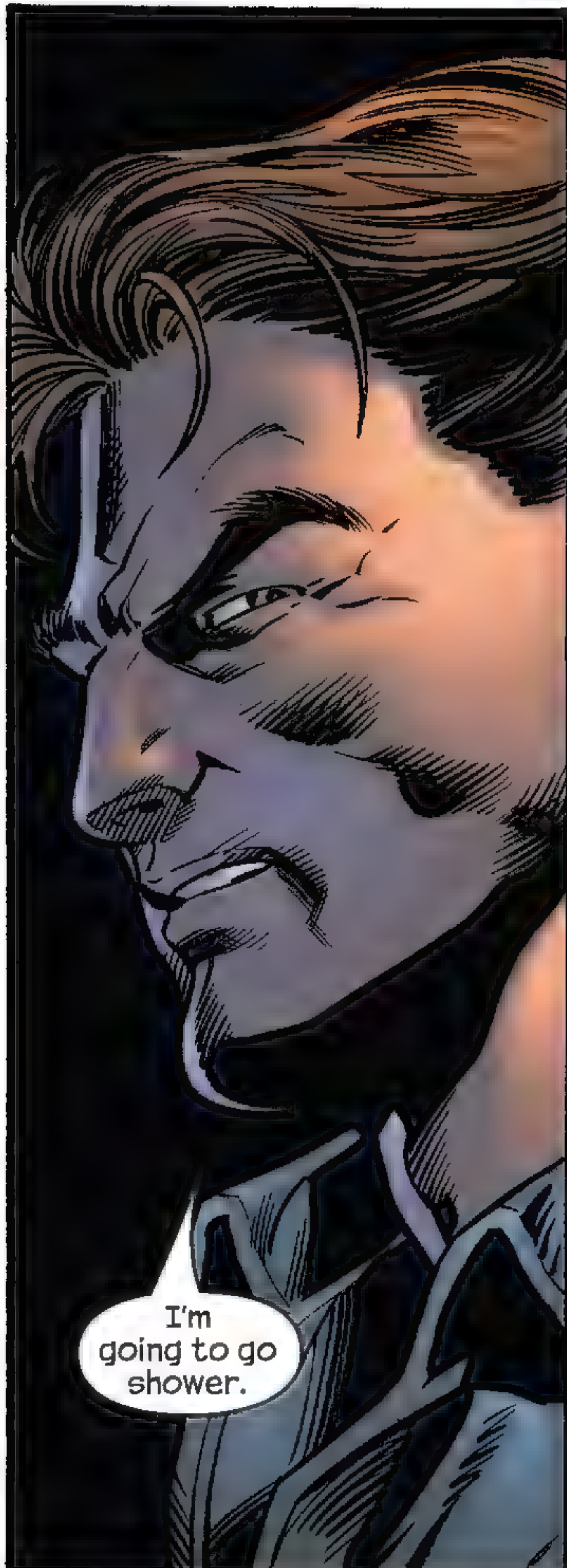
I gotta-oh man, I gotta go!

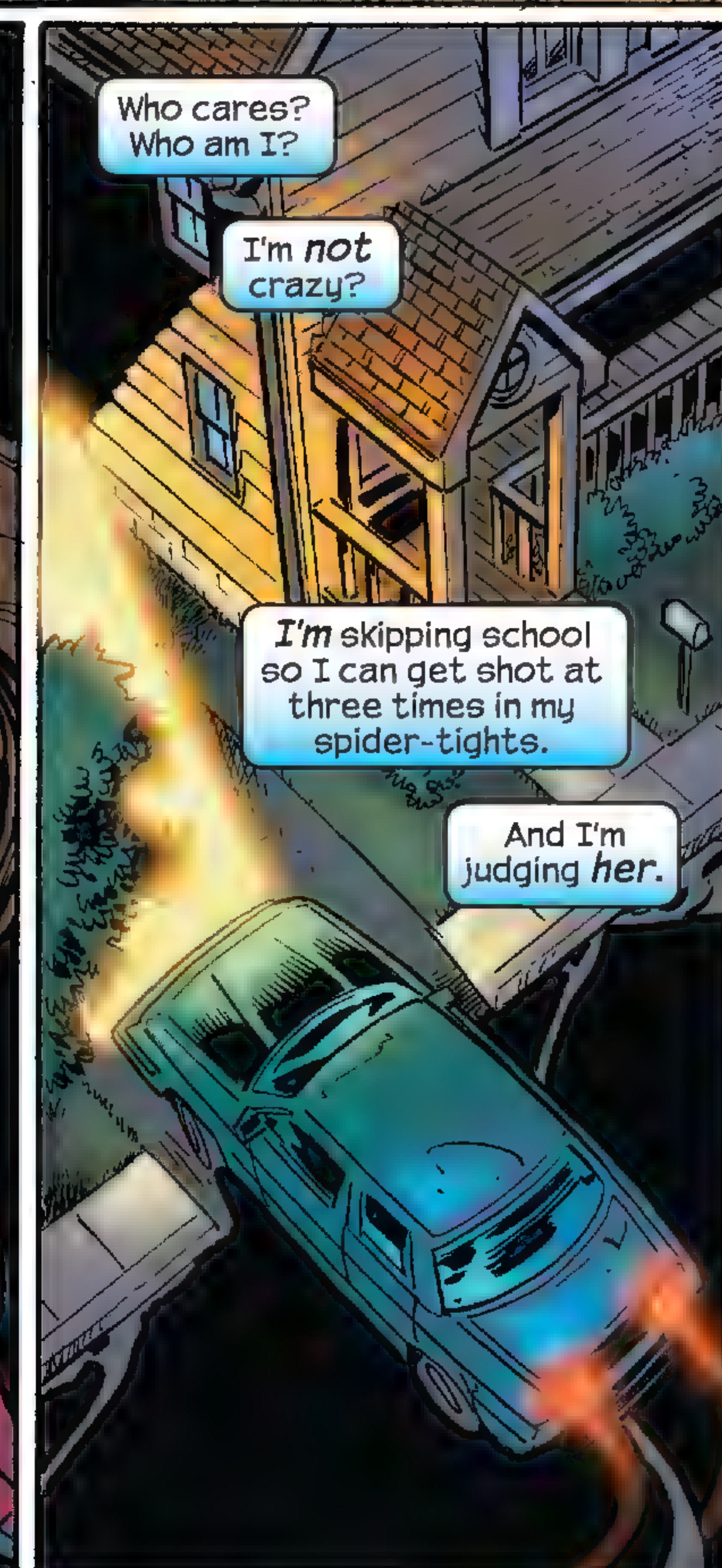
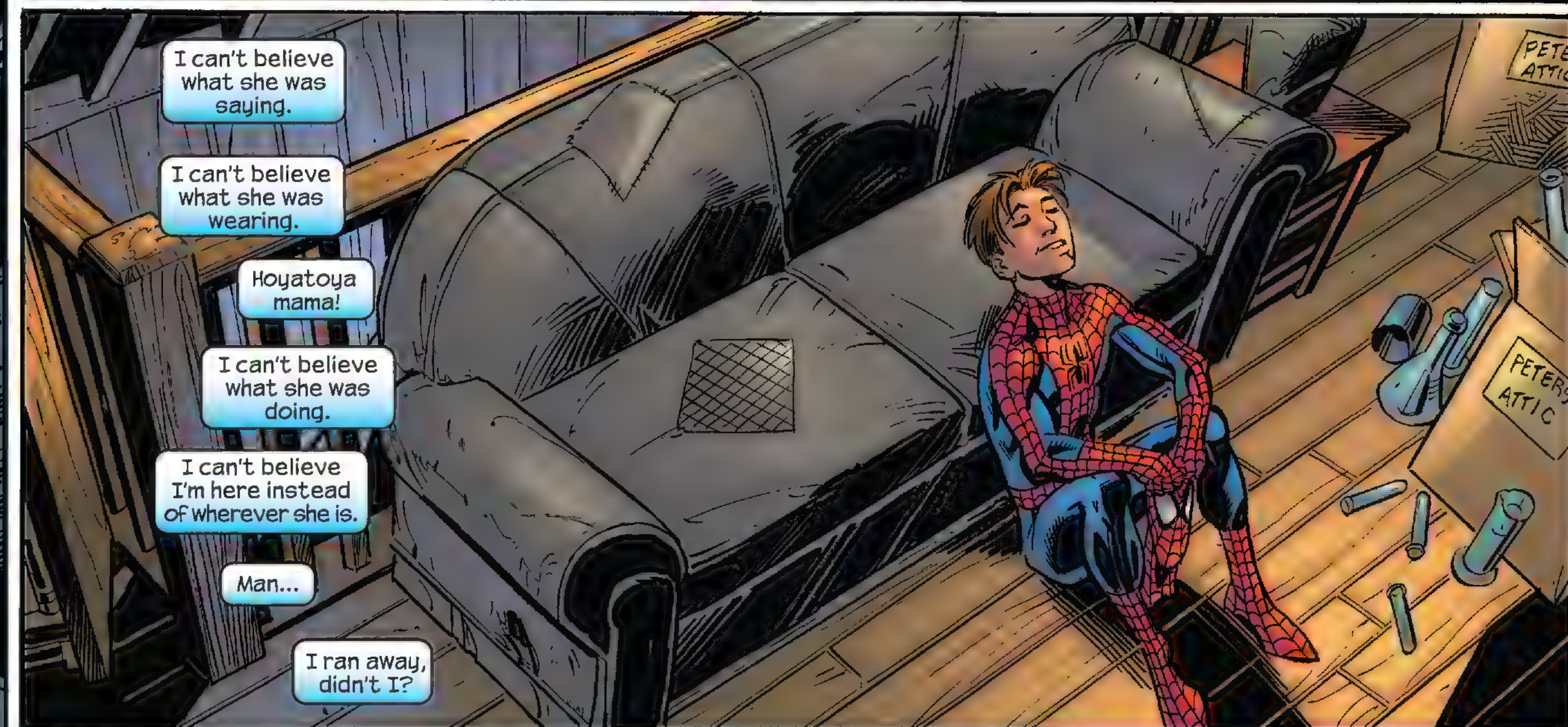
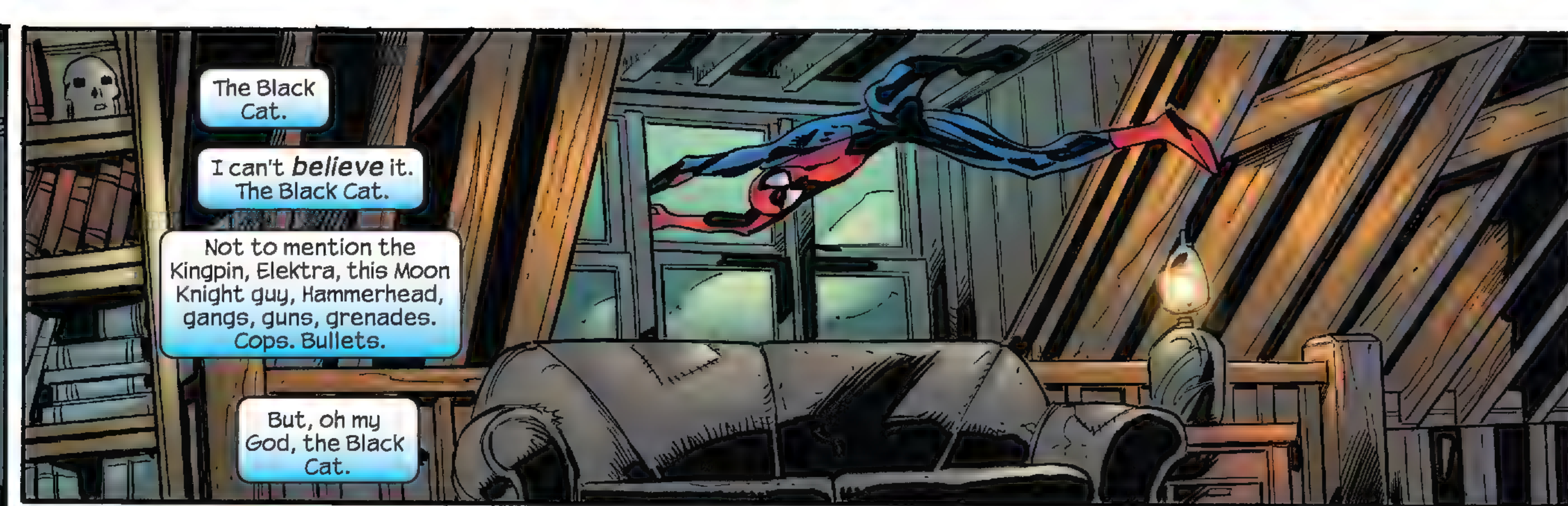
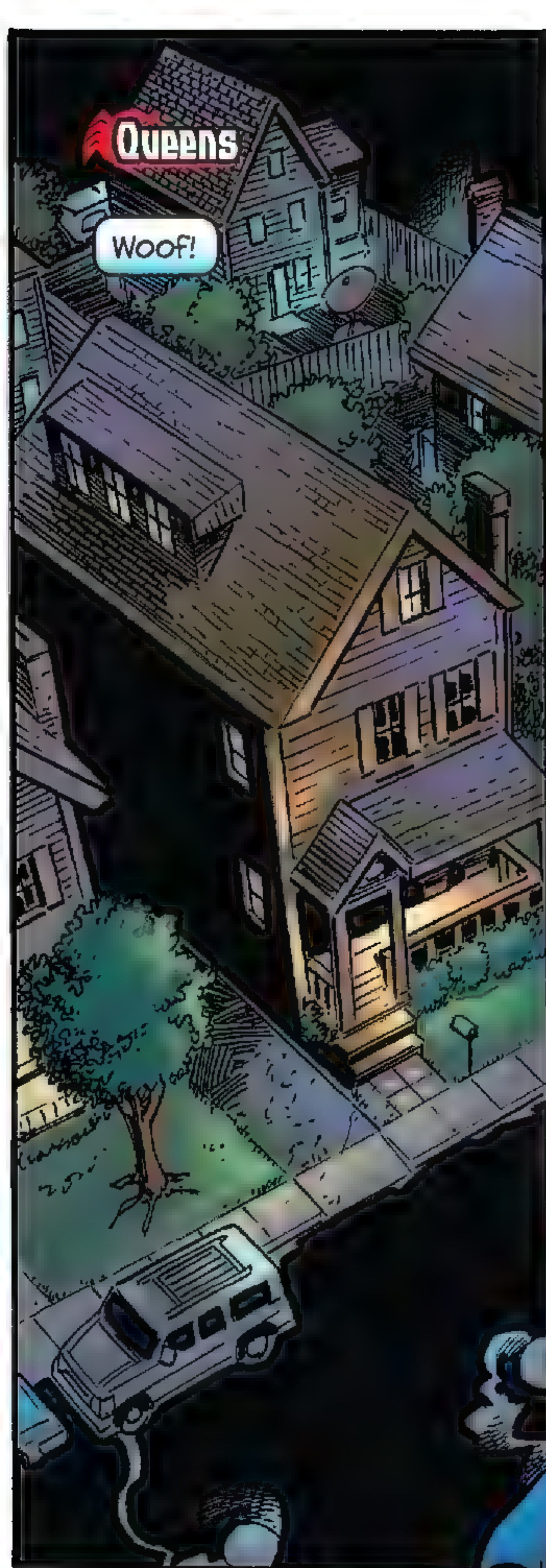


He's married.

Damn.







I mean it.

Woof!

Now *that* was a day!

The Black Cat.

I can't *believe* it. The Black Cat.

Not to mention the Kingpin, Elektra, this Moon Knight guy, Hammerhead, gangs, guns, grenades. Cops. Bullets.

But, oh my God, the Black Cat.

I can't believe what she was saying.

I can't believe what she was wearing.

Hoyatoya mama!

I can't believe what she was doing.

I can't believe I'm here instead of wherever she is.

Man...

I ran away, didn't I?

I ran away like a little baby.

She scared the crap out of me. She's too much.

I mean, I guess I could have stuck around.

I *am* single. MJ and I aren't dating. Maybe I *should* date someone like *that*.

The Black Cat can actually handle my Spider-Man life like MJ couldn't.

She can take care of herself. Why *not*?

So she's older and crazy.

Who cares? Who am I?

I'm *not* crazy?

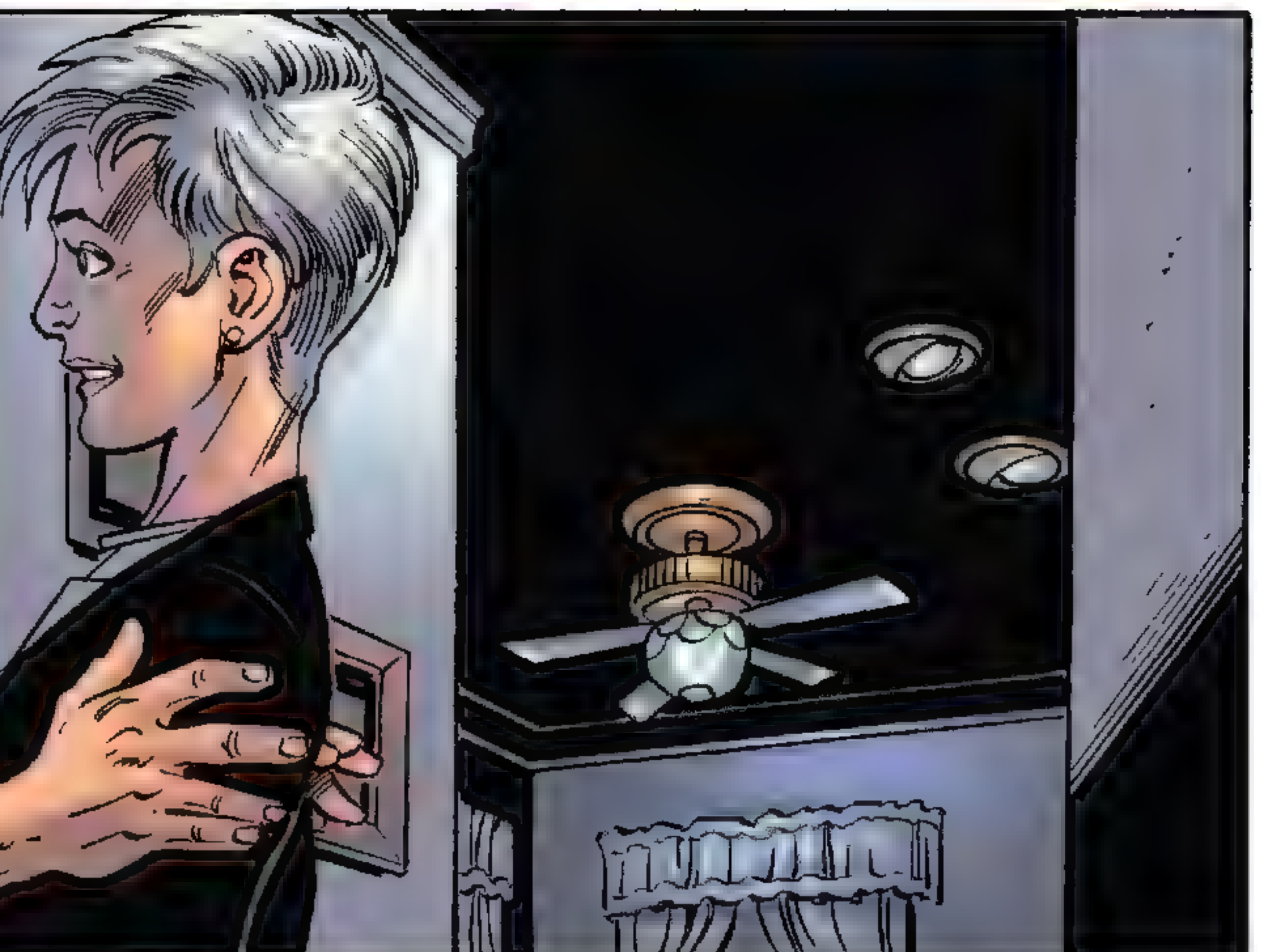
I'm skipping school so I can get shot at three times in my spider-tights.

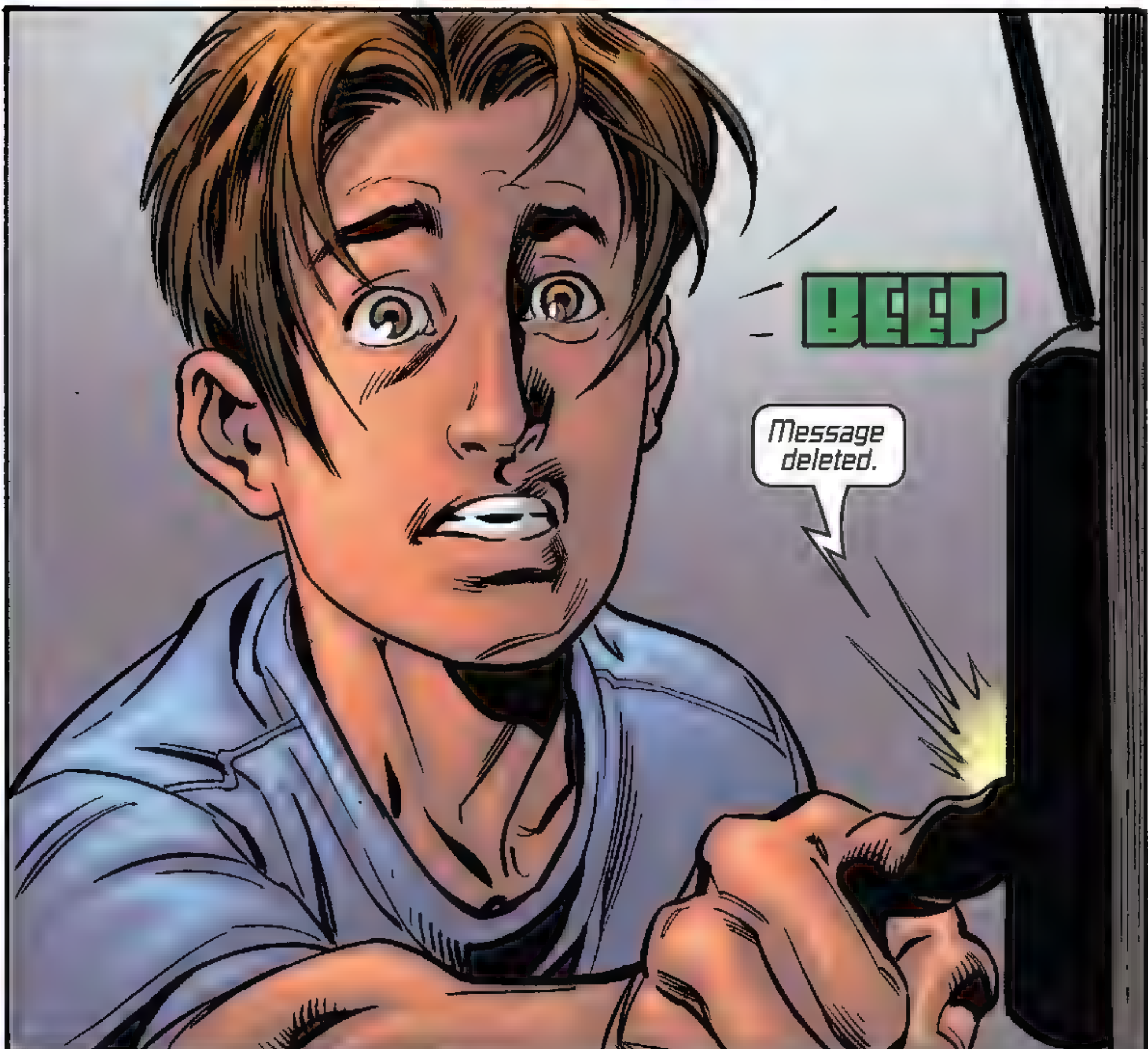
And I'm judging *her*.

She's fun.

She's crazy fun and she's wearing those pants and she's trying to kiss me.

Yipes, Aunt May's home.







Fisk Towers

Another neighborhood terrorized by gang violence!!



Here in the colorful neighborhood affectionately known as Chinatown, another eruption of violence.



You don't understand, things were fine here.

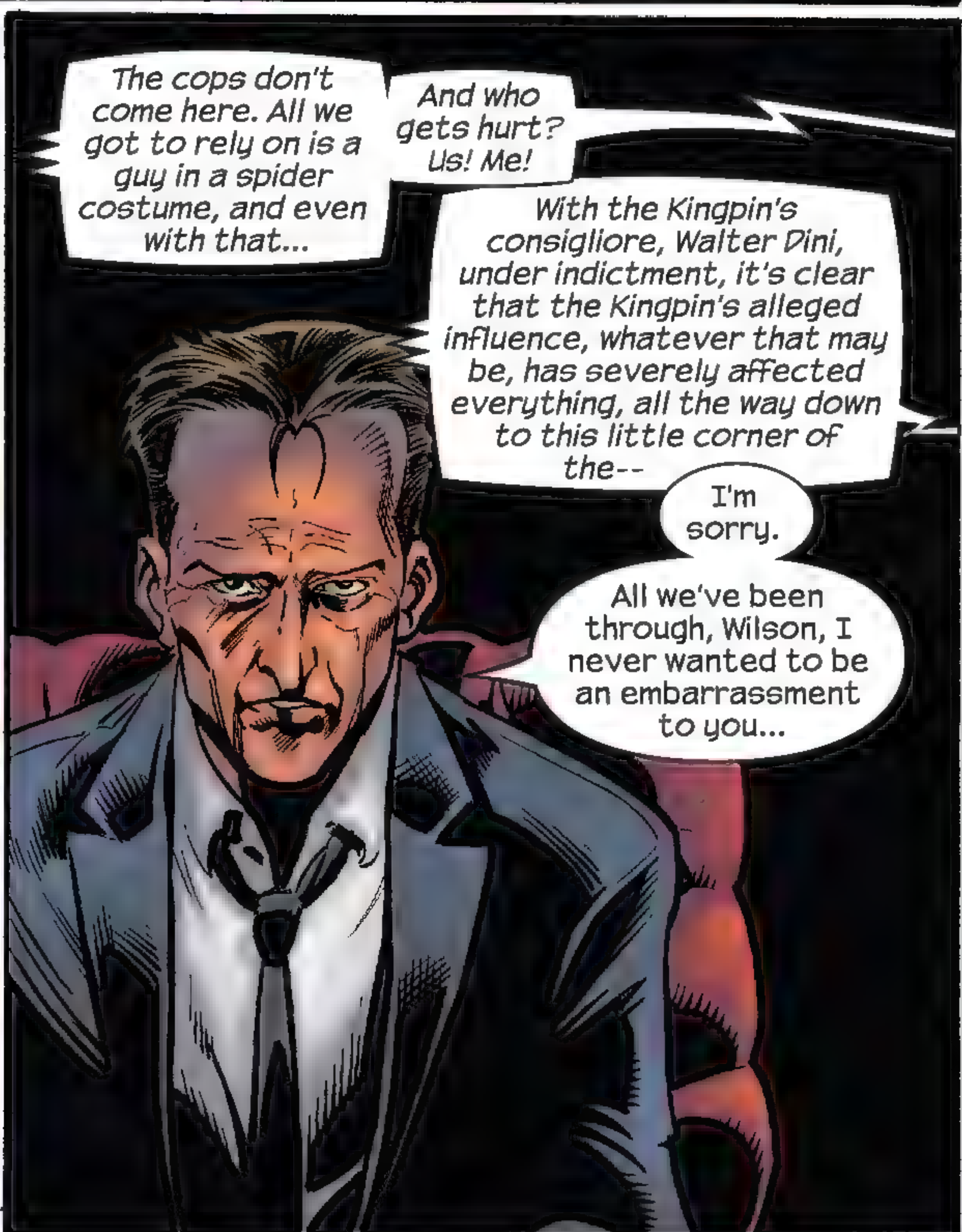
The gangs were all under control. Everything was fine, because they were all scared of the Kingpin.

Allegedly.

No. Not allegedly. I'm telling you.

But now there's nothing to keep them in line.

KATY KAT STORM OWNER



The cops don't come here. All we got to rely on is a guy in a spider costume, and even with that...

And who gets hurt?
Us! Me!

With the Kingpin's consigliere, Walter Dini, under indictment, it's clear that the Kingpin's alleged influence, whatever that may be, has severely affected everything, all the way down to this little corner of the--

I'm sorry.

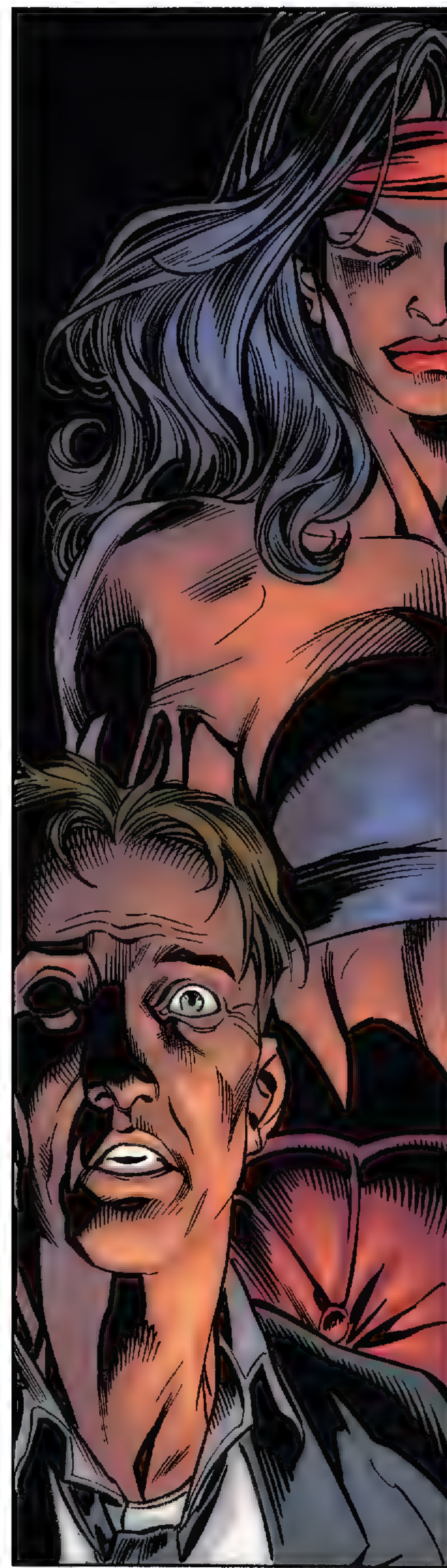
All we've been through, Wilson, I never wanted to be an embarrassment to you...



I know, Walter.

If there was anything I could do to make this go away. I would.

I'm glad to hear you say that.



Elektra,
Make it disappear.
The chair as well.

Yes, sir.



When you're done,
report back to
me.

The
gloves are
off.

Hammerhead,
Moon Knight,
Spider-Man...

It's time
to clean this
up.

Hope you're
ready for the
task.



I am.





When Hammerhead gets here? I do the talking.

Do we have to call him "Hammerhead"?



You don't call him anything because you don't talk.

If he's the new Kingpin, we need to set the tone for our relationship early.

I'm not giving in to this nickname crap.

You don't talk.

"Hammerhead."

You're still talking. Stop.

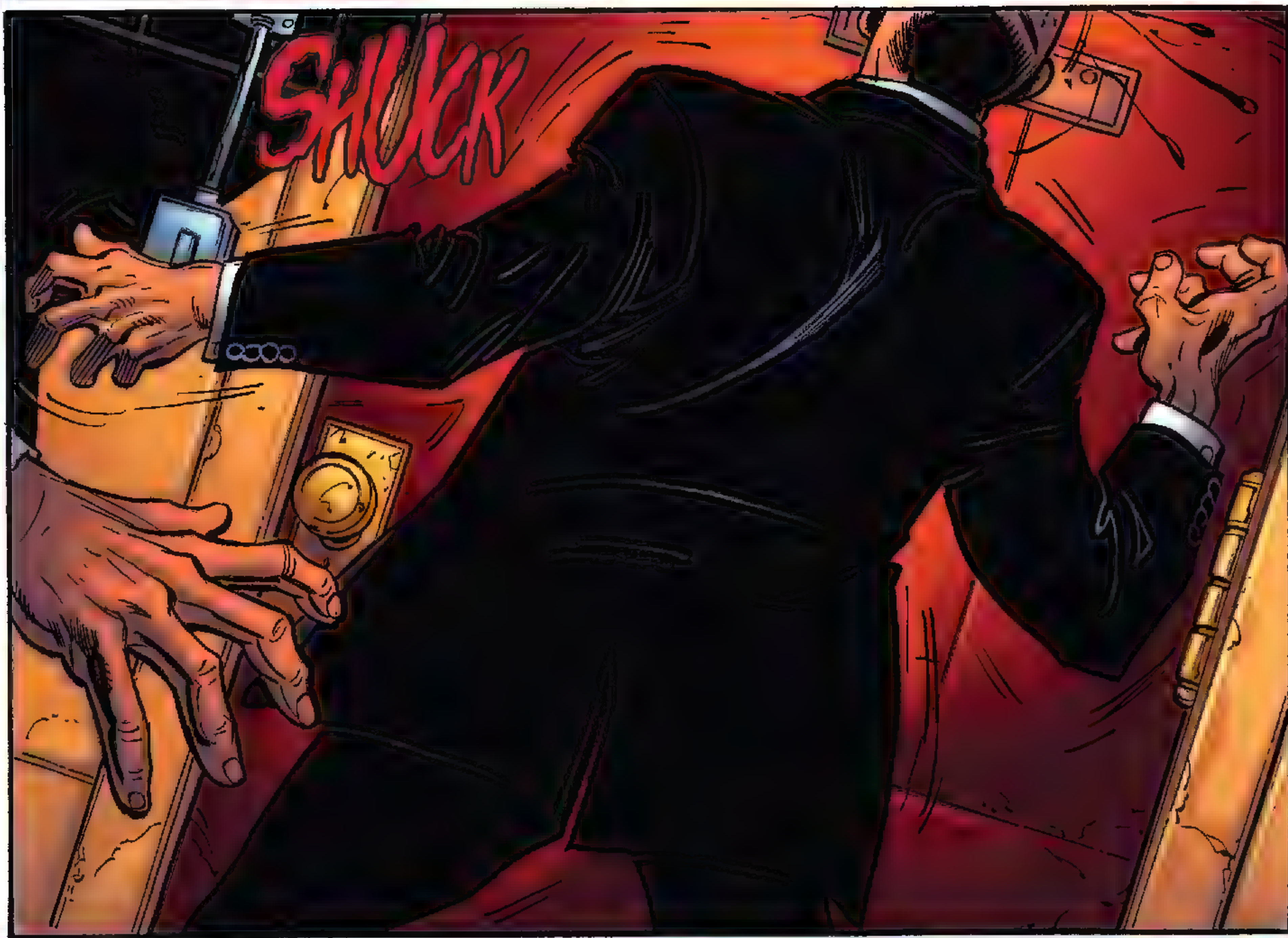


KNOCK KNOCK

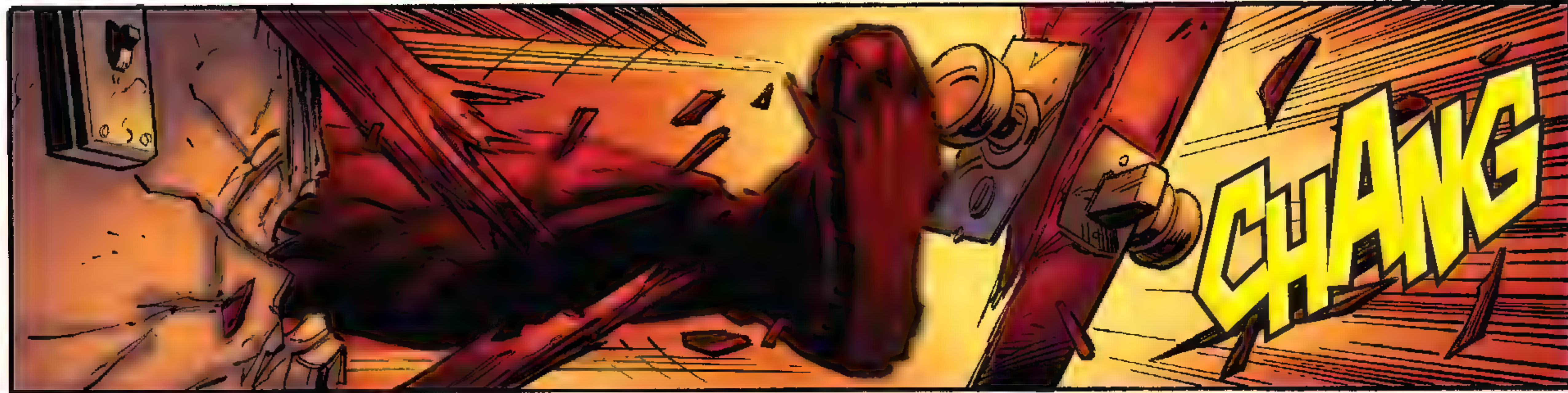
Okay, okay. This is it.



Who is--?



SHUICK



CHANG



Mister Fisk
has a message
for those of you
who would break
your word to
him.

What's-
what's the
message?

It's
your dead
body.



So, Mr. Grant, what are we going to do about Spider-Man?

Spider-Man is not the problem, Spector. Kingpin is the problem.



The organized crime in New York City is the problem.

We vowed to end it. You-**You** vowed to end it.

Kingpin runs it. Kingpin is the goal.



Spider-Man beat the hell out of you, Grant.

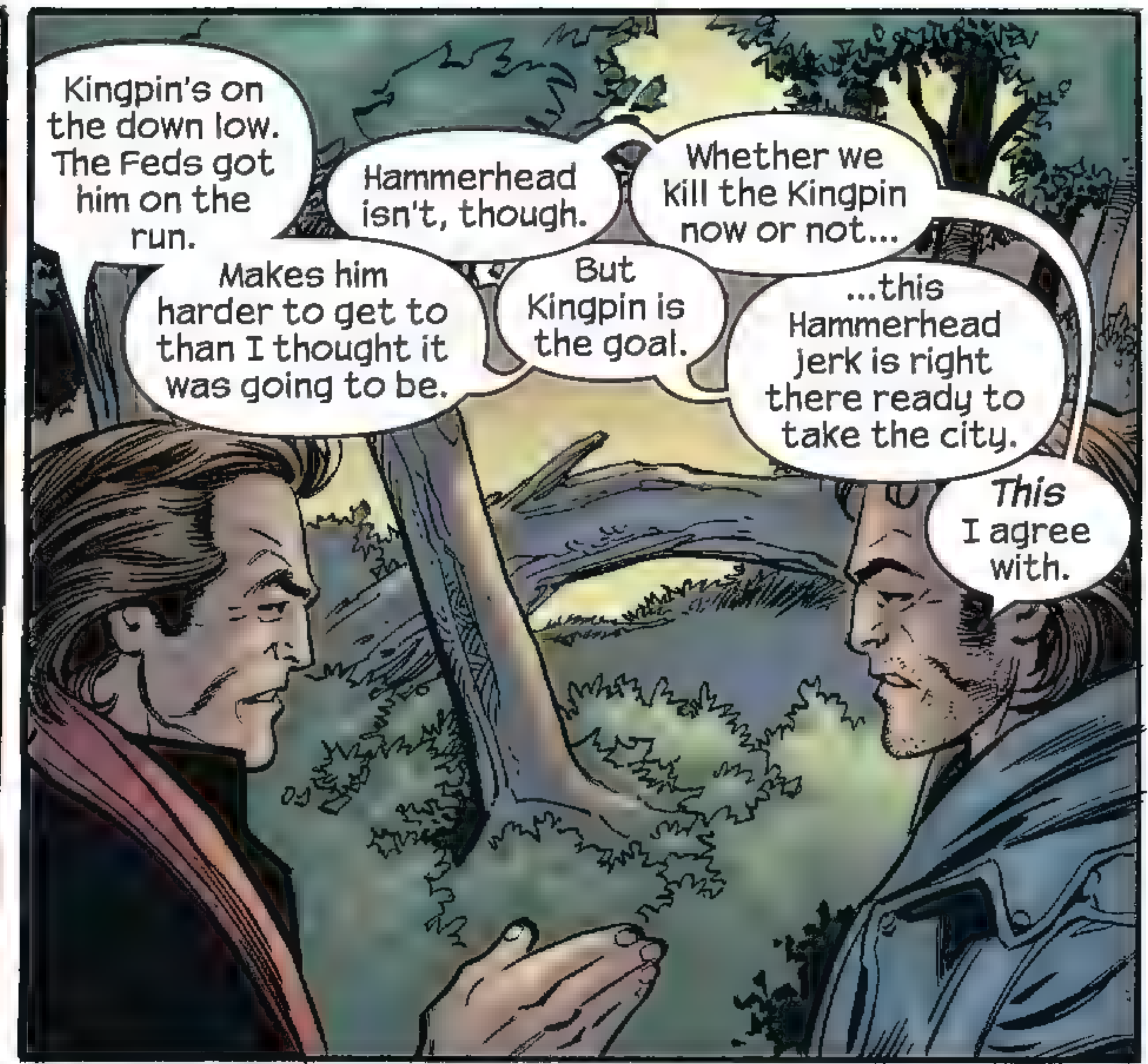


Don't goad me.

Spider-Man is just an obstacle. He's nothing.

He means nothing.

So, that said...what do you want to do now?



Kingpin's on the down low. The Feds got him on the run.

Hammerhead isn't, though.

Whether we kill the Kingpin now or not...

Makes him harder to get to than I thought it was going to be.

But Kingpin is the goal.

...this Hammerhead jerk is right there ready to take the city.

This I agree with.



So we have to take care of Hammerhead, **too**.

Not too. **Before**. Before the Kingpin.

Why?

Well, if we take care of Hammerhead now--

--we don't give him a chance to build a base.

Exactly.

Yes.



So Hammerhead first.

And **then** Spider-Man.

Get over it.

It burns my butt.

He's just a kid.

Burns my butt even more.

Get over it.



Okay. Hammerhead first. Then Kingpin.

Why do we have to get into the whole "calling him Hammerhead" thing. Let's call him by his real name.

He **is** a Hammerhead.

I just hate giving in to nickname crap like that.

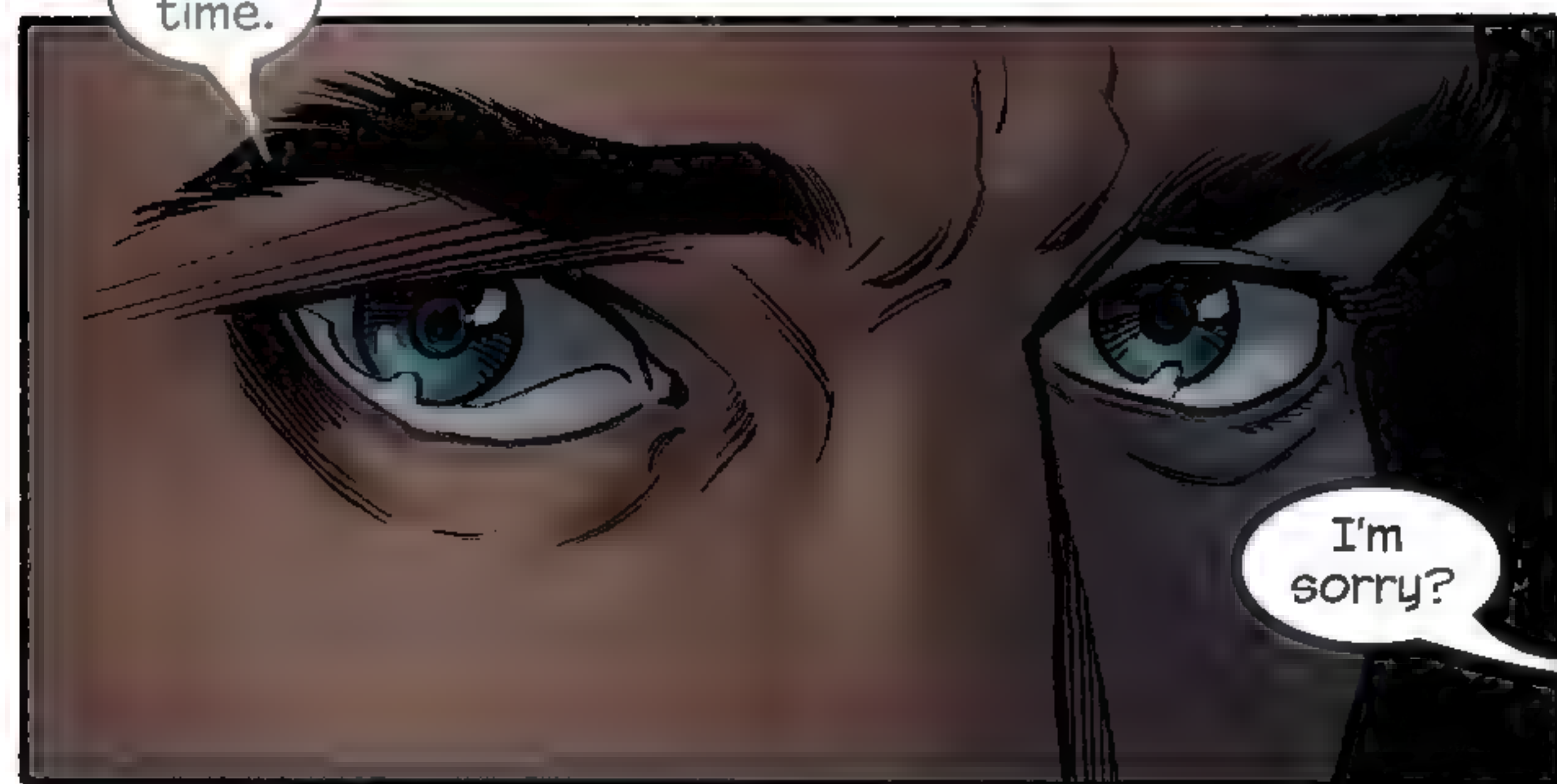
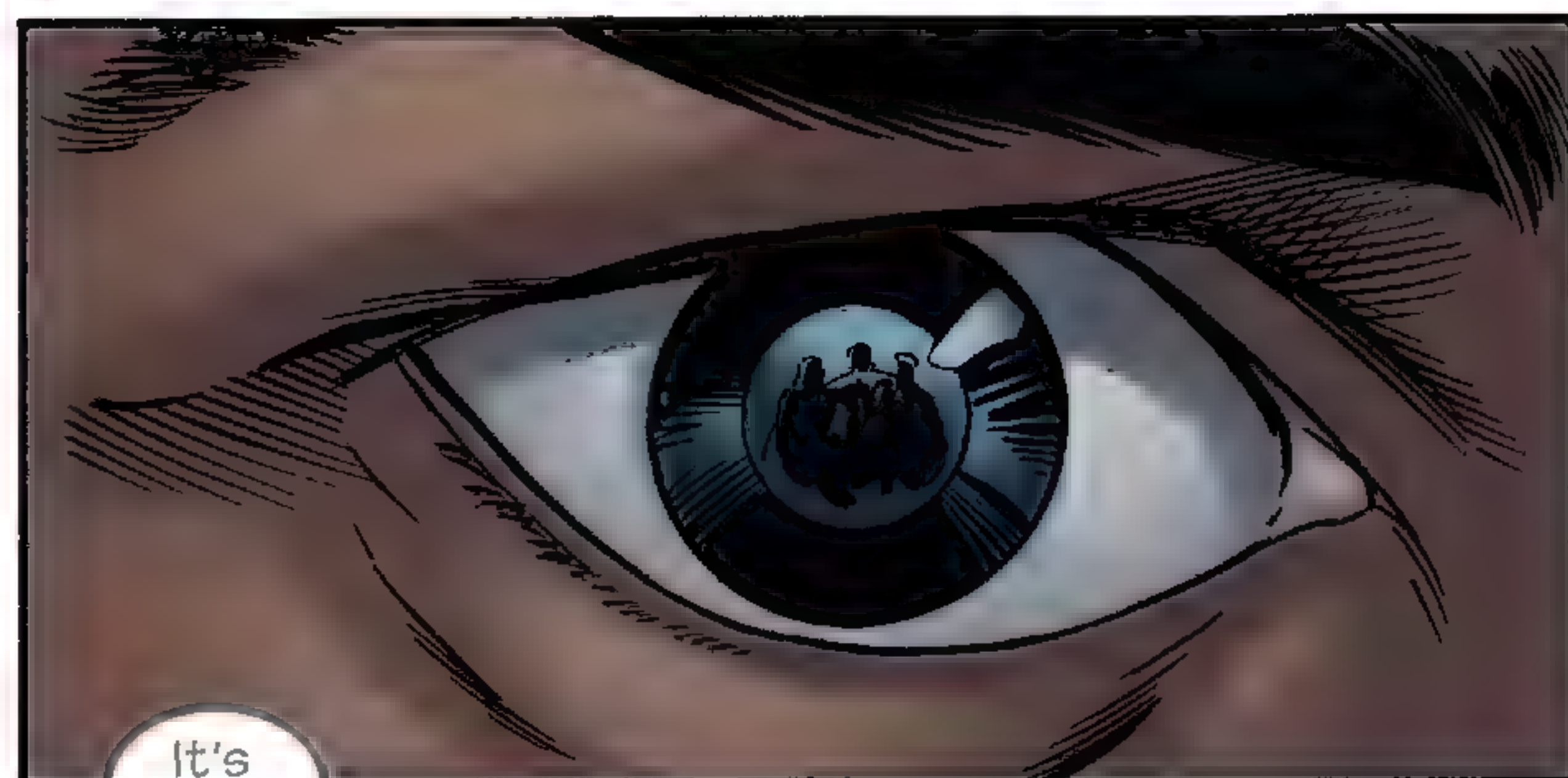
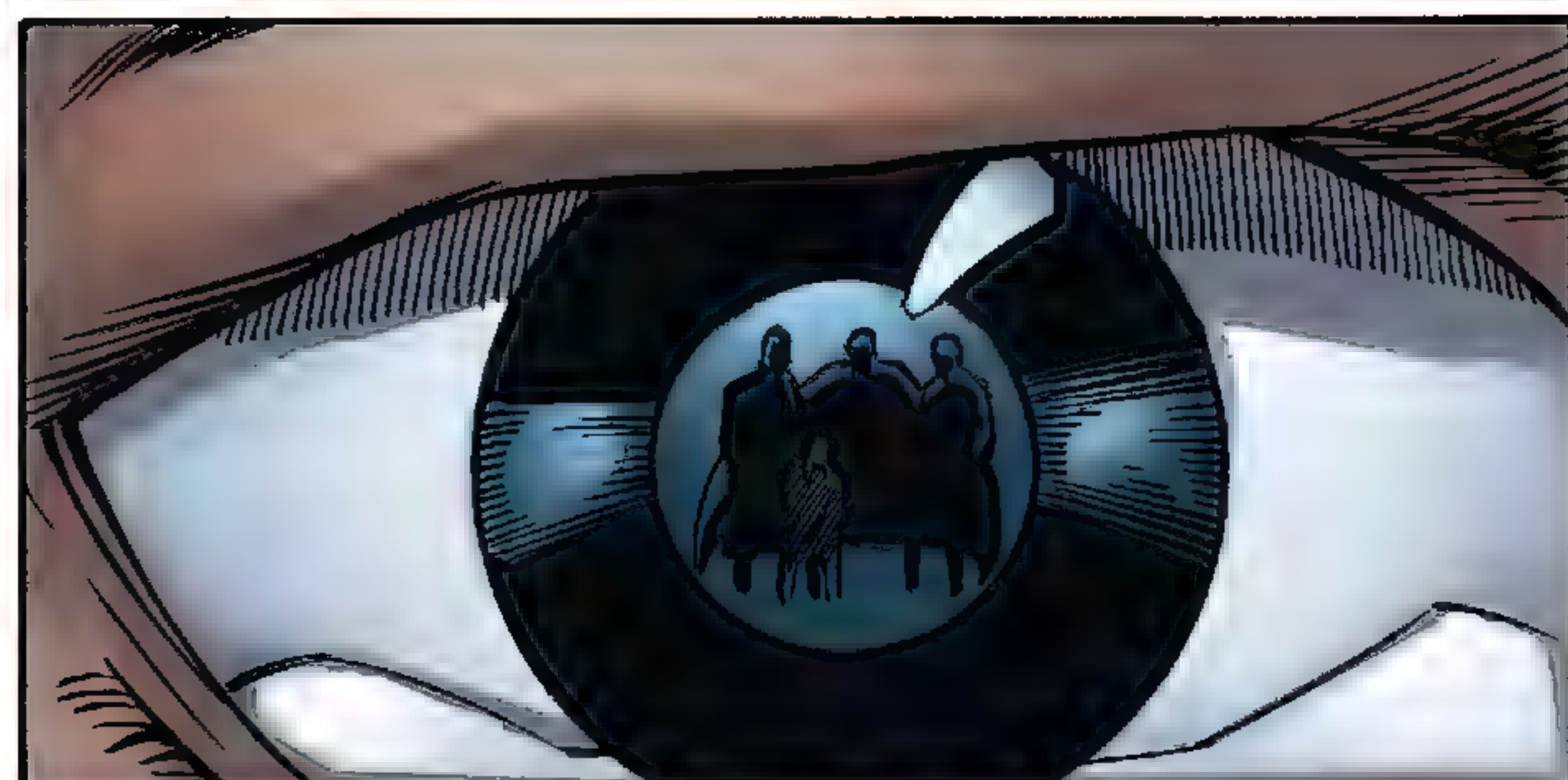
Guys.



Shut up, now.

He's here and he says it's time to go to work.









Ox, you're on your own now.

They can't help you.

Those Enforcers you run with...

Police station, Brooklyn



The Feds will be here in ten minutes.

Less maybe.

Probably.

Back to Ryker's you go, Ox.

For good.

Forever.

For all time.

Shawshank Redemption. You see that movie?

I didn't do anything.

We don't want you. We want your master. We want Hammerhead.

But I didn't--

Where's your new boss? Same as the old boss.

If I tell you, they'll know it was me who told you.

When I send you back to Ryker's, how long do you think you'll last?

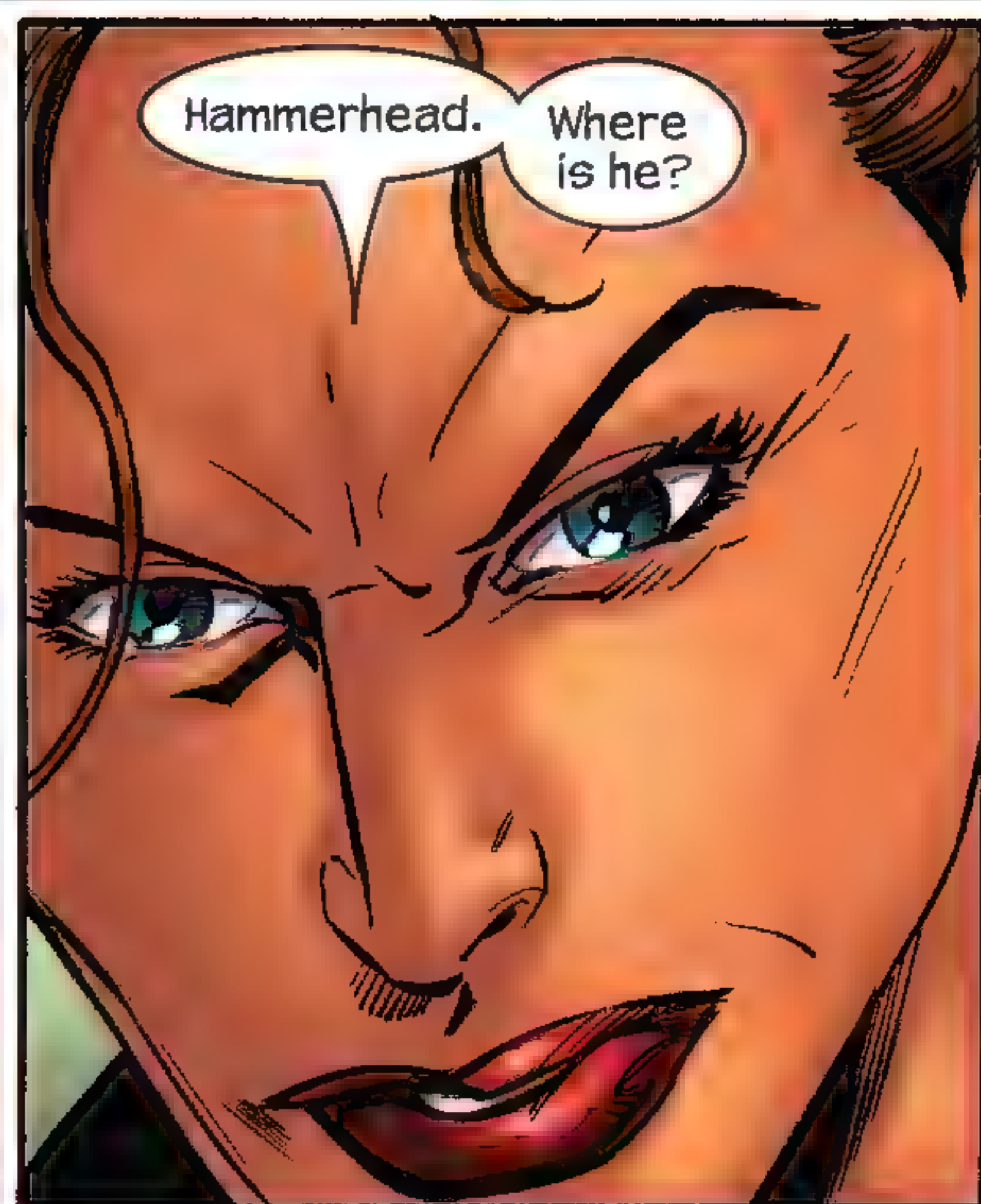
You, who betrayed your loyalty to the Kingpin for the greener pasture of Hammerhead?



See how that works?

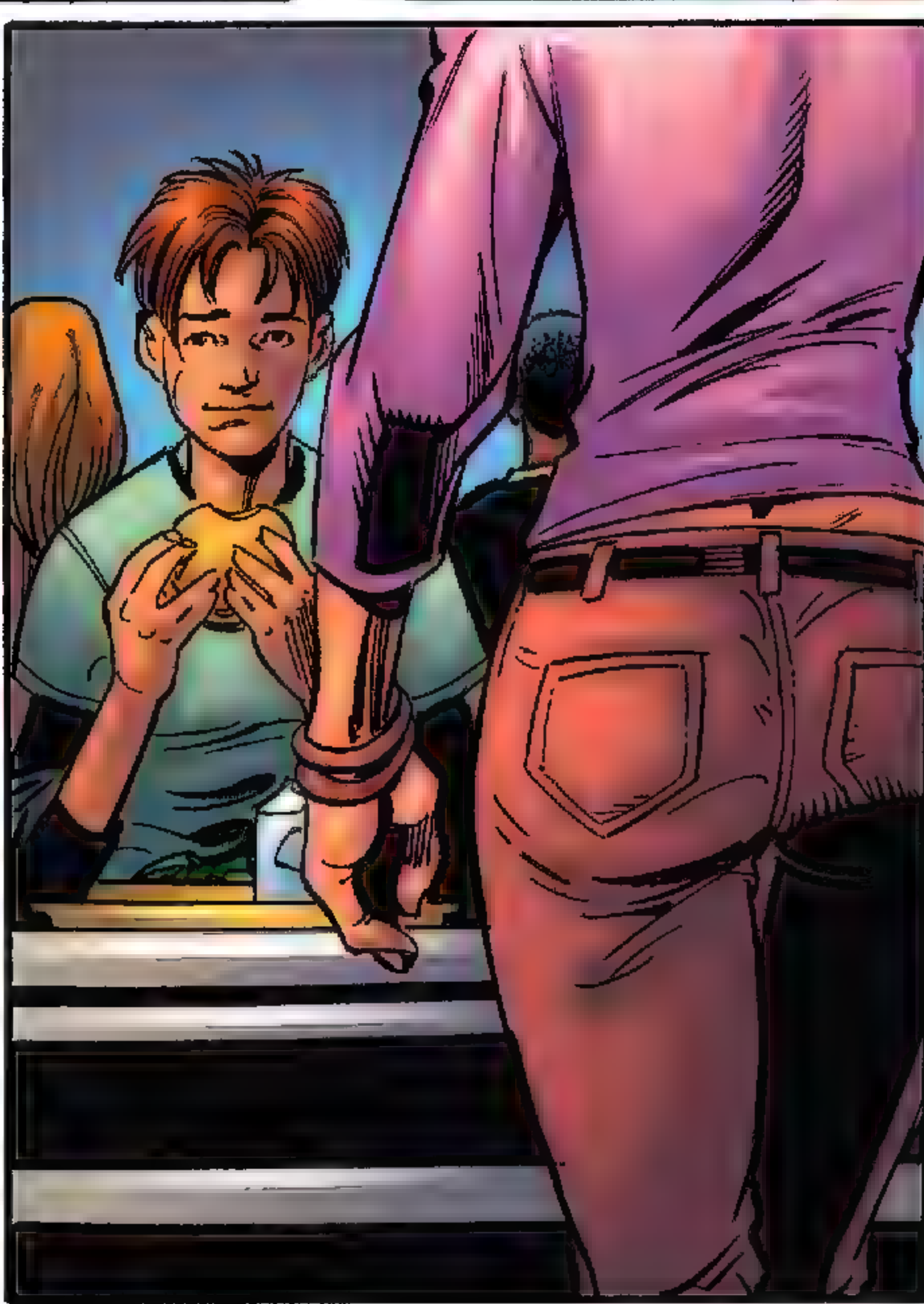


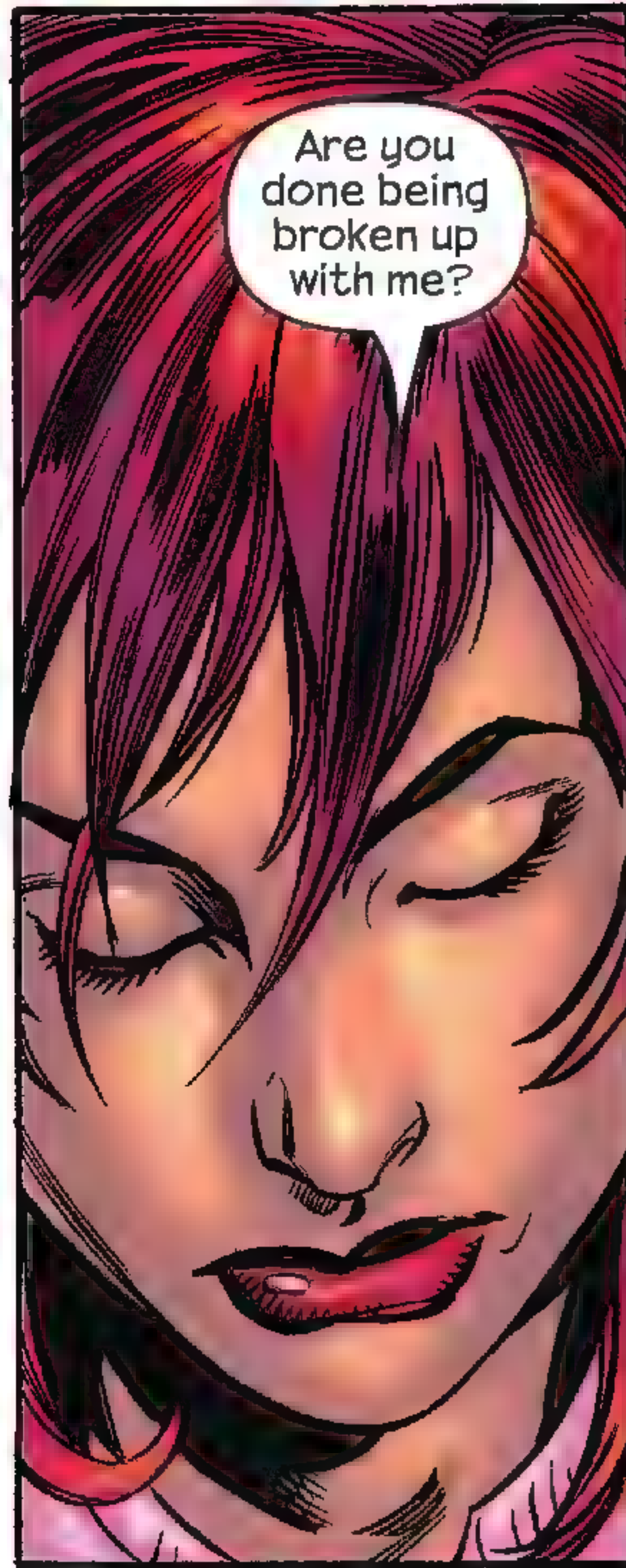
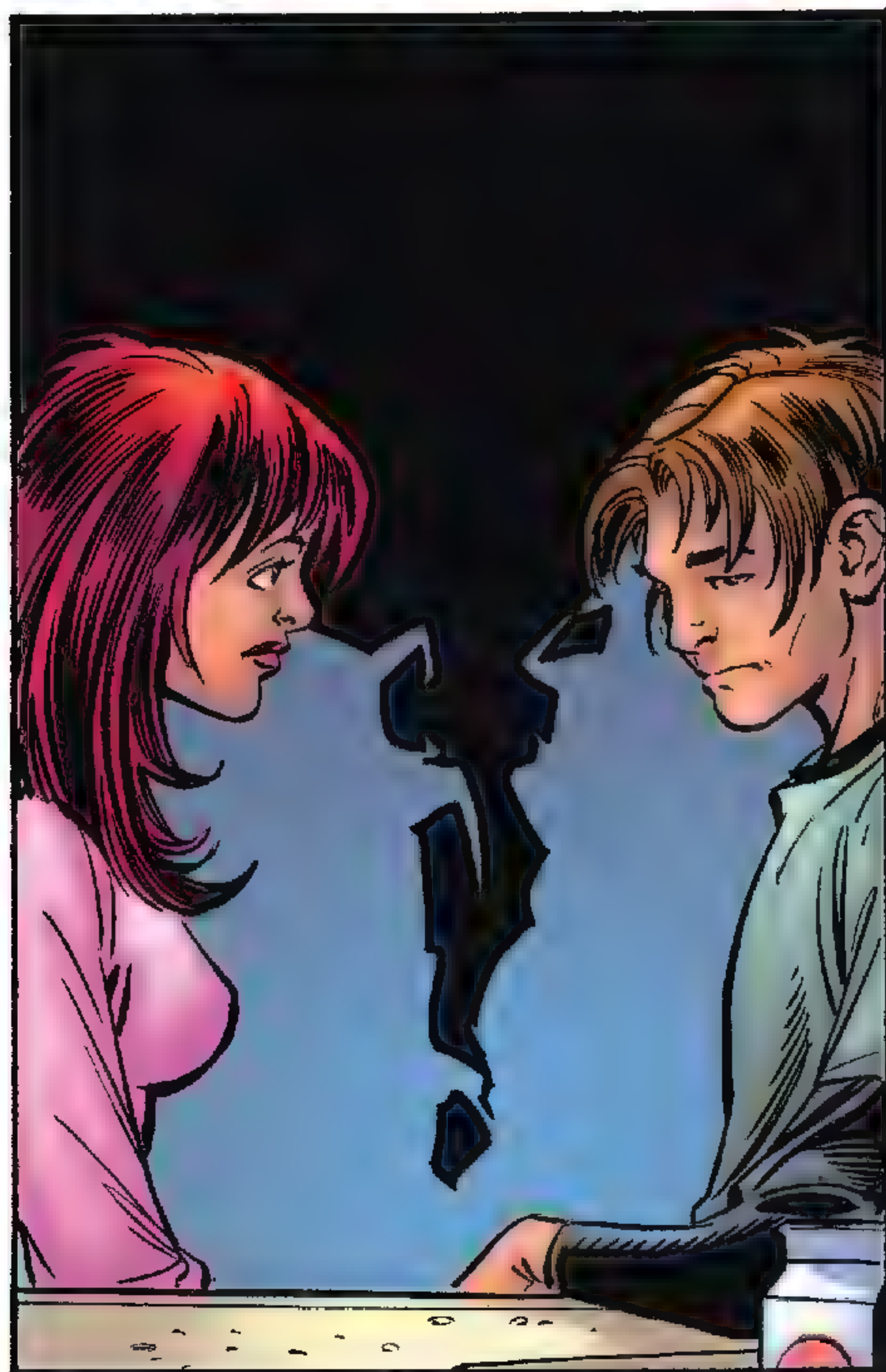
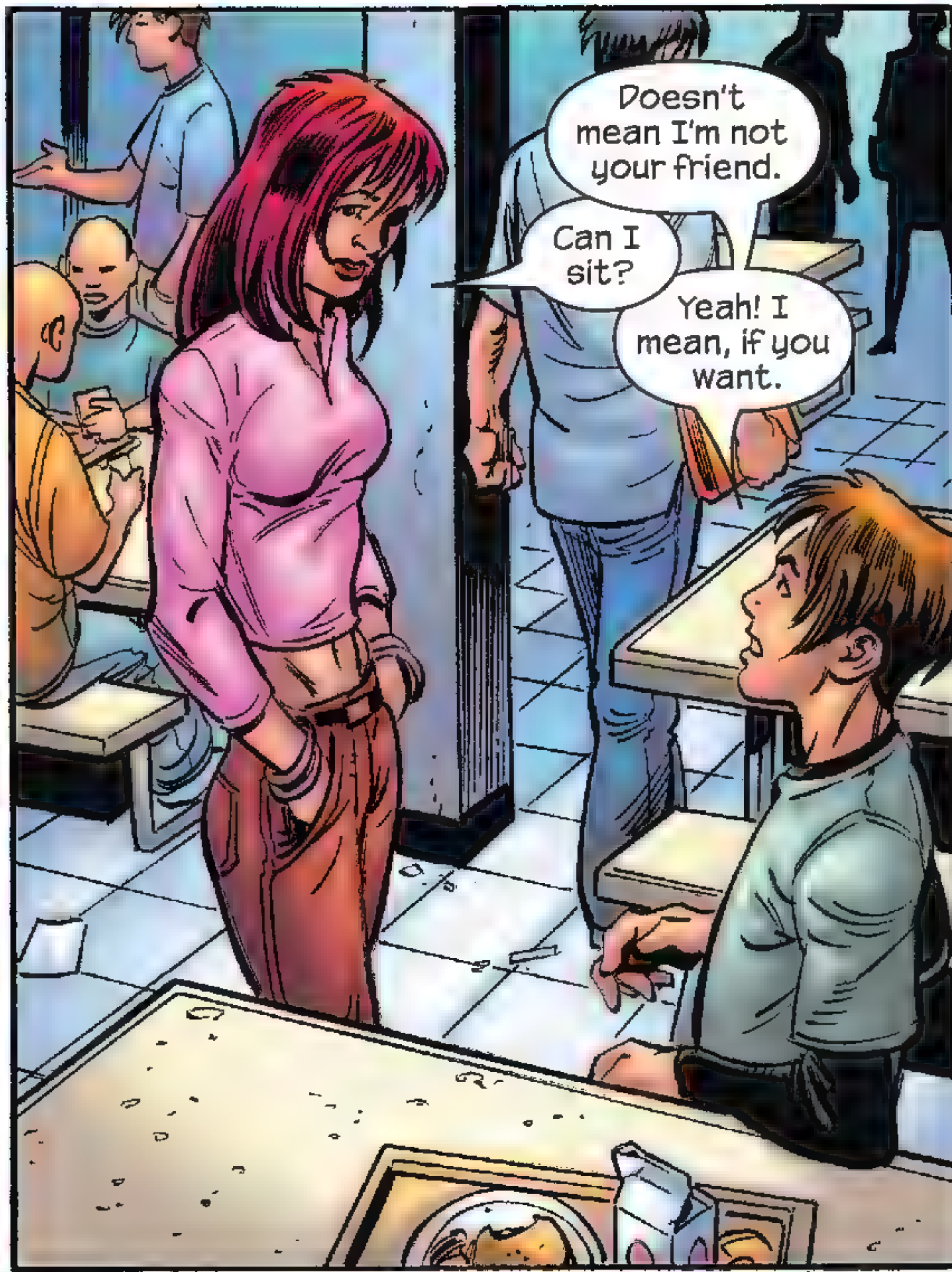
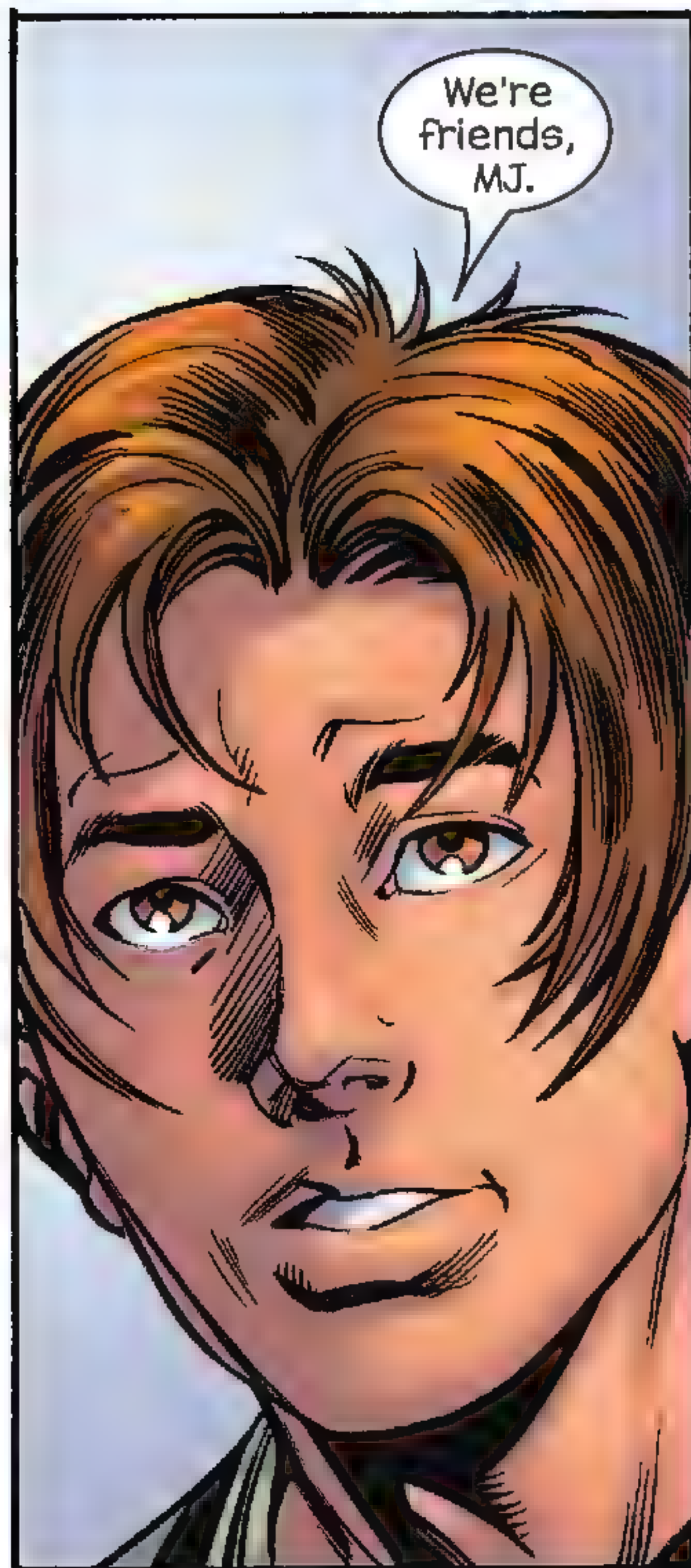
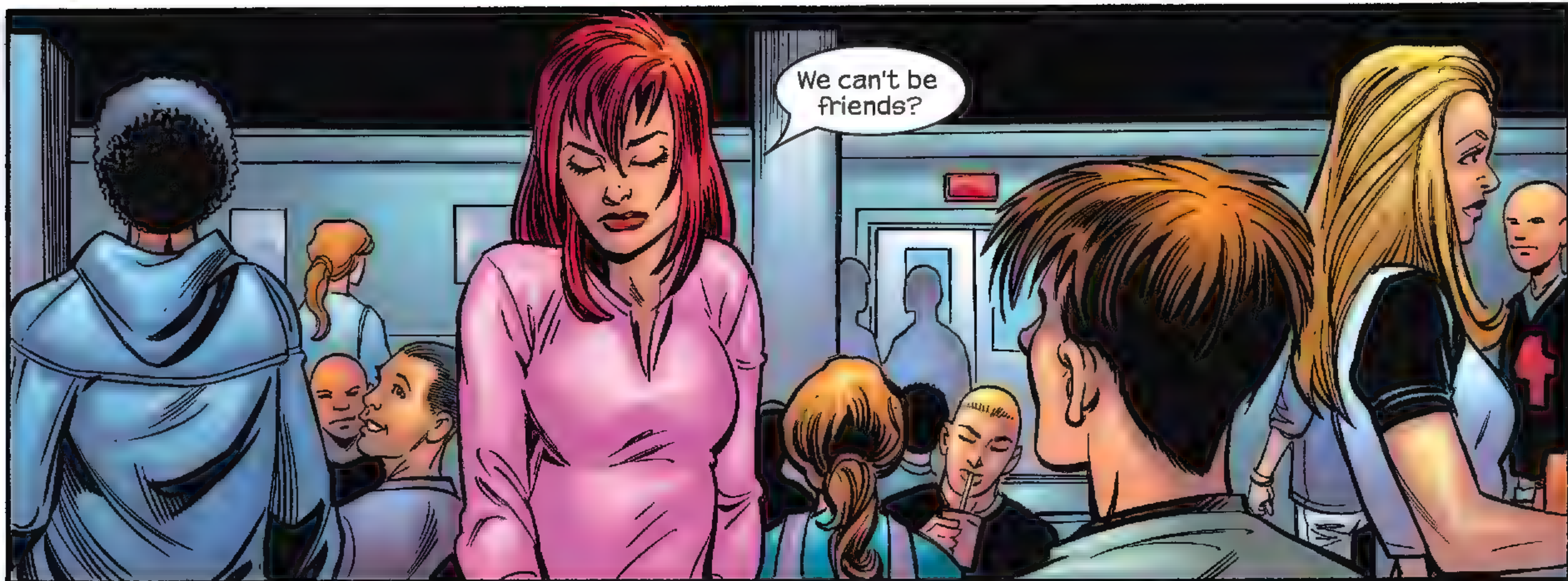
Oh, man...

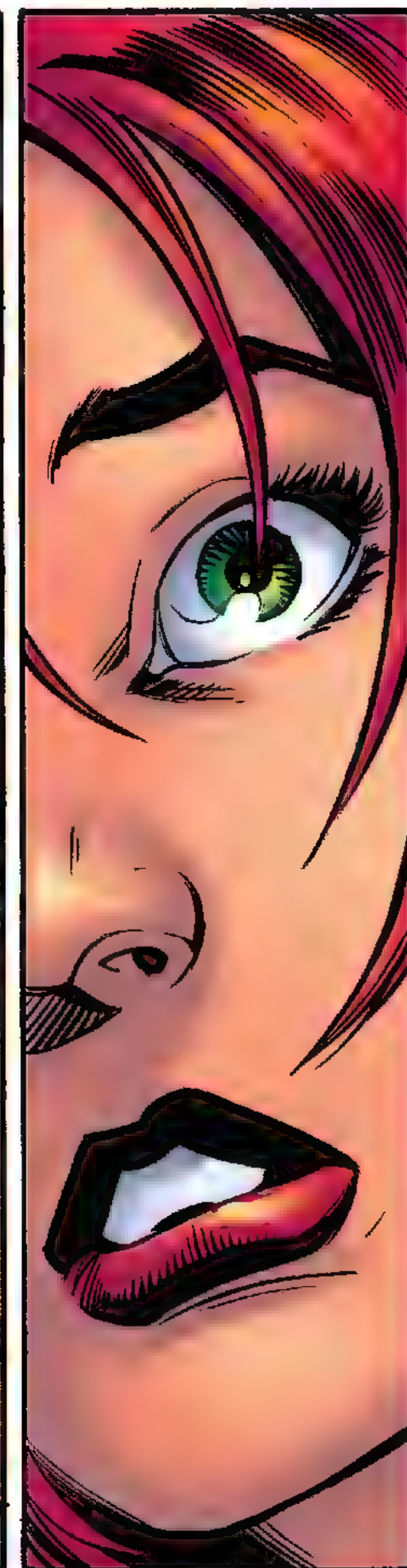
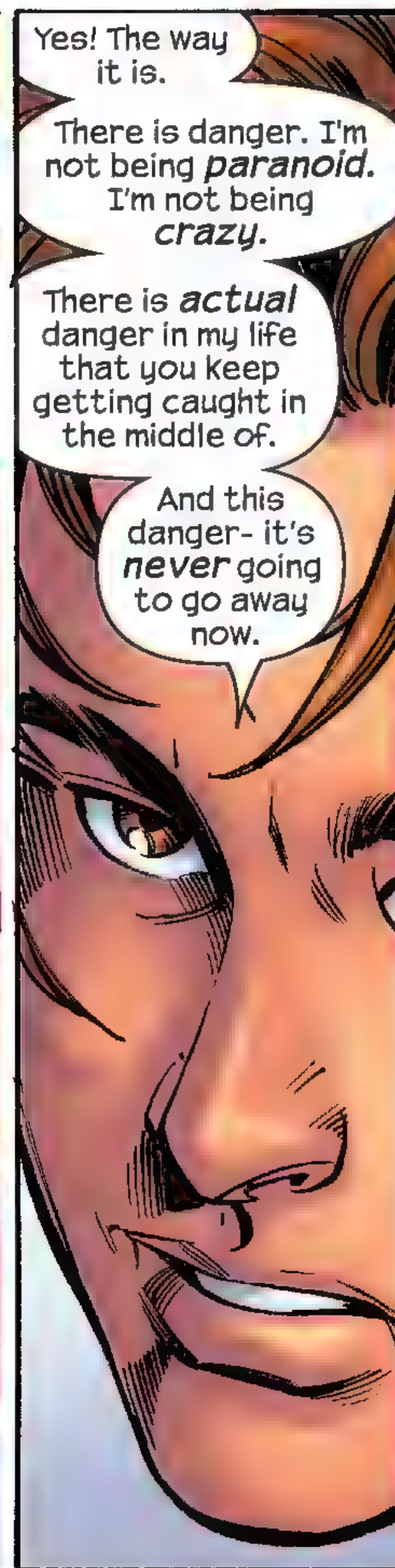
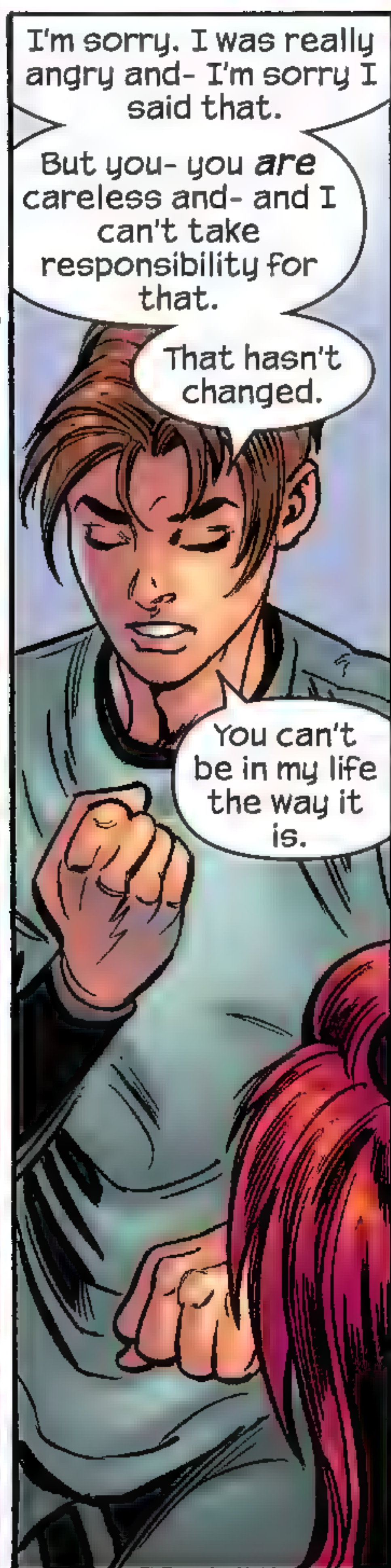
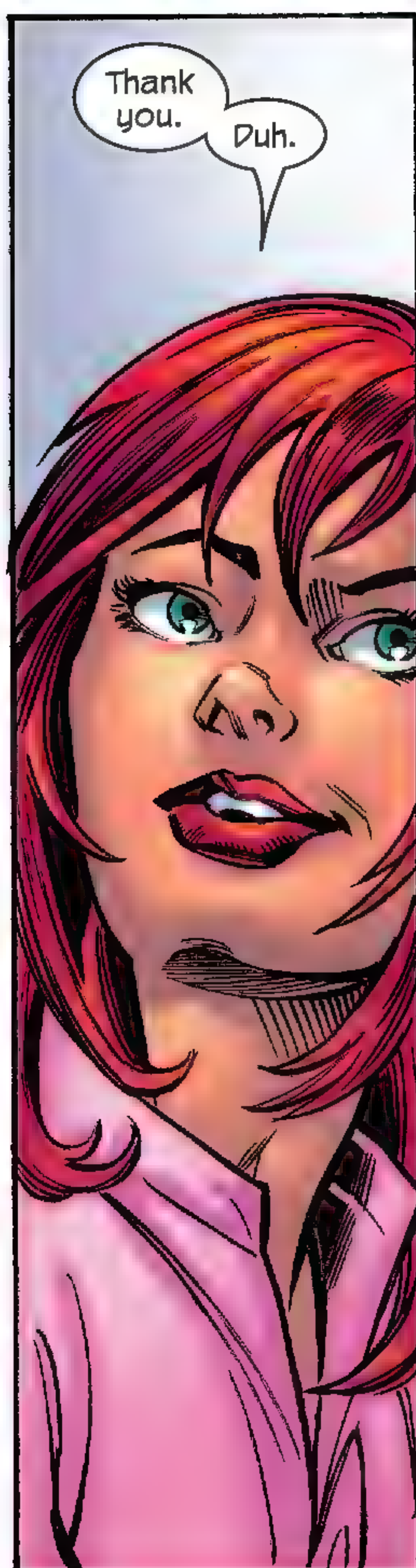
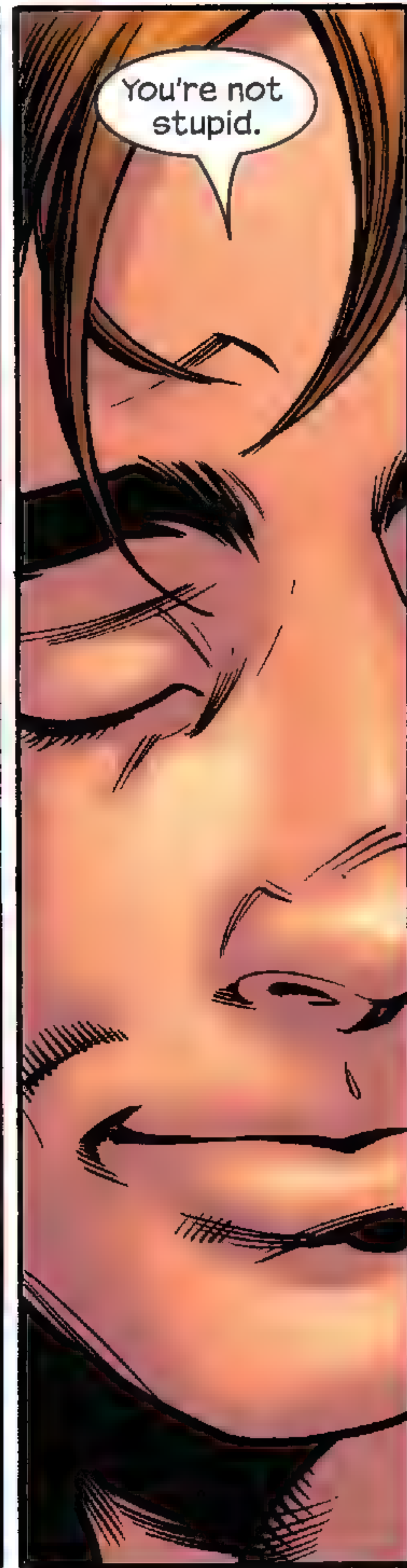
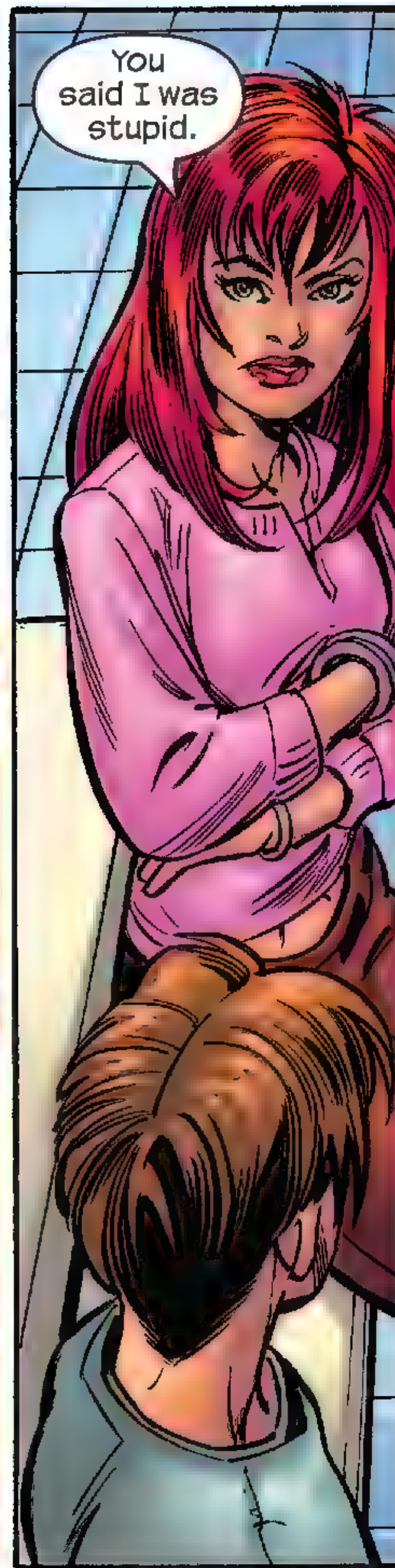
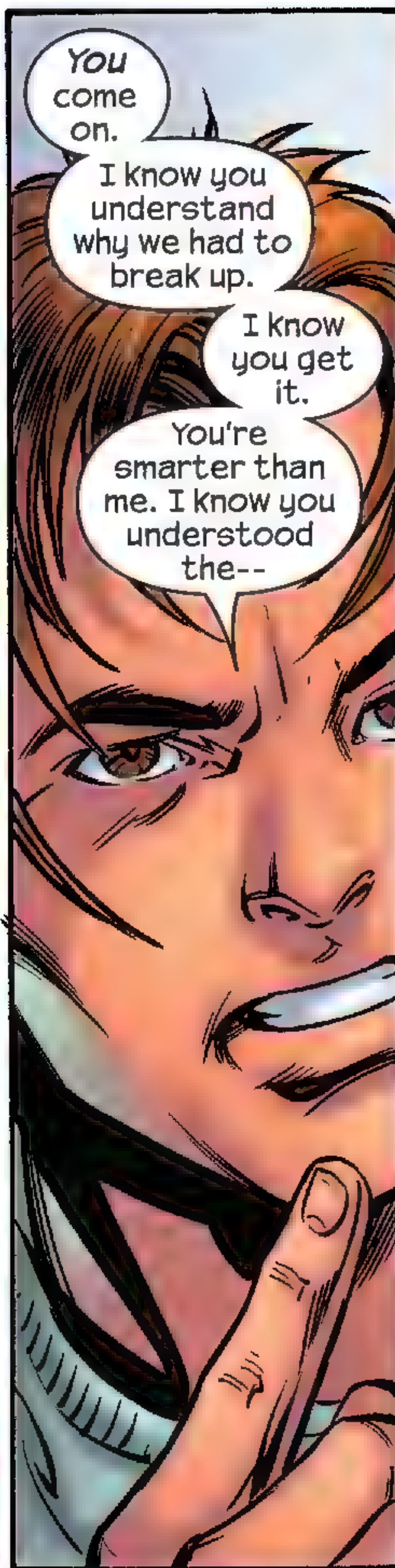
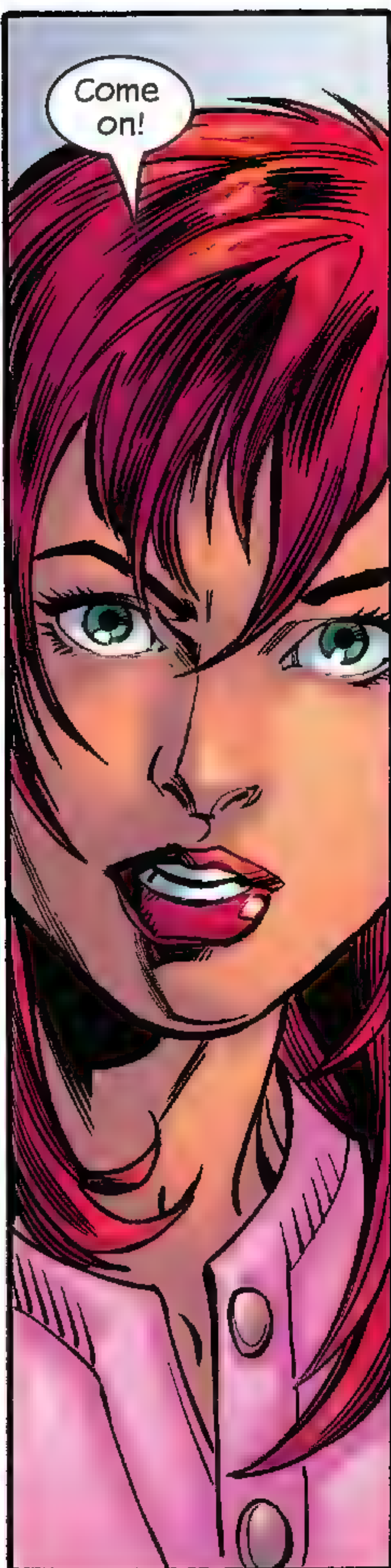
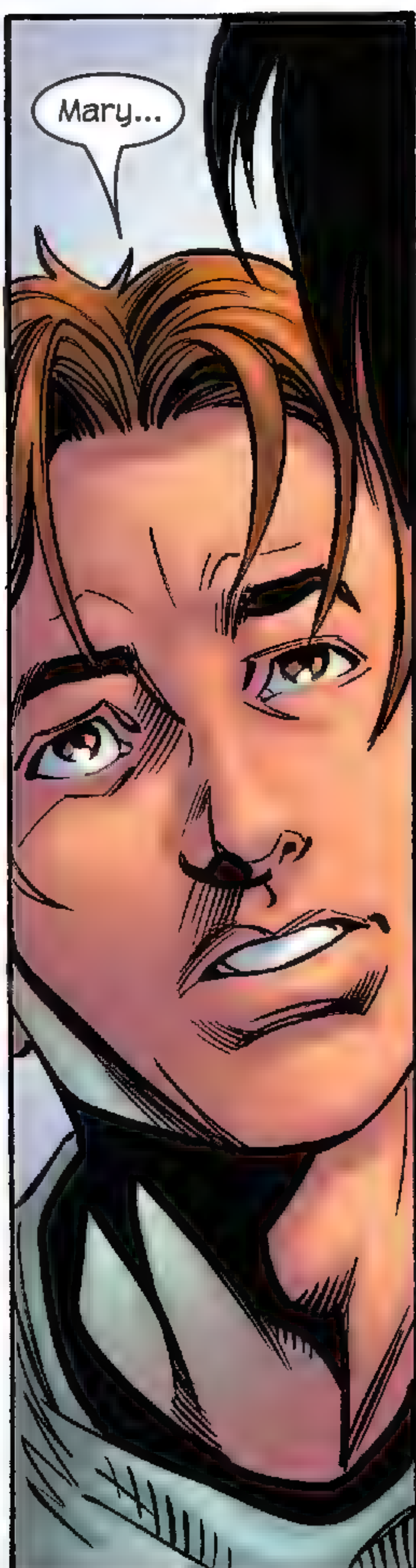


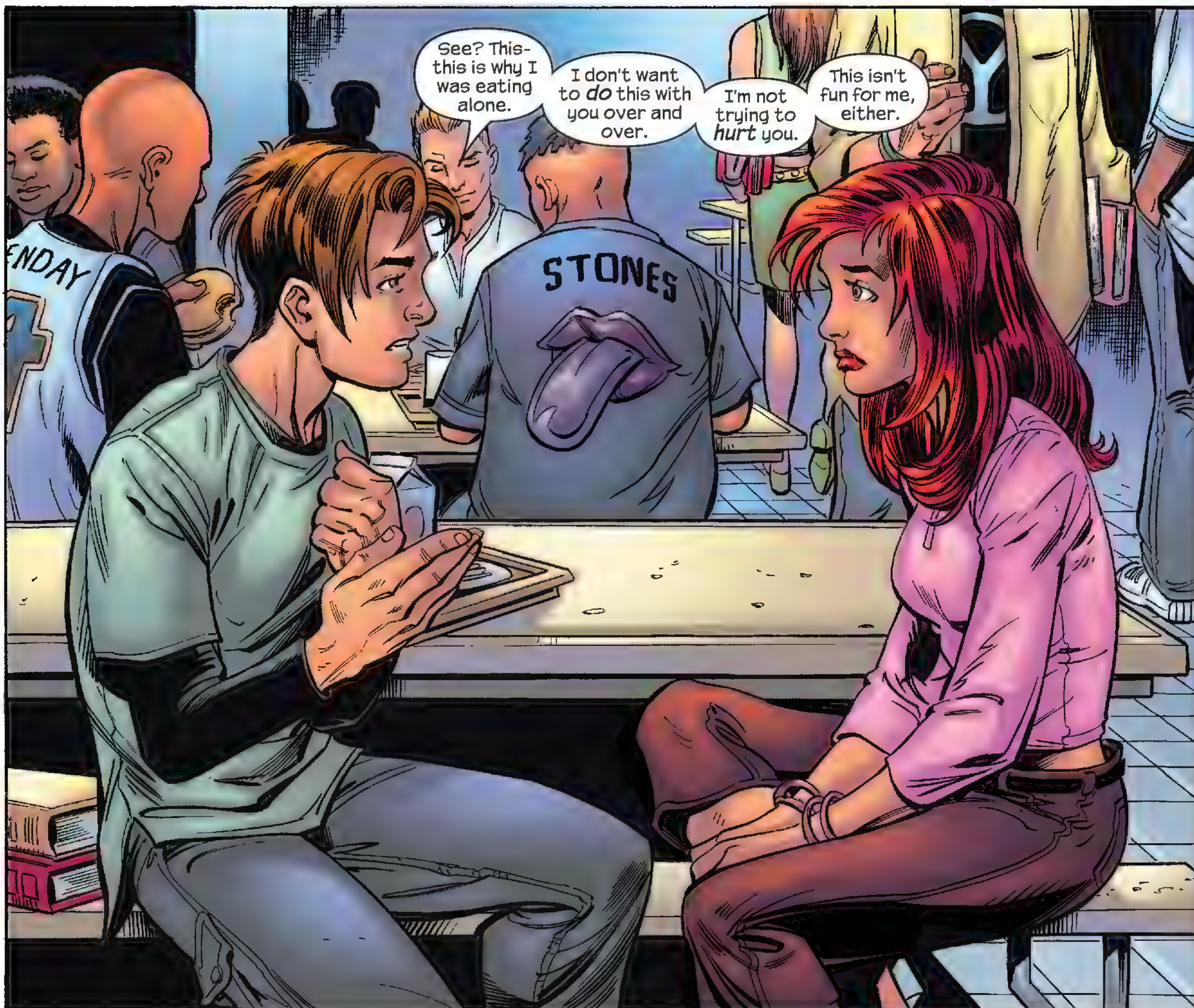
Hammerhead.

Where is he?







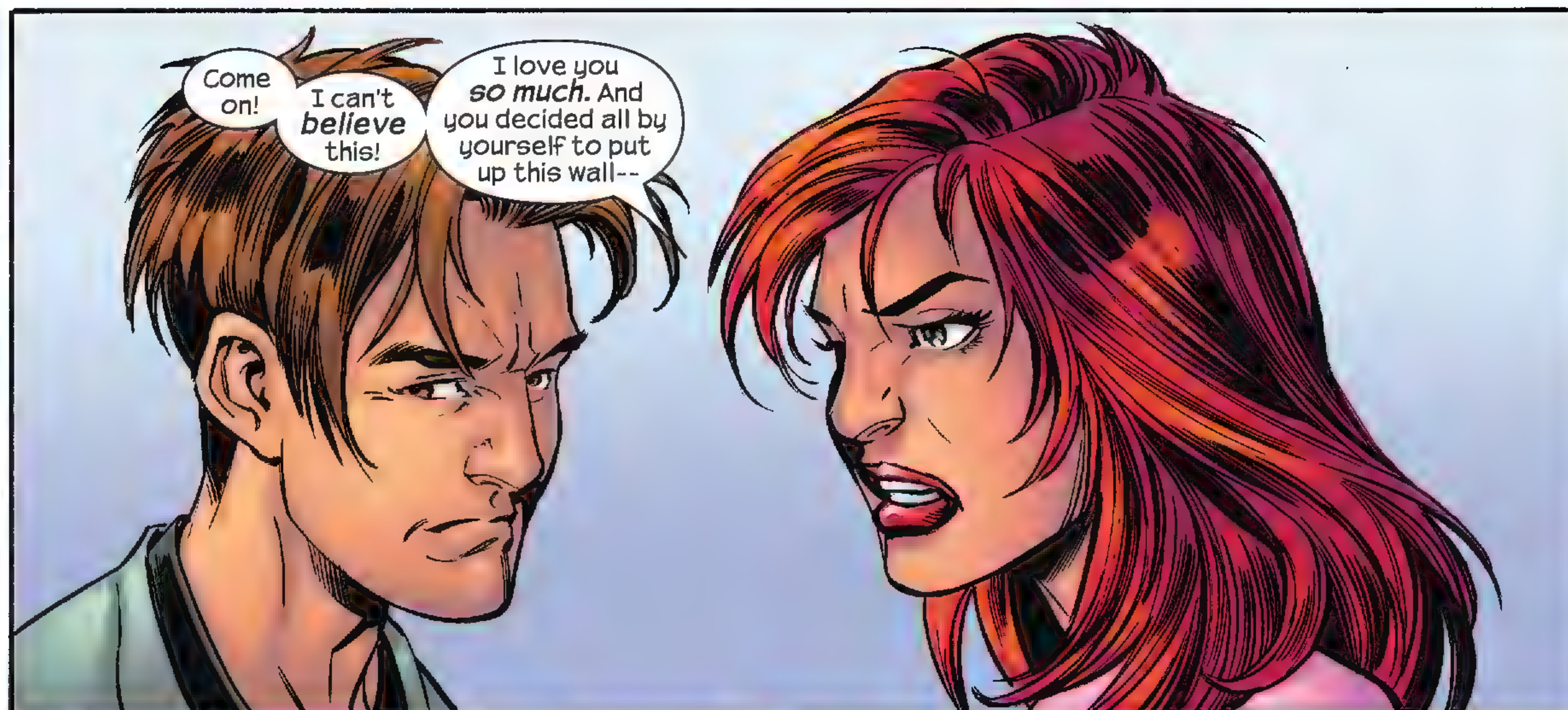


See? This-
this is why I
was eating
alone.

I don't want
to *do* this with
you over and
over.

I'm not
trying to
hurt you.

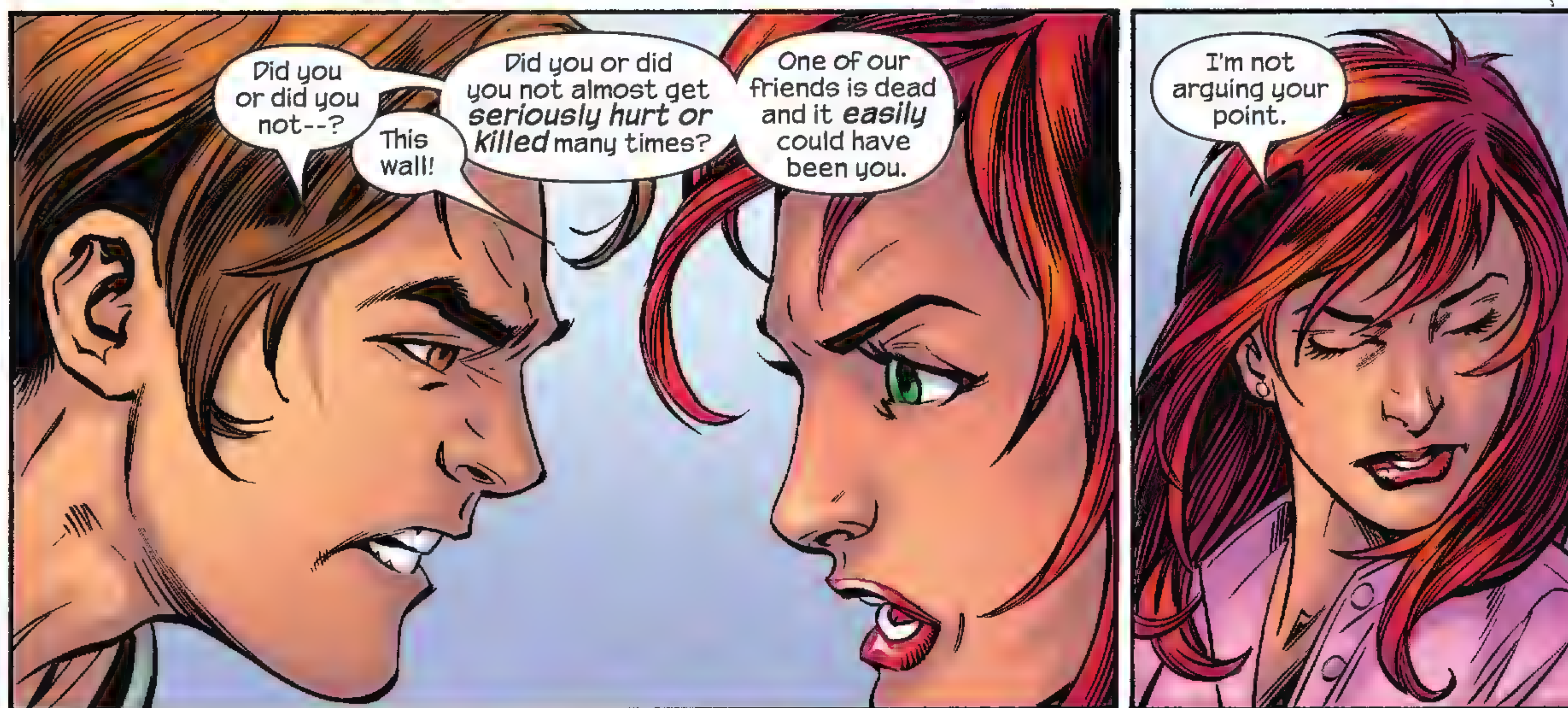
This isn't
fun for me,
either.



Come
on!

I can't
believe
this!

I love you
so much. And
you decided all by
yourself to put
up this wall--



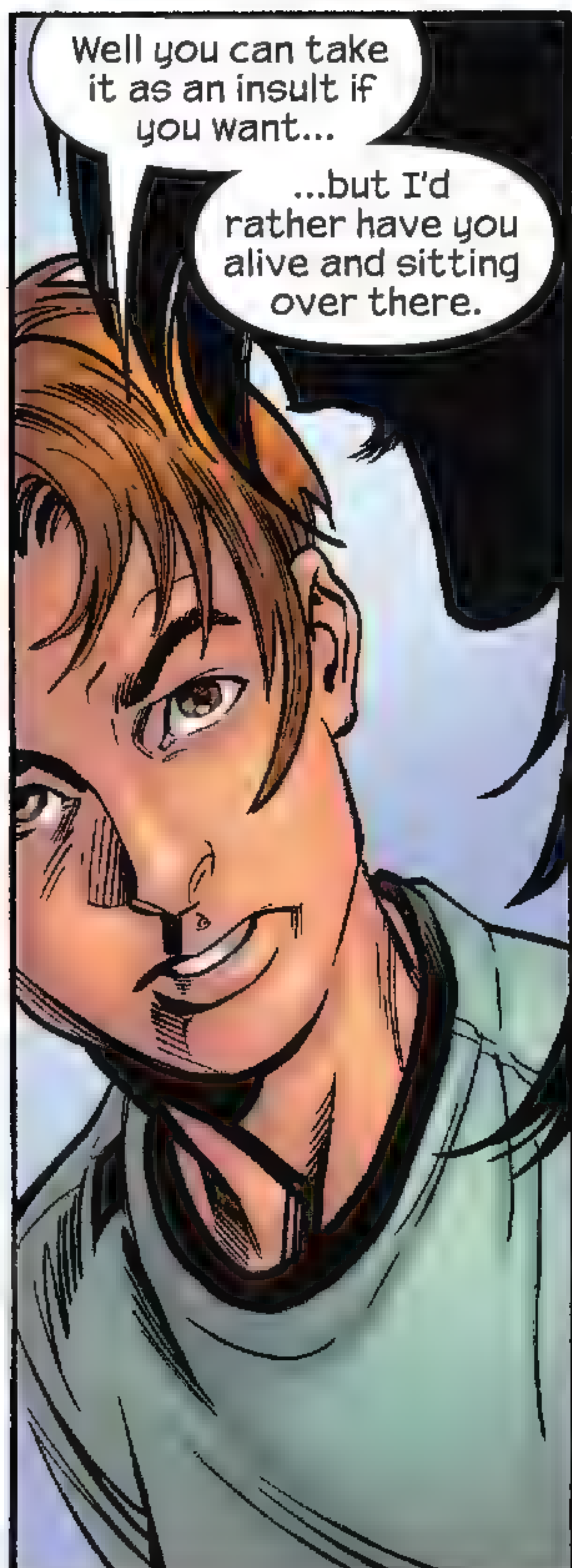
Did you
or did you
not--?

This
wall!

Did you or did
you not almost get
seriously hurt or
killed many times?

One of our
friends is dead
and it *easily*
could have
been you.

I'm not
arguing your
point.



Well you can take
it as an insult if
you want...

...but I'd
rather have you
alive and sitting
over there.



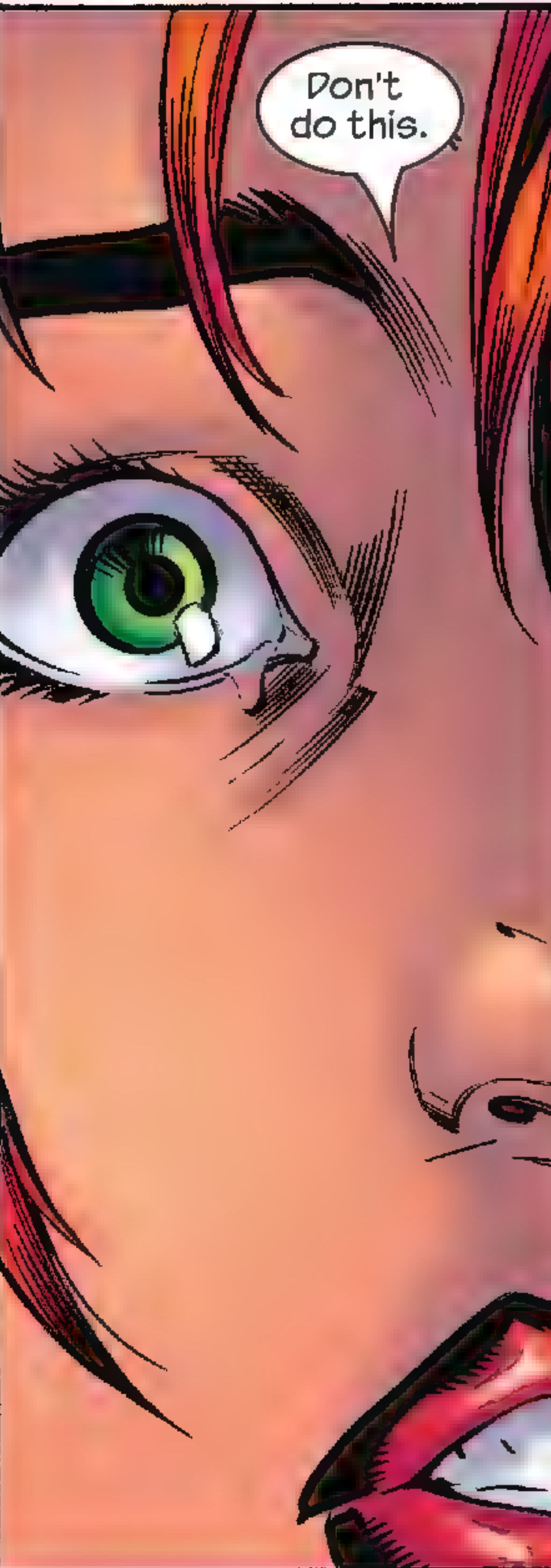
I'm not arguing your
point, Peter.

Yes, the world is
dangerous!
Your world is
dangerous!

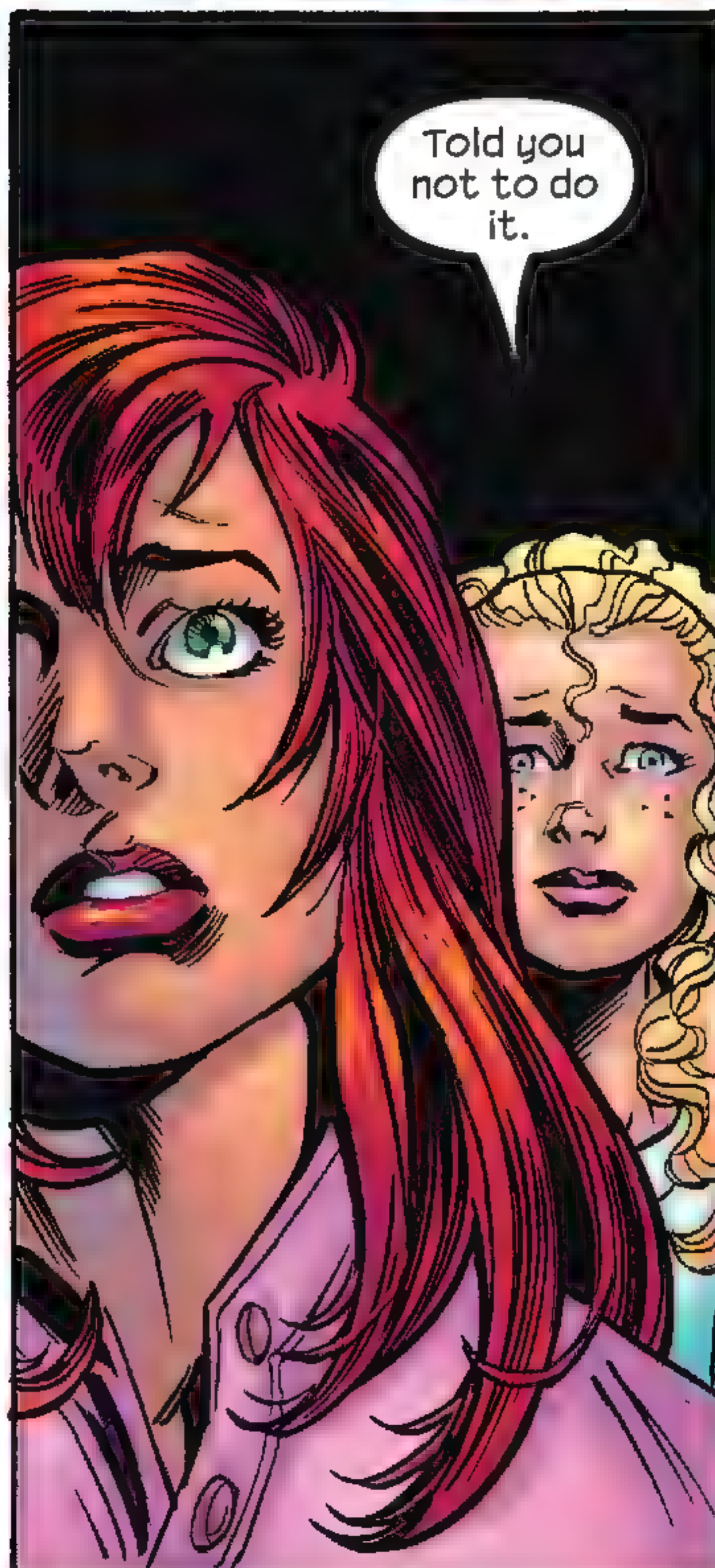
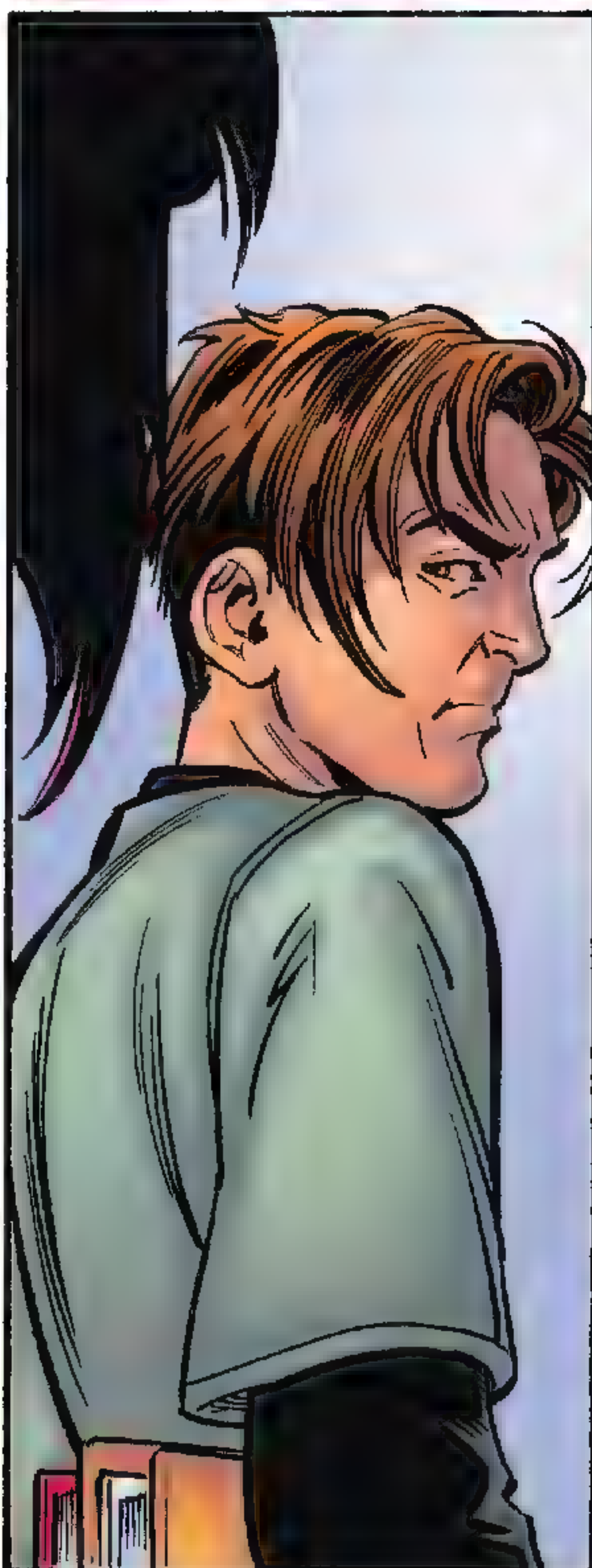
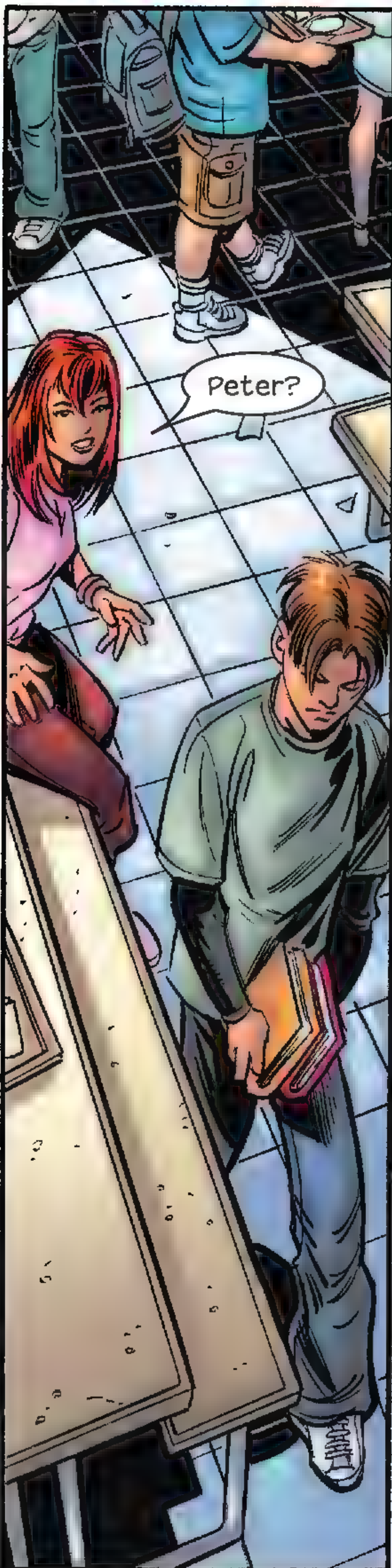
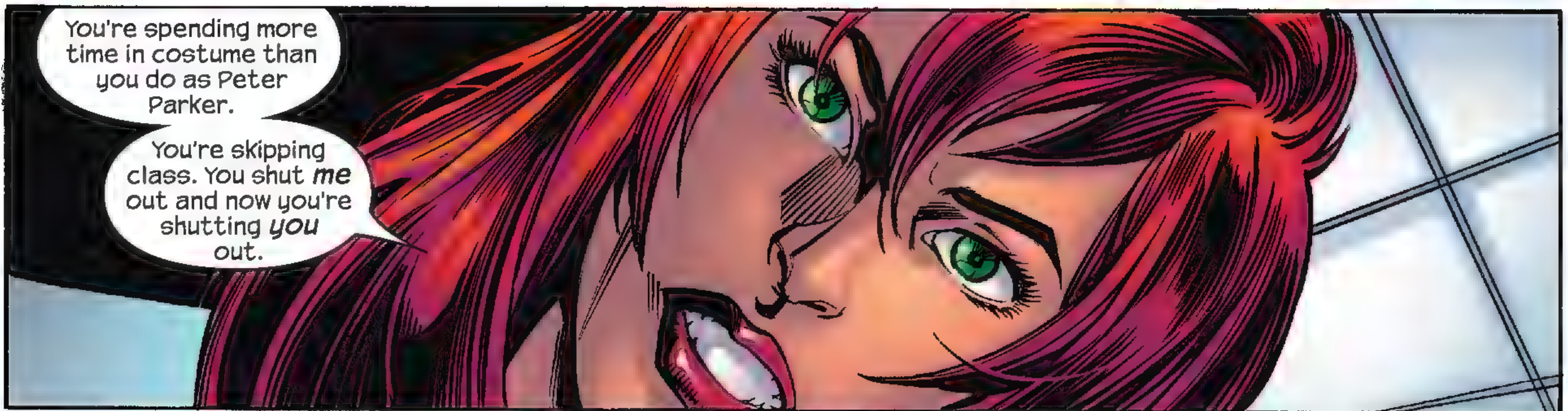
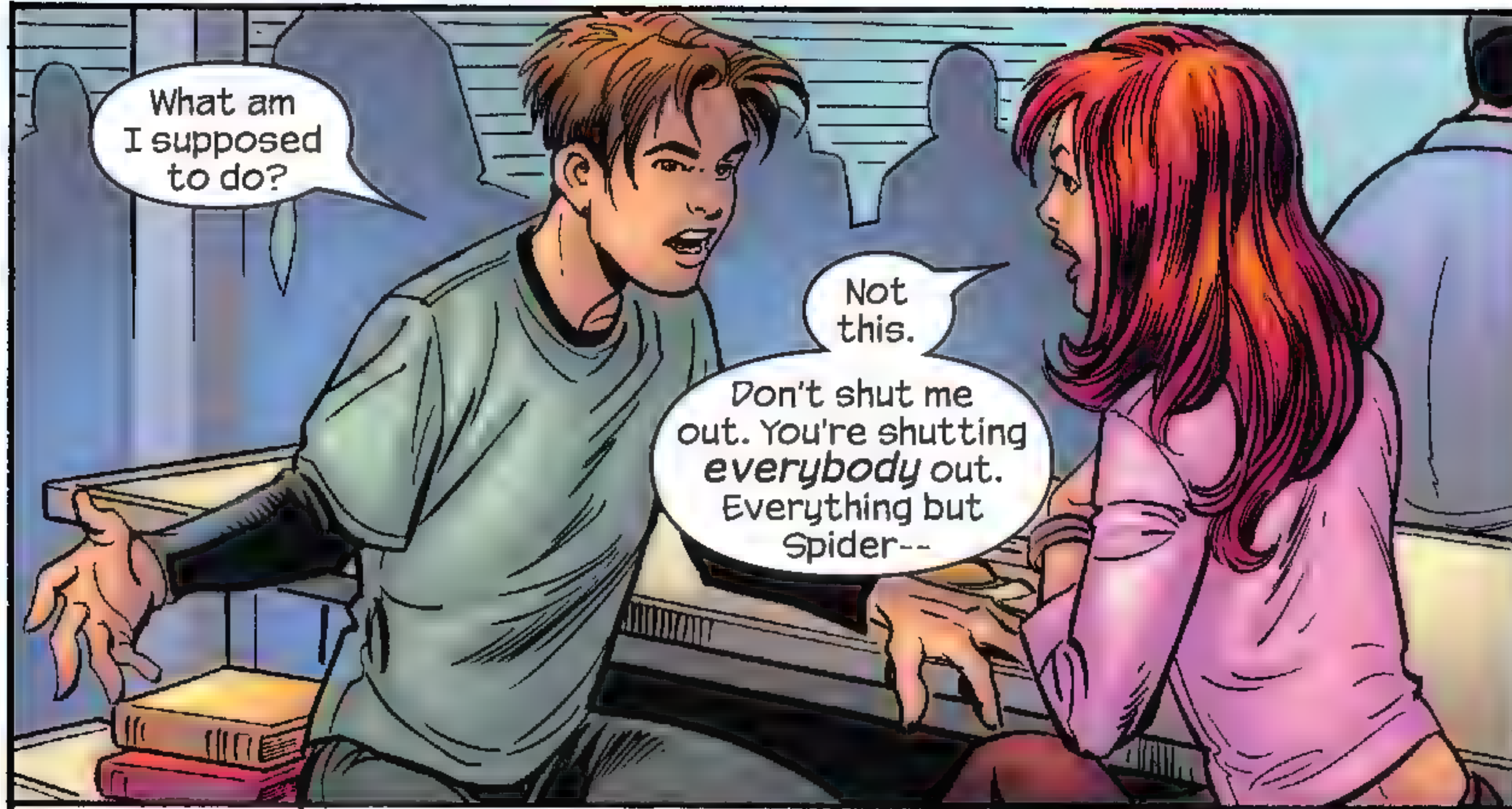
Yes yes
yes.



But I'm in
love with you
and you're in
love with me.
Argue
me that.



Don't
do this.







Hammerhead,
please.

Little
Russia

I don't even
speak the English, I
don't. I don't--

Then I must
speak Russian
because I hear
you fine.

It's a simple
question,
Ivan.

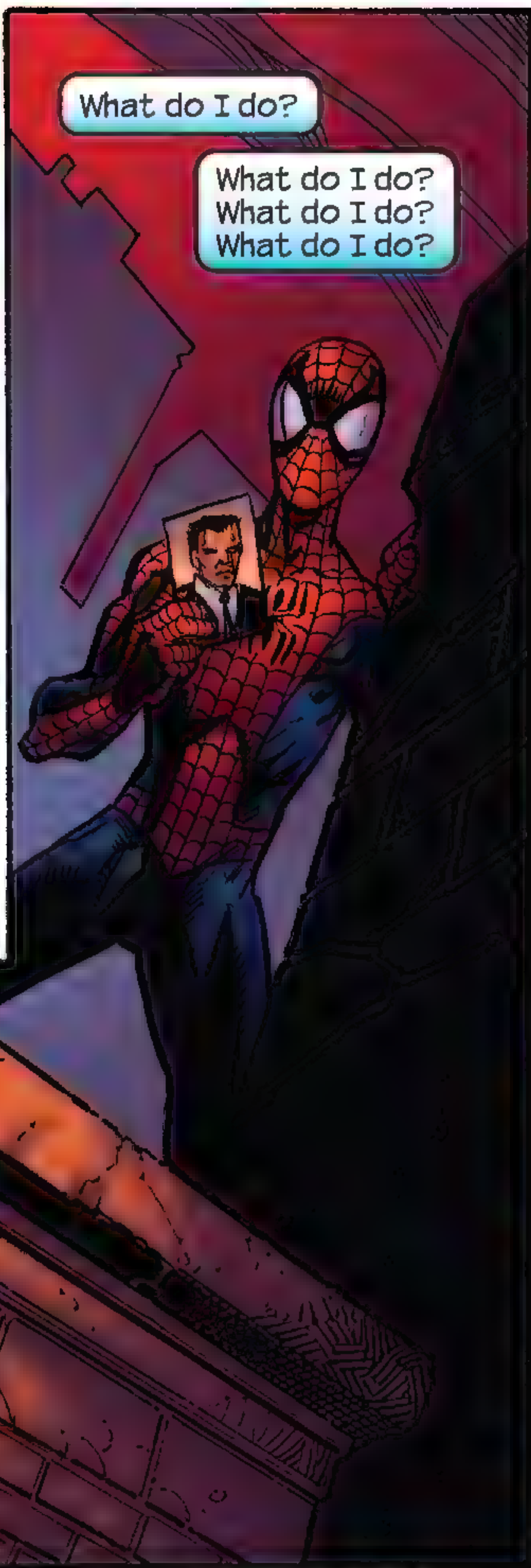
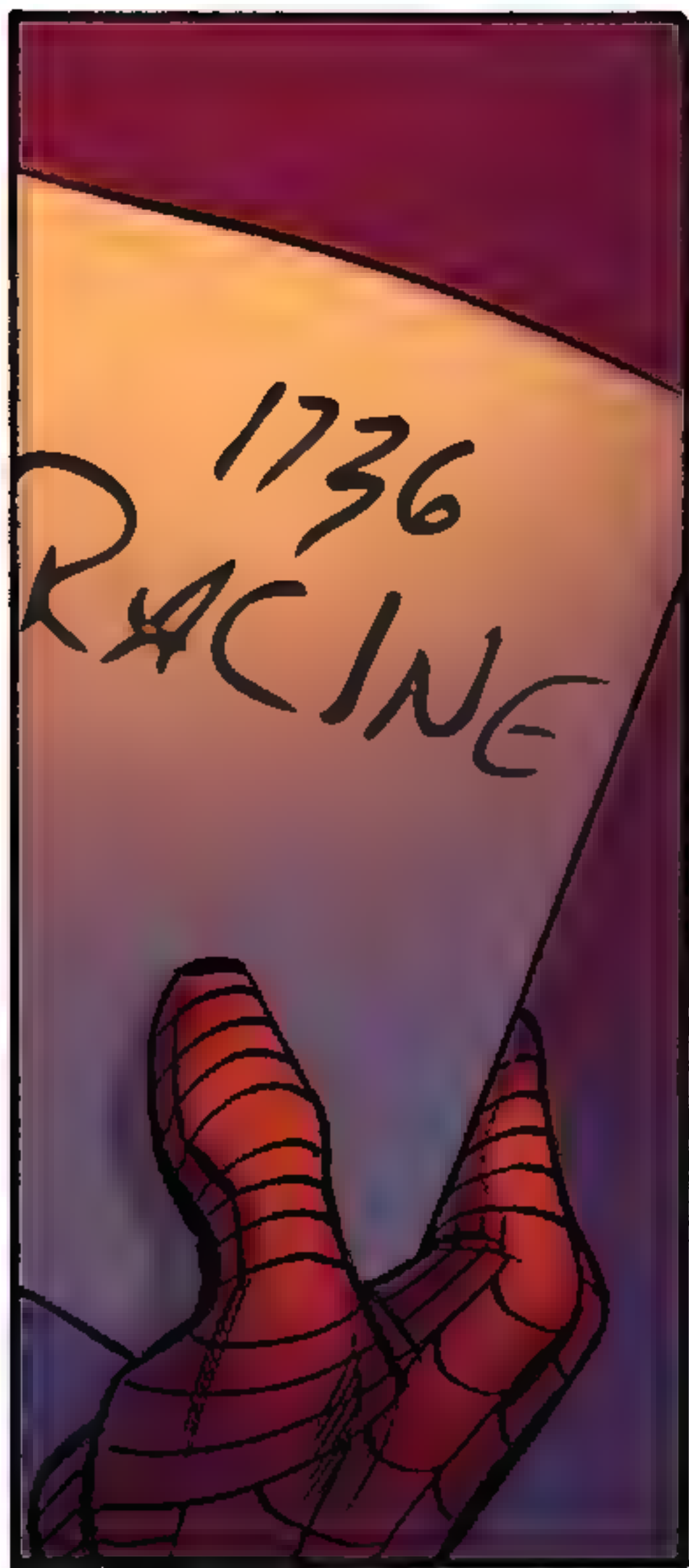
When you scummy Russian
mobsters decided to pay off
to Hammerhead instead of
Kingpin...where'd you do it?

I--

Tell us where Hammerhead
is and I won't punch through
your chest with my scary
iron fist.

Eet's a
loft. A
loft!!

1736
Racine.



What do I do?

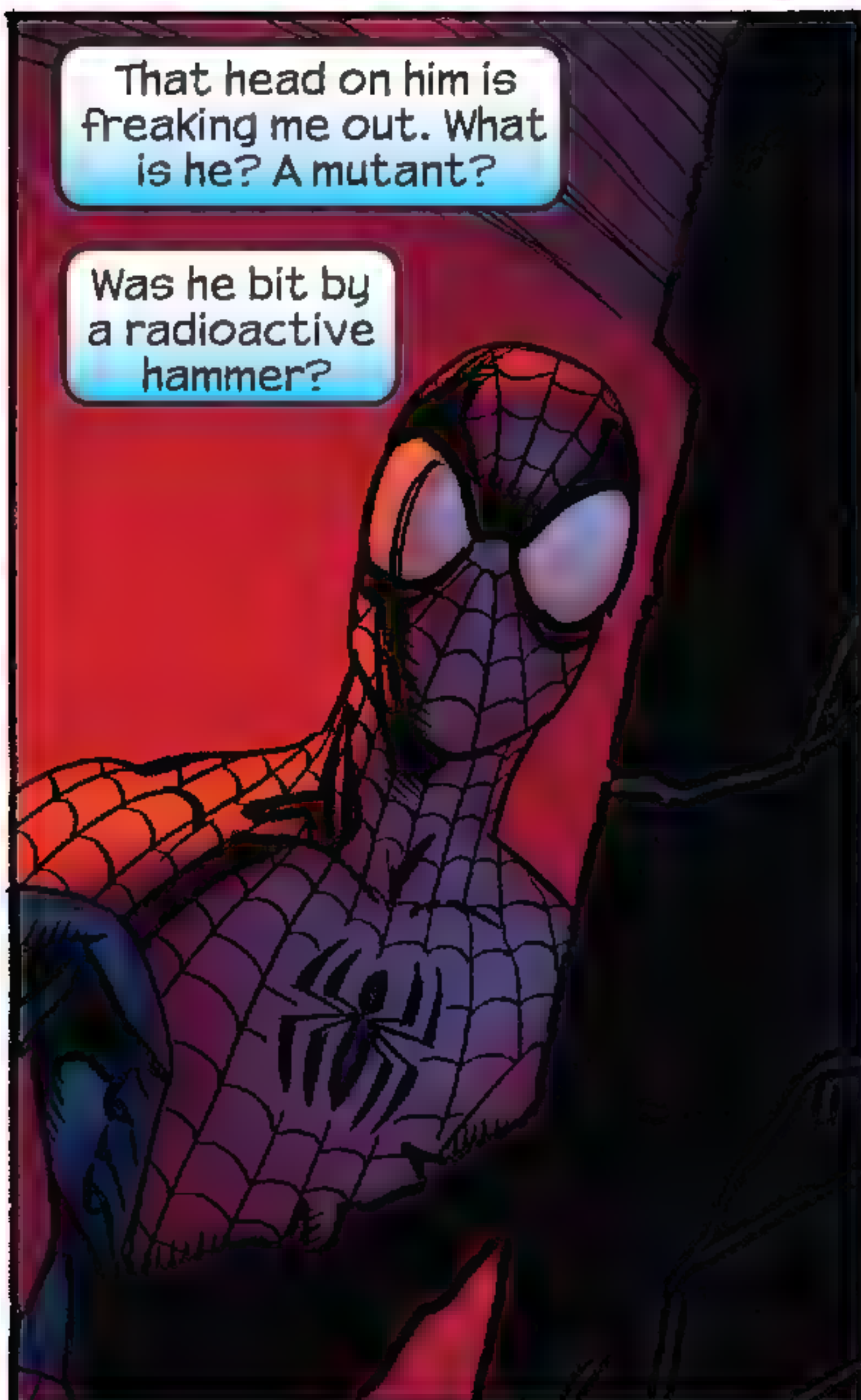
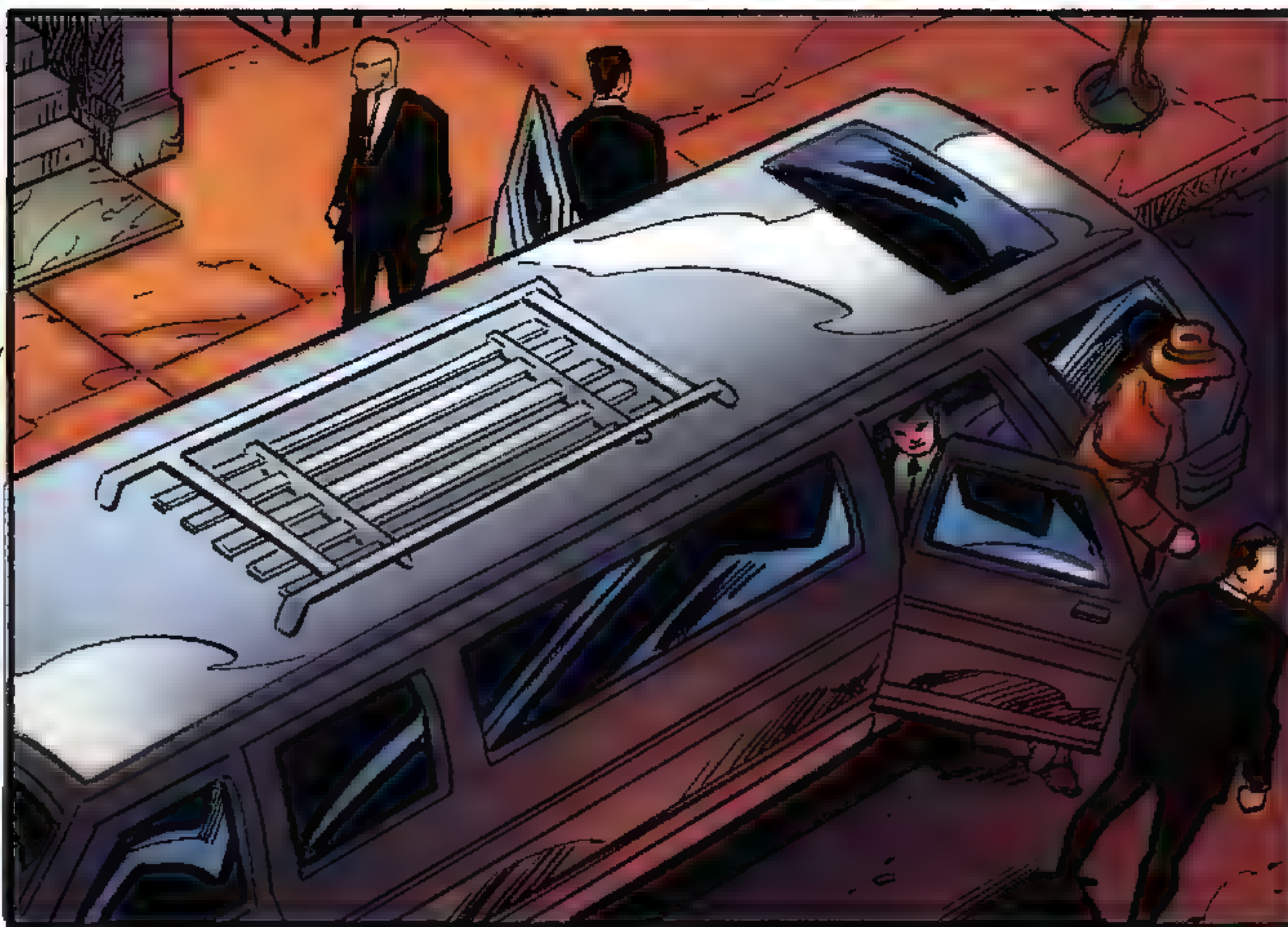
What do I do?
What do I do?
What do I do?



I got the Kingpin pulling my strings on this.

He gives me Hammerhead's address.

He sends me here to clock him one. This feels icky.

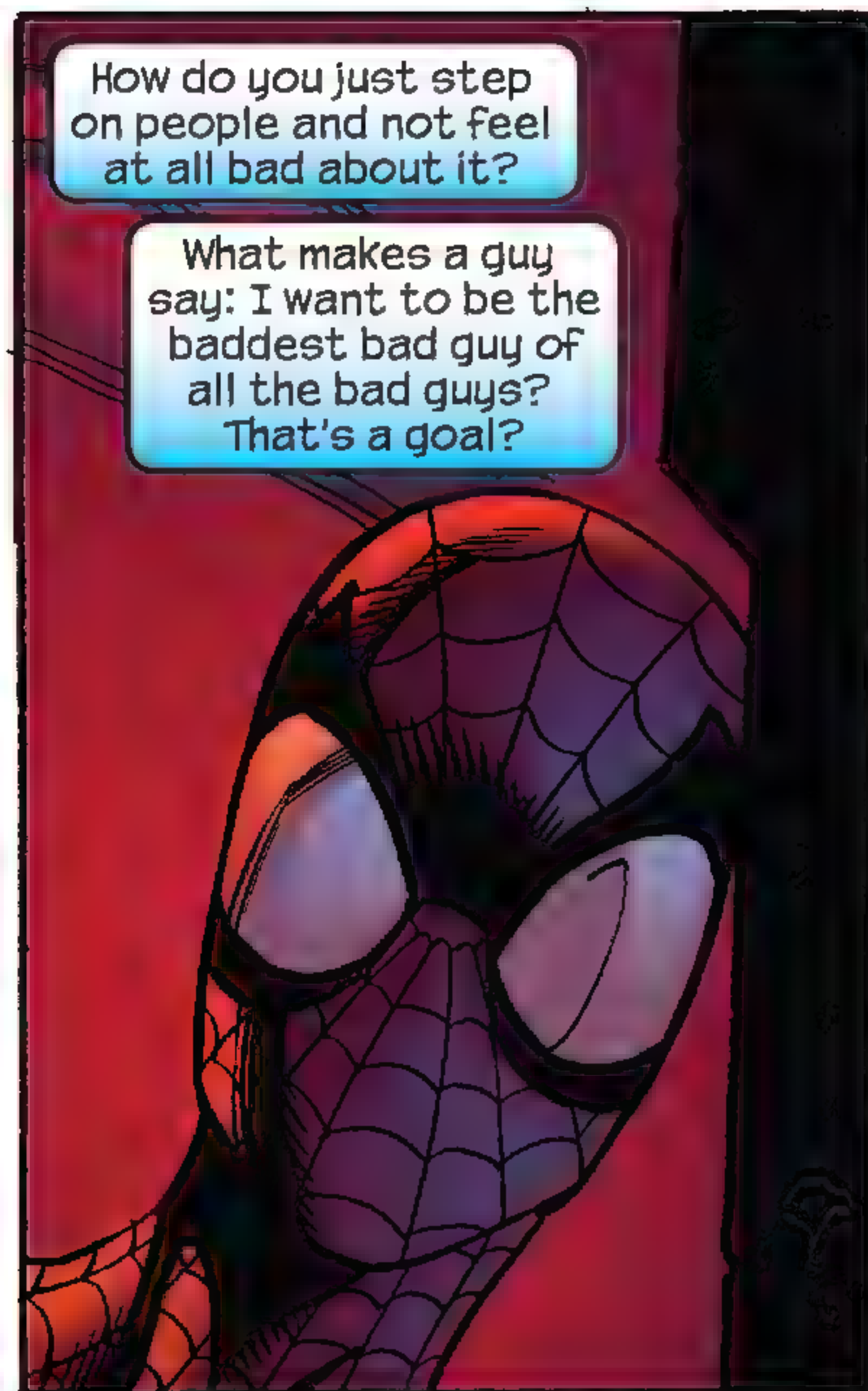


That head on him is freaking me out. What is he? A mutant?

Was he bit by a radioactive hammer?



How do you do that?



How do you just step on people and not feel at all bad about it?

What makes a guy say: I want to be the baddest bad guy of all the bad guys? That's a goal?



Man...

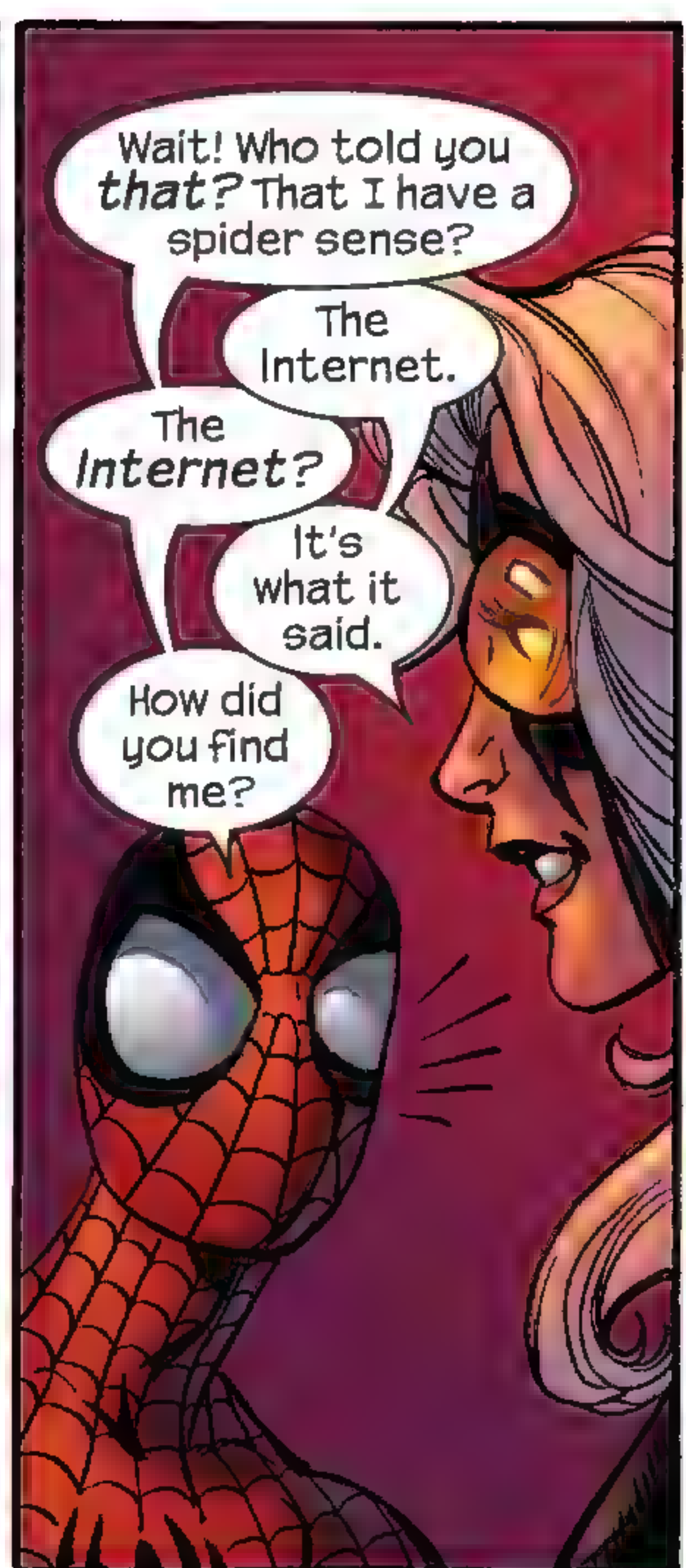
That is some weird, wild--
agh!



Jeez!
Black Cat!
Whoah there!
Jeez!



Go away, I'm doing something.
I snuck up on you.
You scared the--
I thought you had a spider sense.
Only when I'm in danger.



Wait! Who told you *that*? That I have a spider sense?
The Internet.
The Internet?
It's what it said.
How did you find me?



I was over *there*. And I see *you* standing right *here* in a red and blue costume.
Why are *you* here?
I *told* you... I'm trailing Hammerhead.
Oy.



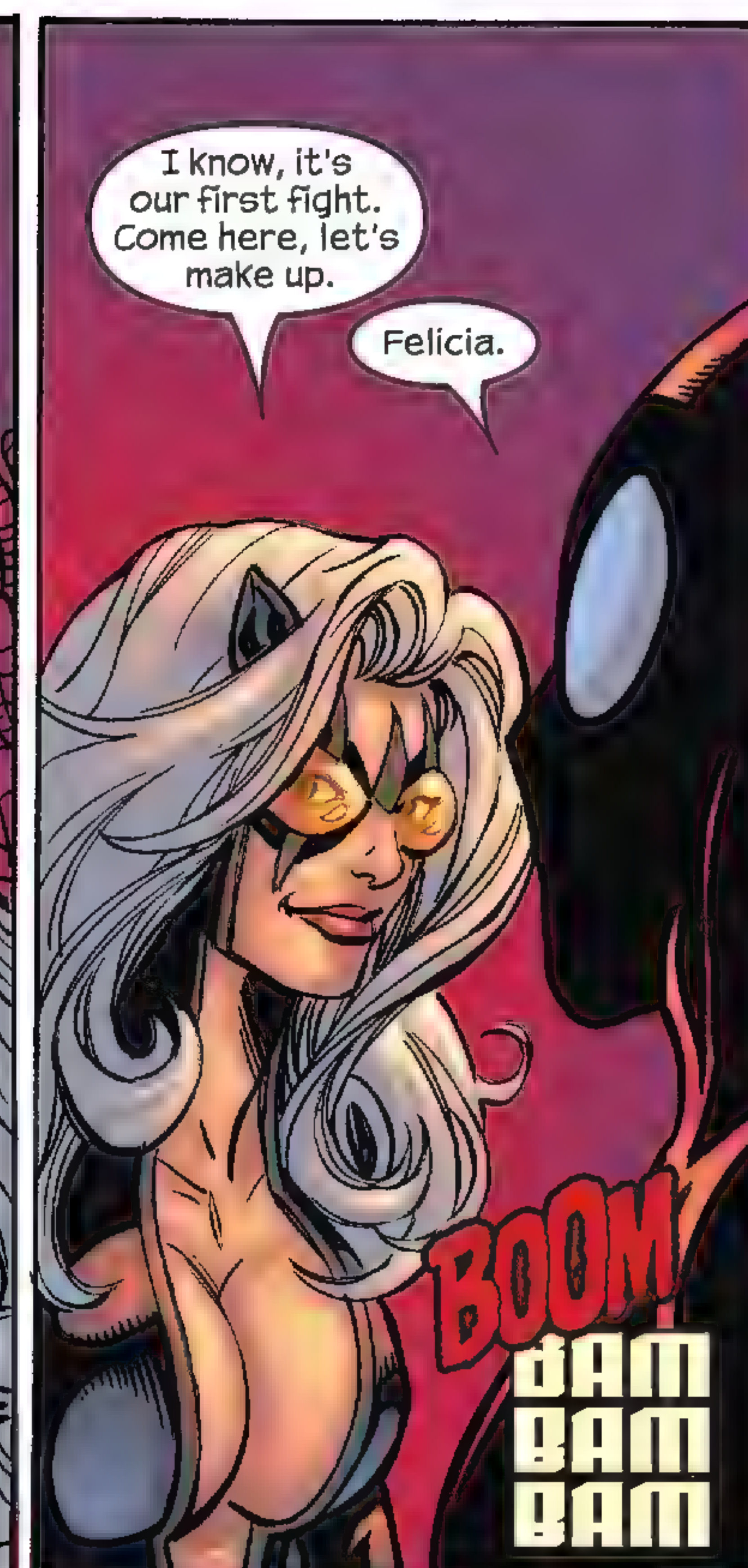
Told you we'd see each other again.
Working? You're sneaking around deciding what to do.
Stop it, I'm working.
And you're-stop it, that tickles.
Rrrr. I swear as soon as this is over...
Just--



Listen, sweetie, I've given it a lot of thought and I want you to do me and yourself a favor and--
And don't get into this one. Go away.
Okay?



What?





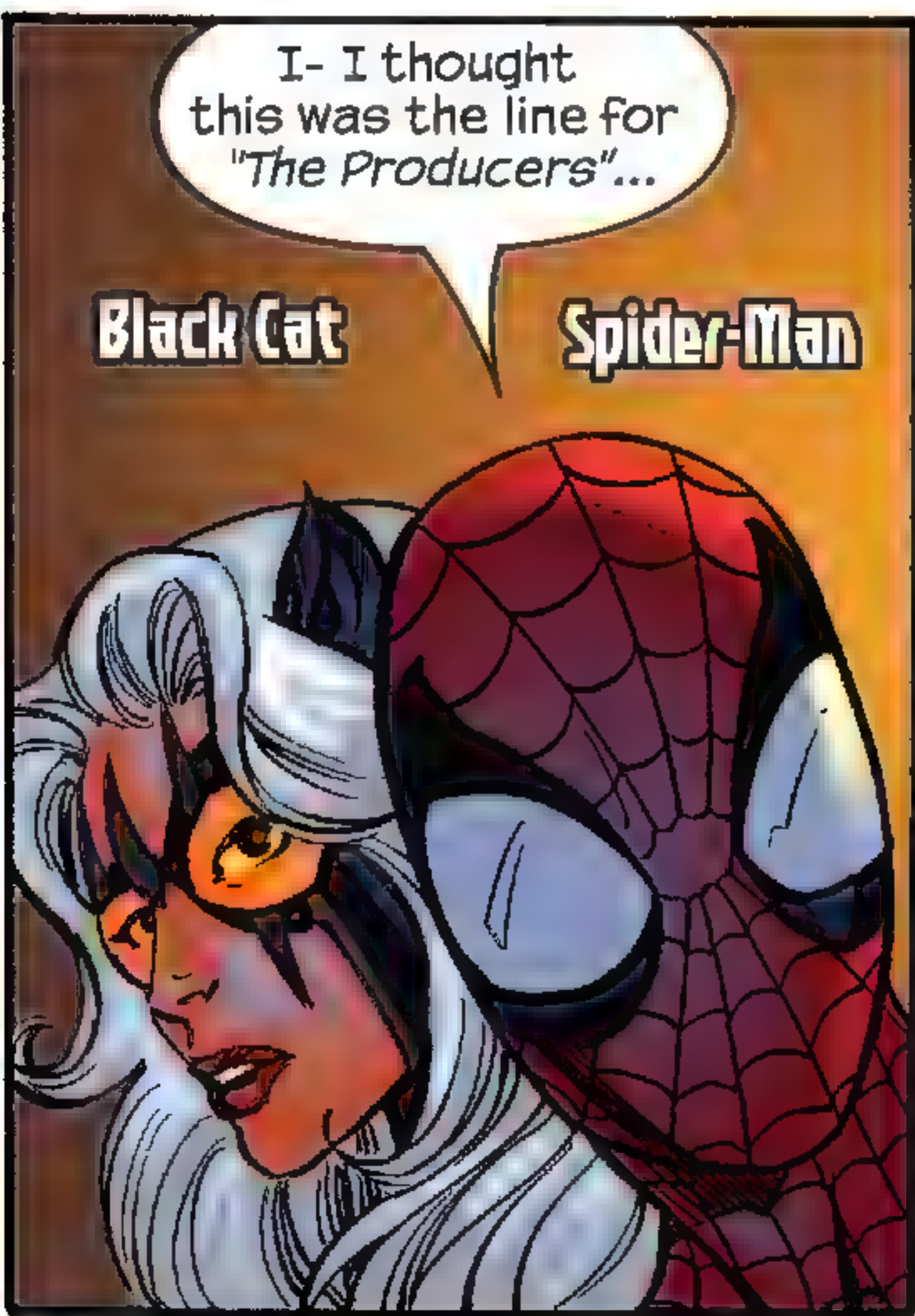




Okay, okay, now...

You crazies all here as a group or are you all here with individual concerns?

Hammerhead



I- I thought this was the line for "The Producers"...

Black Cat

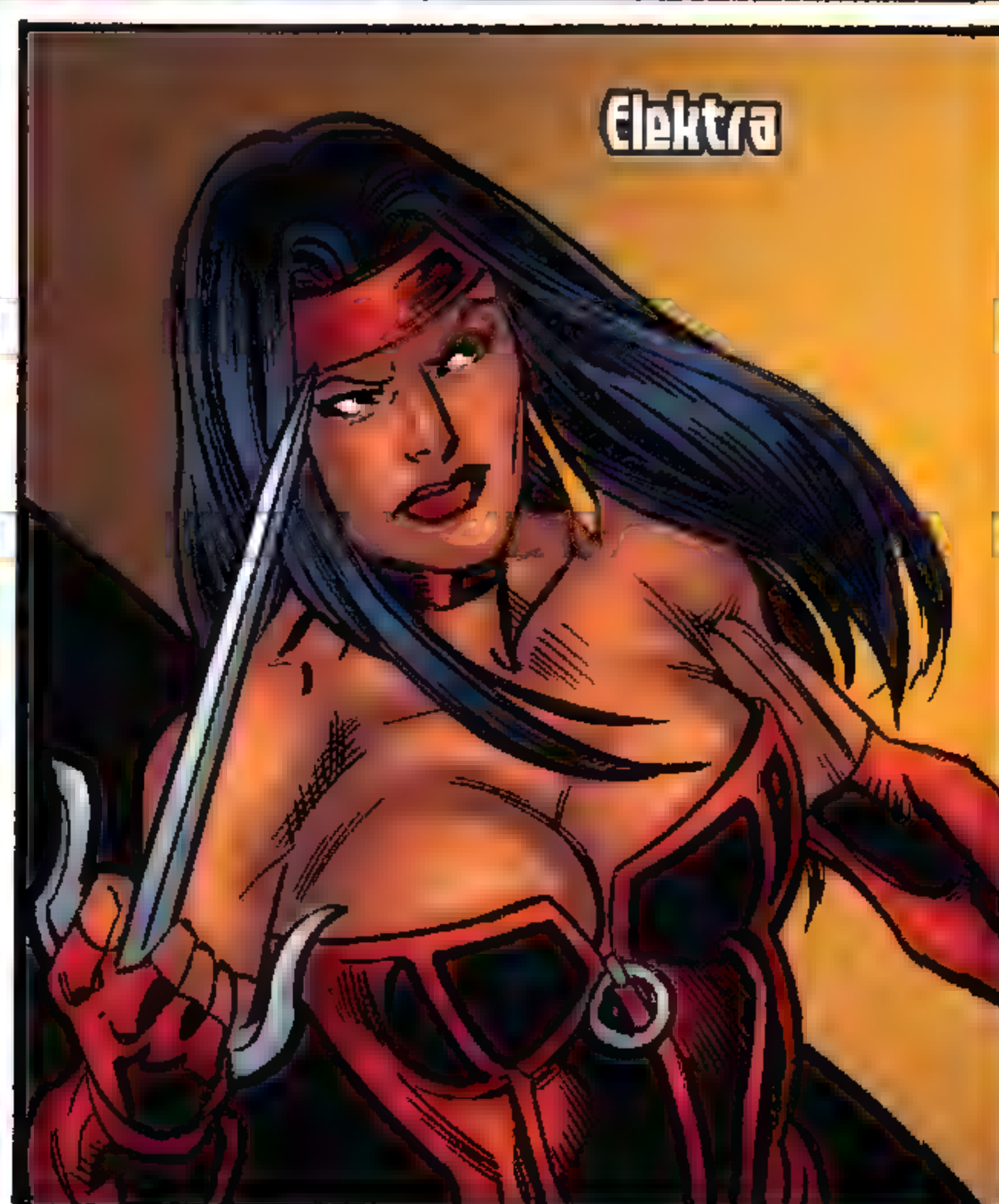
Spider-Man



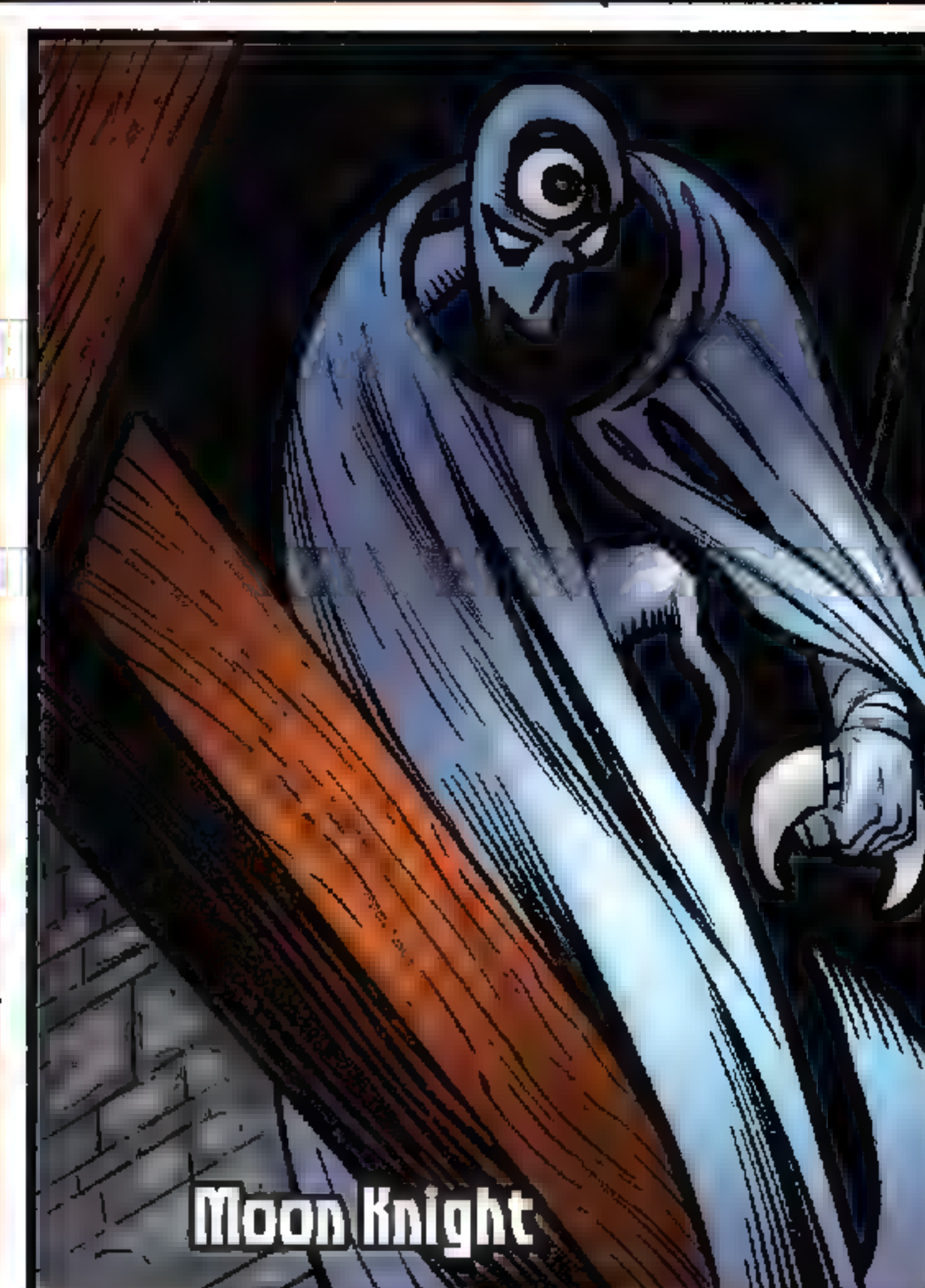
Put those guns down, last warning.

Iron Fist

Shang-Chi



Elektra



Moon Knight



Elektra, right?

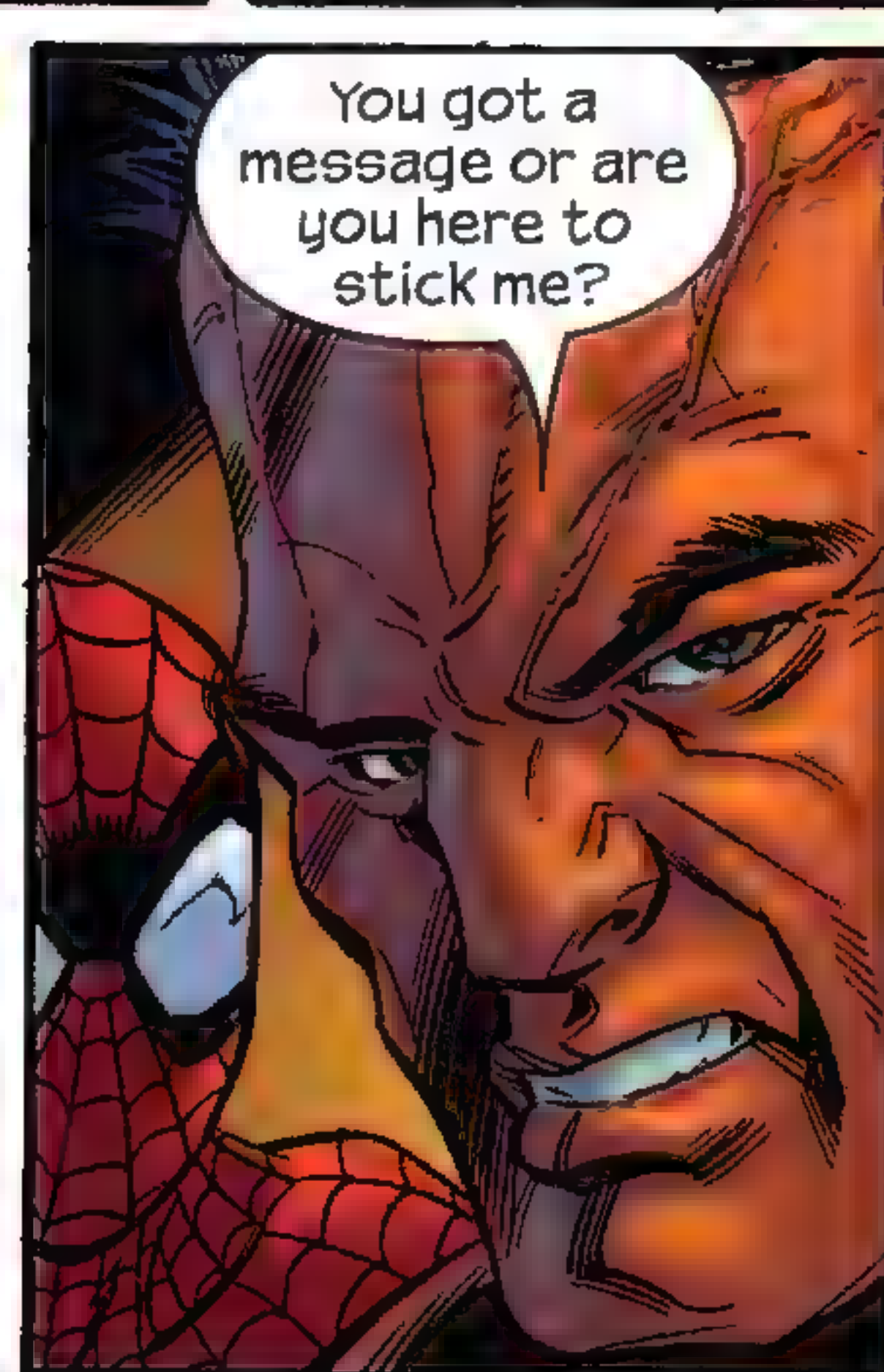
You here on the Kingpin's dime?

Montana

Fancy Dan



Yes, I am.



You got a message or are you here to stick me?



Both.



Any of these other costumes here with you?

No.

How much the Kingpin plunk down a year for you?



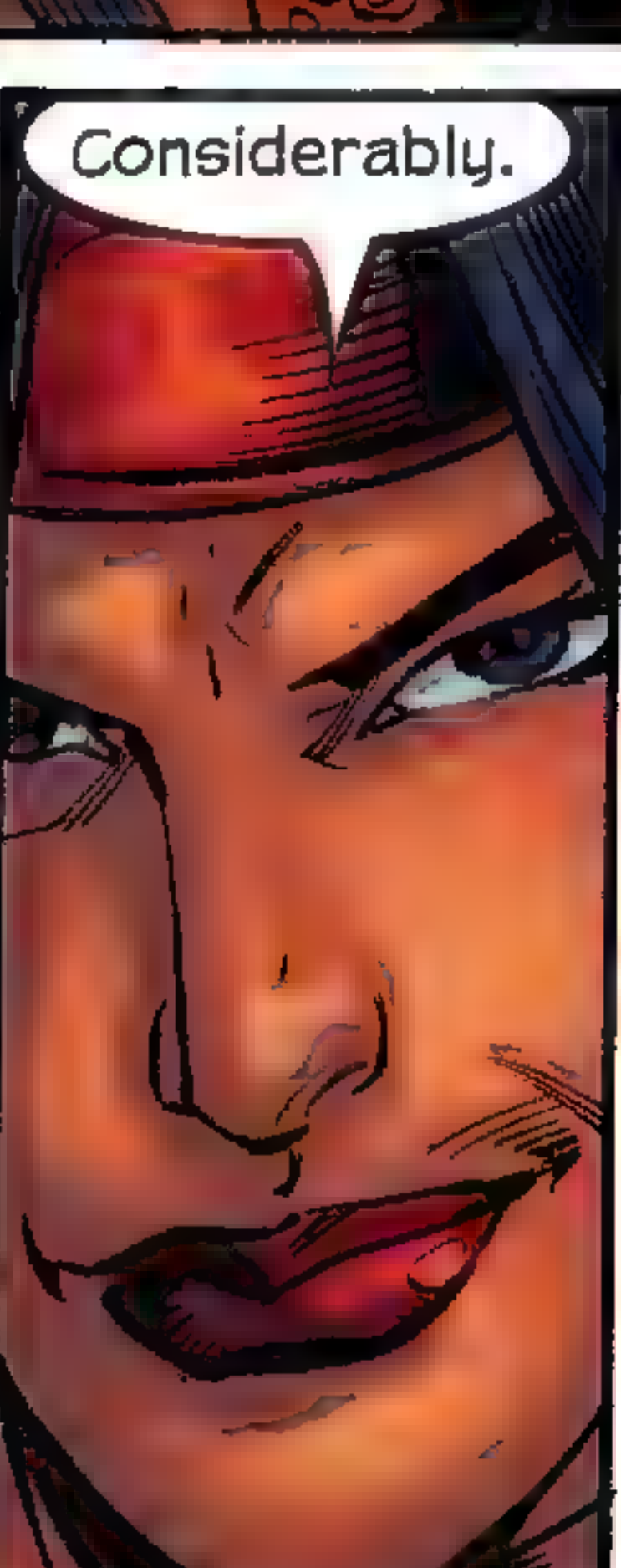
More than you have.



How much?



Is it over 200 large?



Considerably.



I'll double it, right now, cash. You join with me.

Plus twenty a head for any of the heads you bring me today.

I need to turn the tides on this, before it starts.

(No offense, Enforcer guys...)

None taken.

Right now, ninja toots, in or out.



Hey! I screw you over here...
I'm sure you can find a way to stab me somewhere I don't want to be stabbed.
The clock is tickin'...



Watch it with the "ninja toots" crap. I'm in.
Okay! Now!!
You other idiots want to rethink this intrusion into my personal life?



Hey, uh, Hammerhead, sir...
I'm the Black Cat, you heard of me?
(Oh, man...)



No.



I was actually here to try to get Spider-Man to step aside for you.
(You're embarrassing me...)



Why?



'Cause I want the Kingpin taken down worse than *you* do.
I think you're the real deal. I want to help.
You have any skills?
I'm here, aren't I?



She actually does.
And she's not lying. She hates Fisk.
Yeah, okay...
This is your audition.



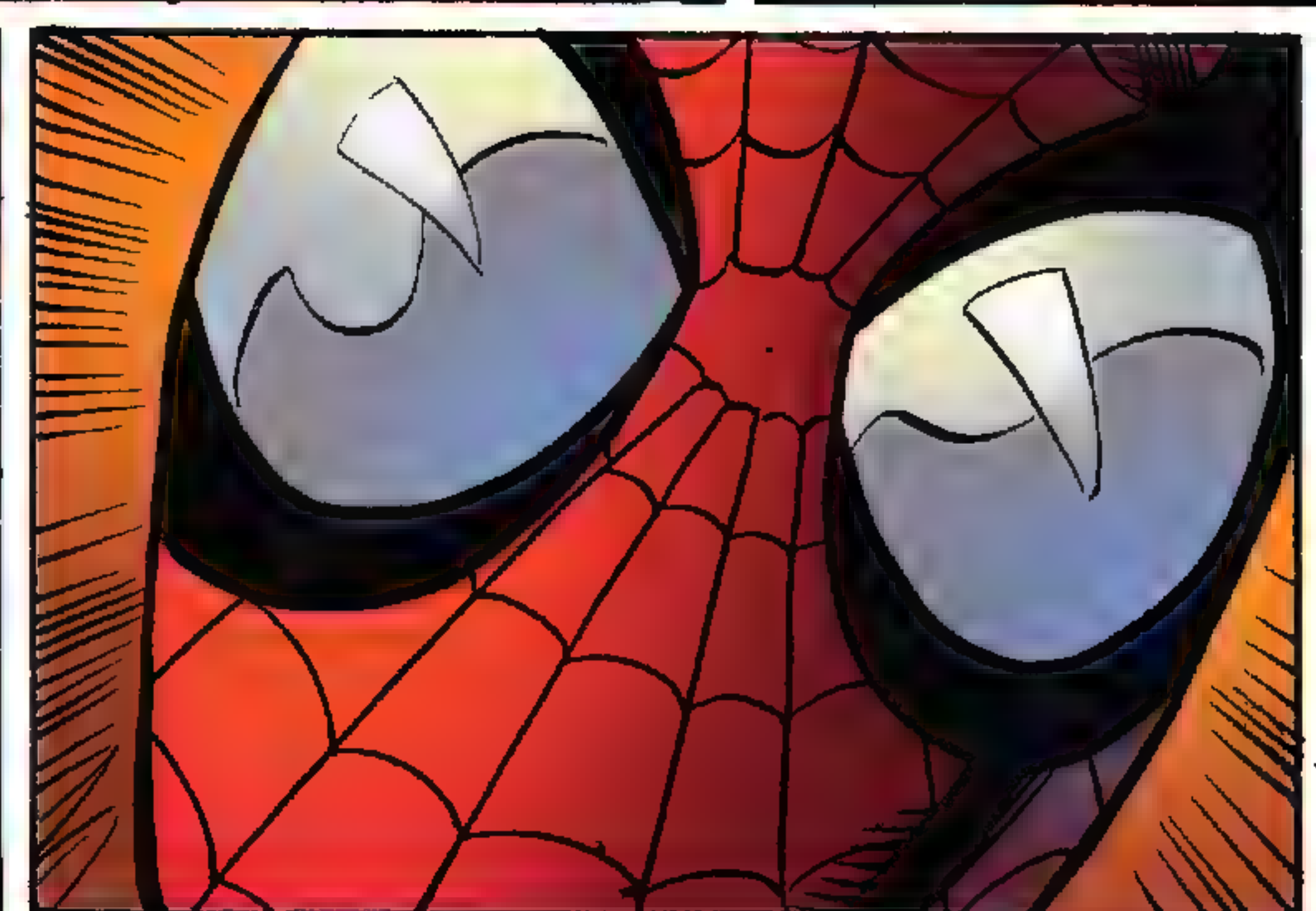
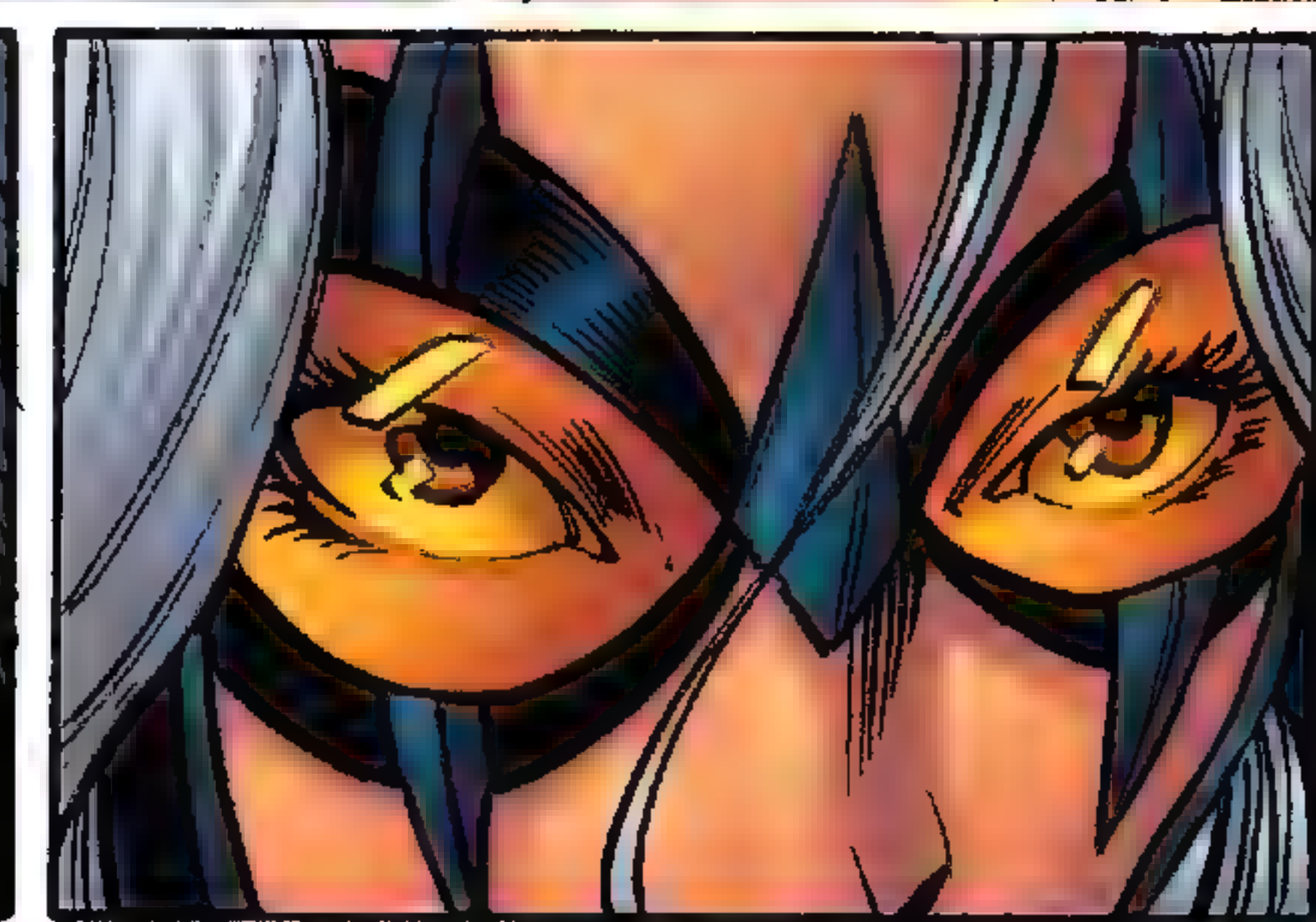
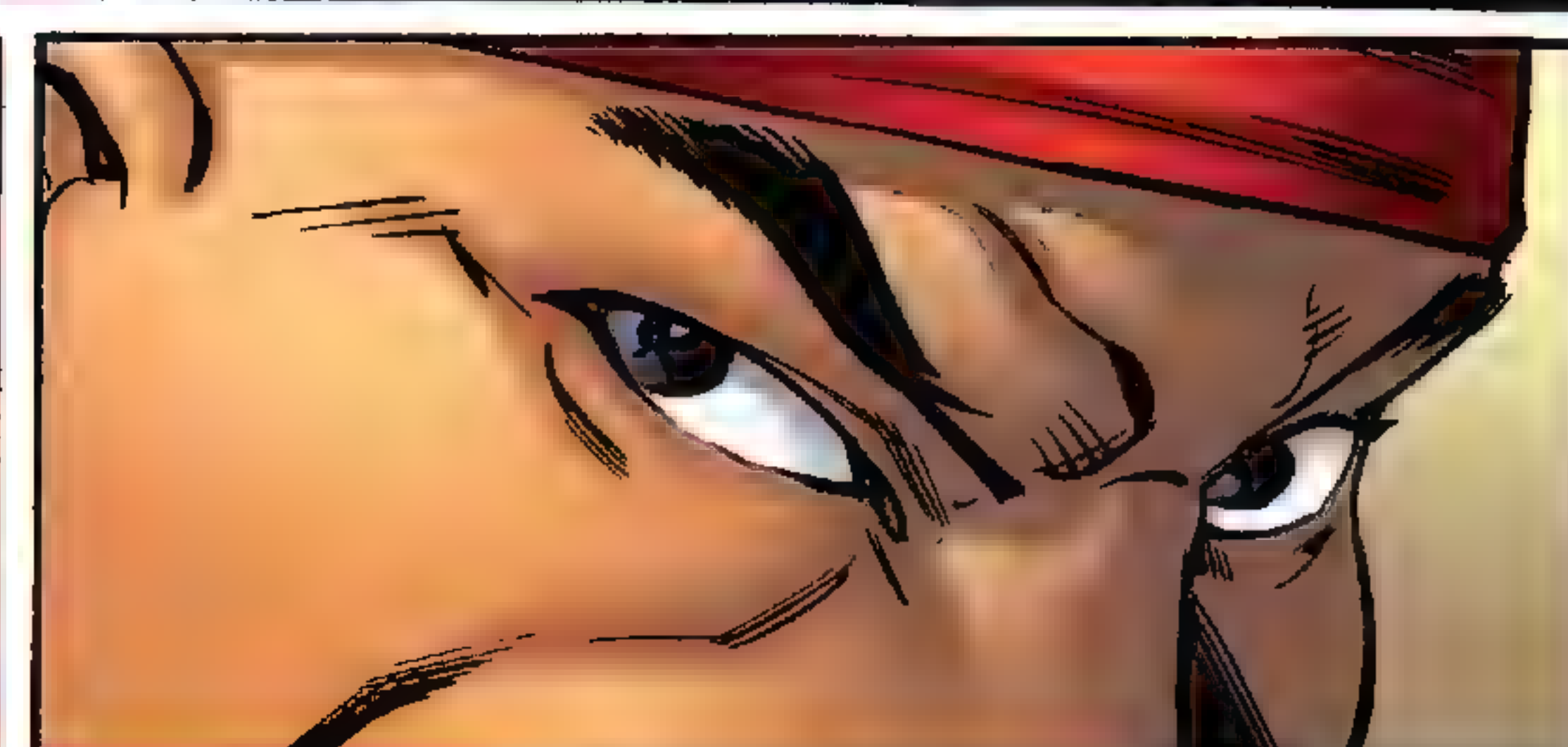
Sorry, sweetie.
Just business.
Are you seri--?
Jeez...



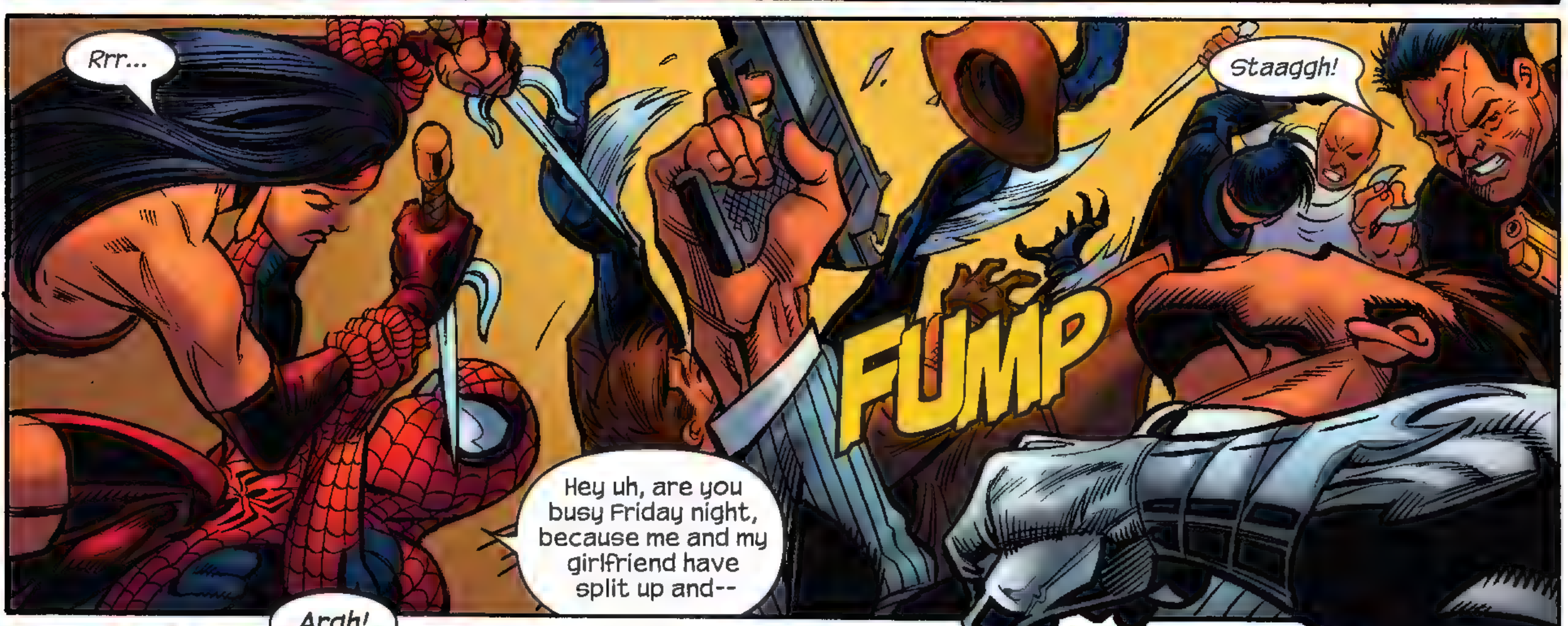
See what I just did there? Turned the whole room around just like *that*!!
So I ask again, any of you other idiots feel like running screaming from the room?
This is how I do things.
Because now would be the time.

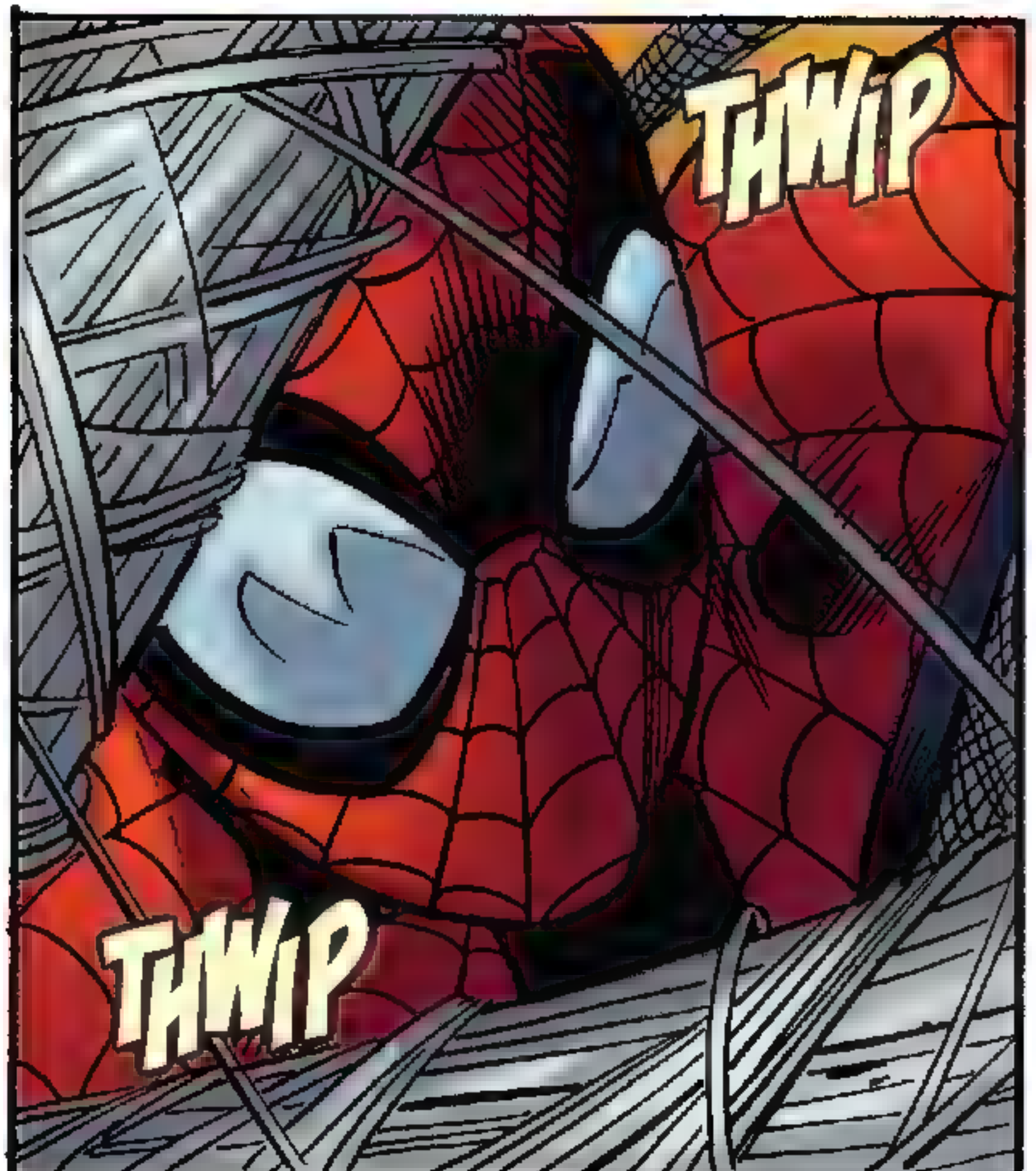
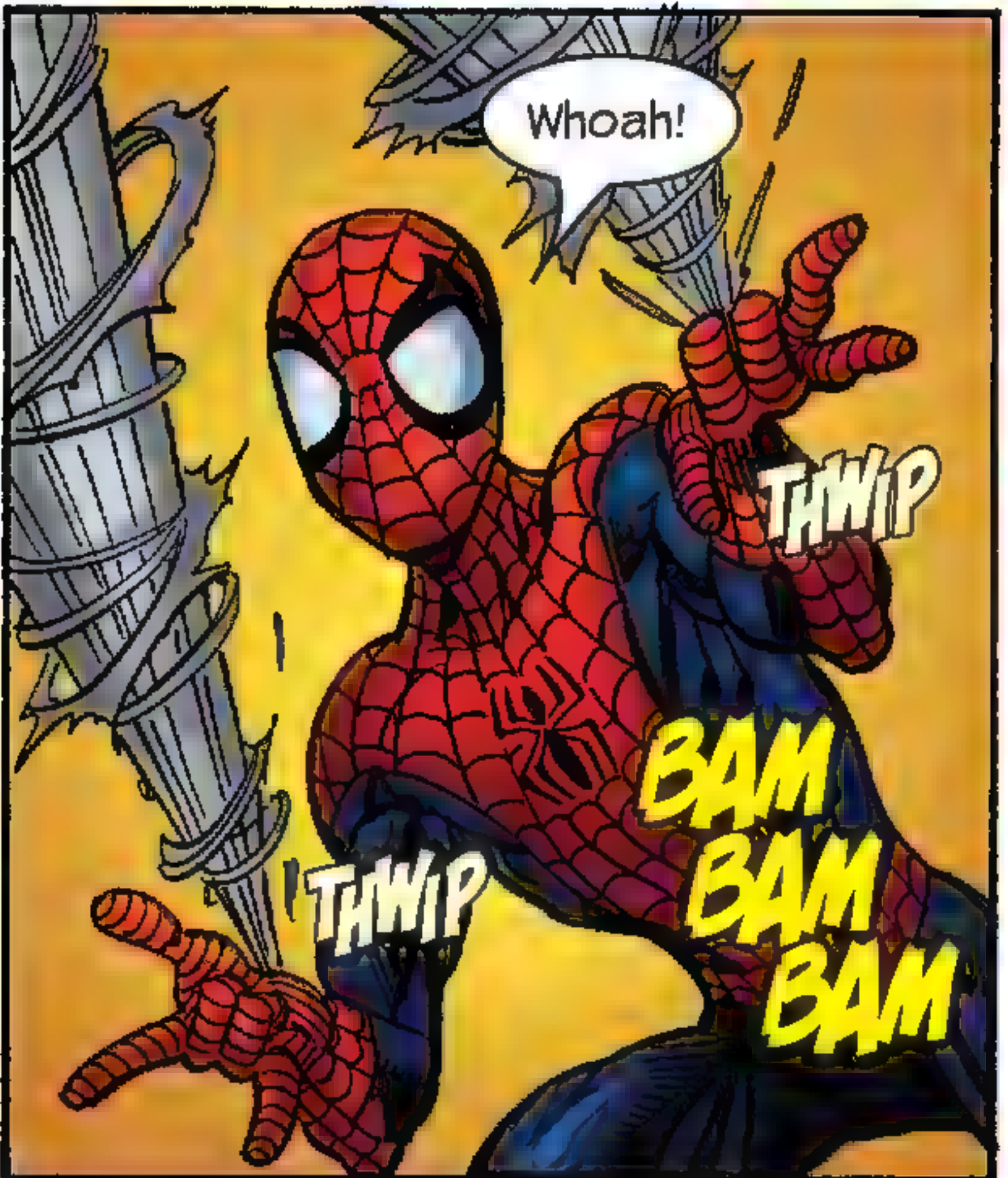


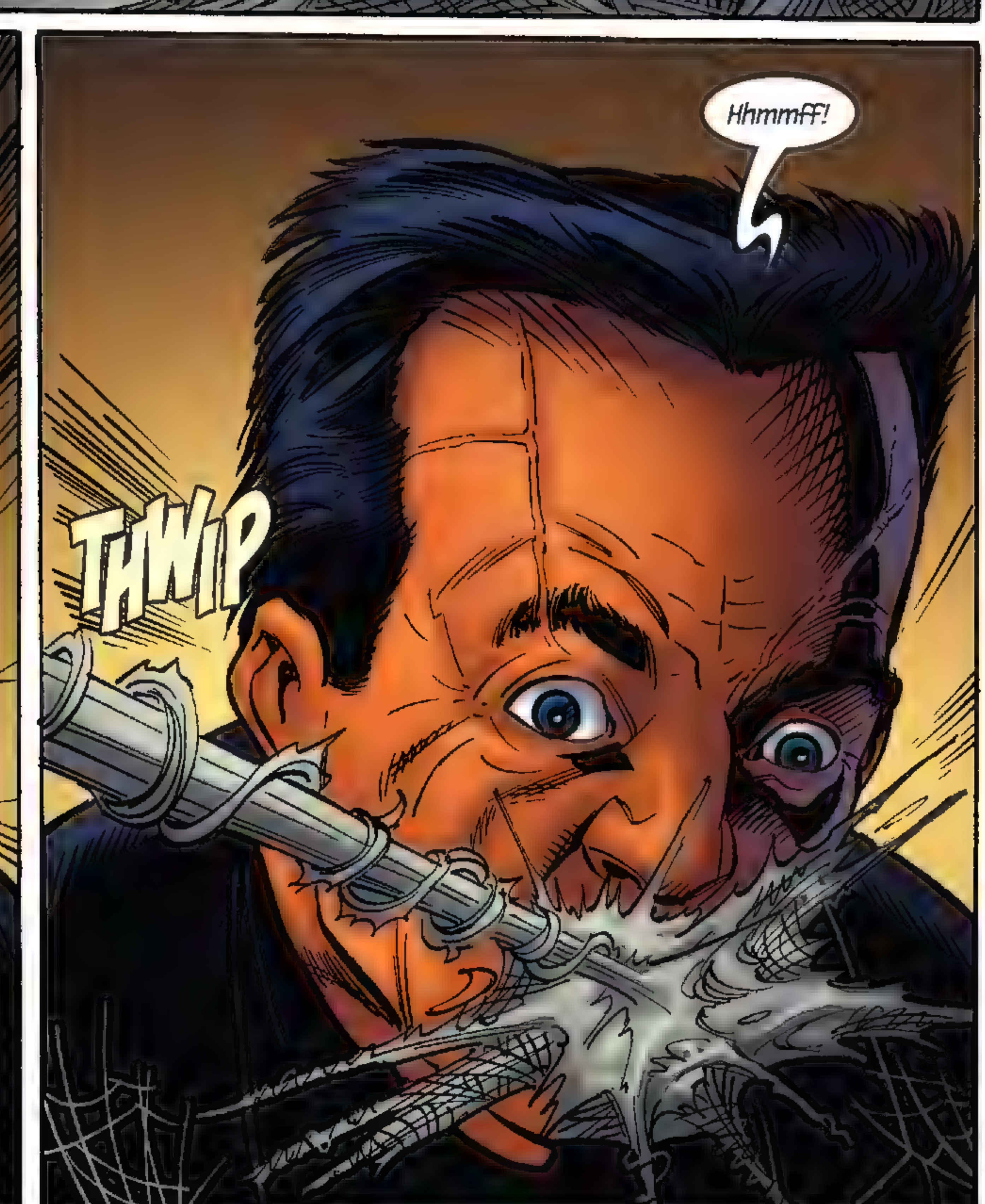
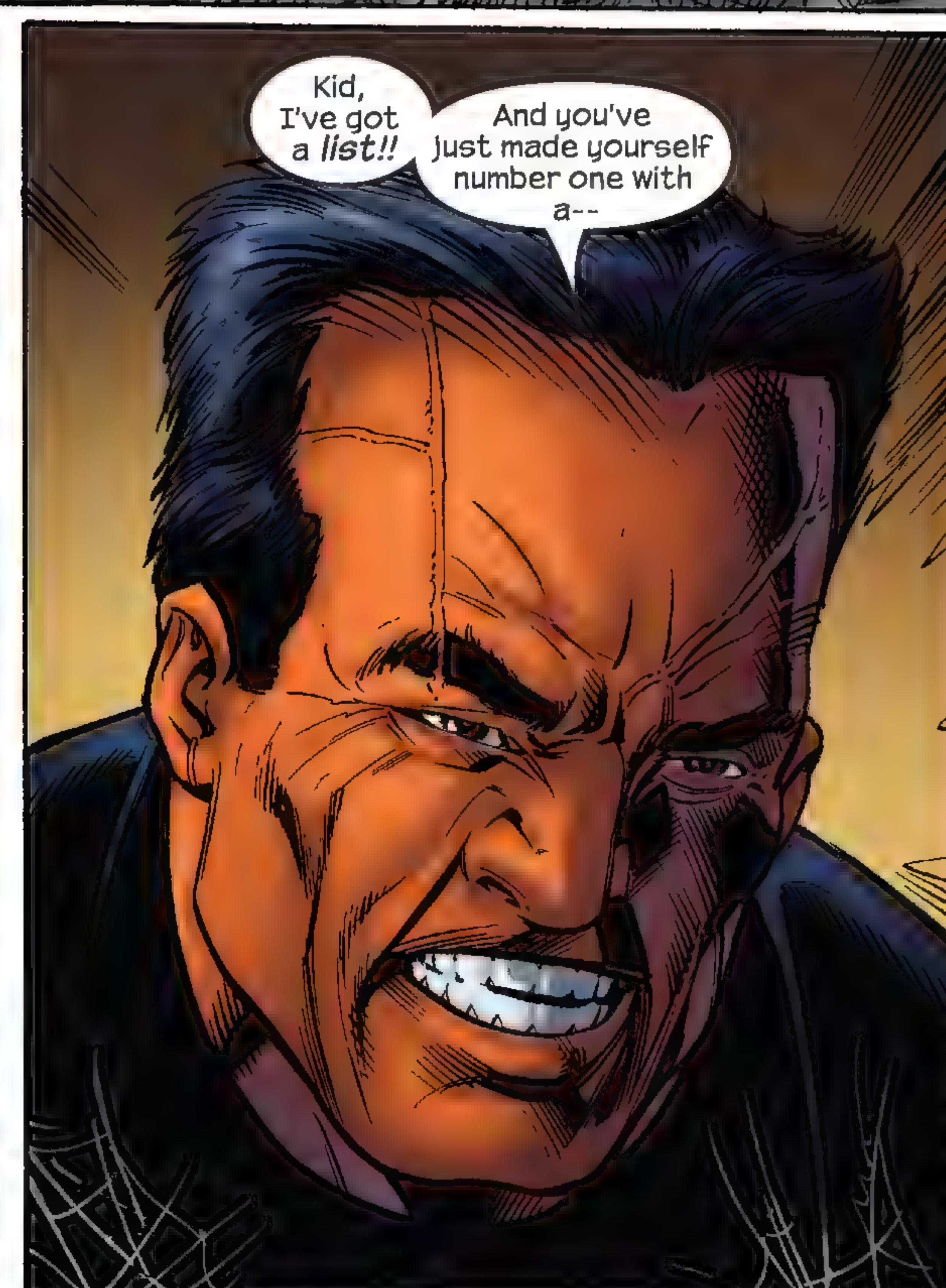
I have to get some new friends...



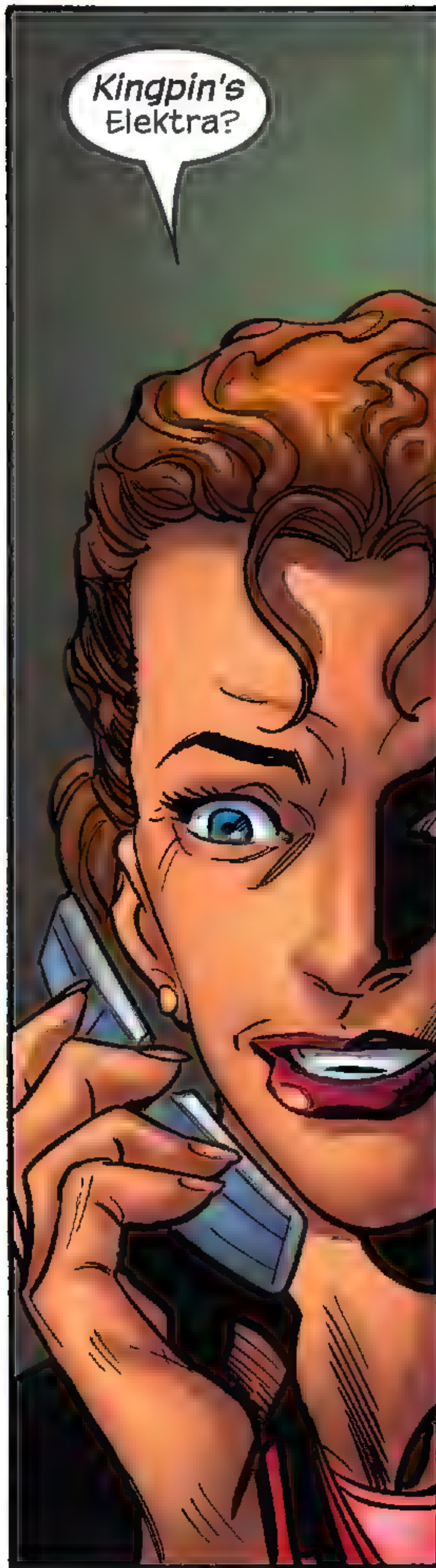
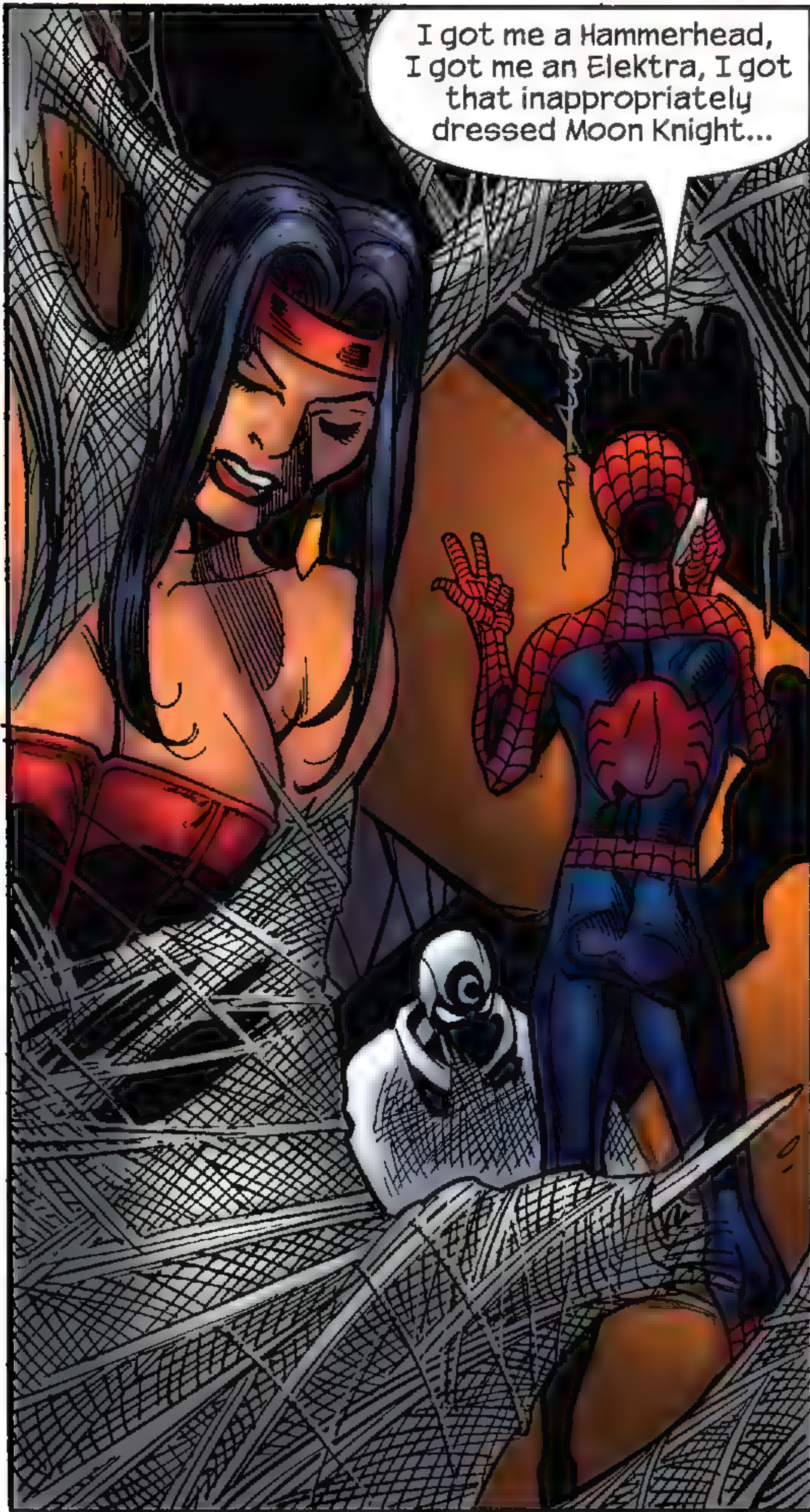
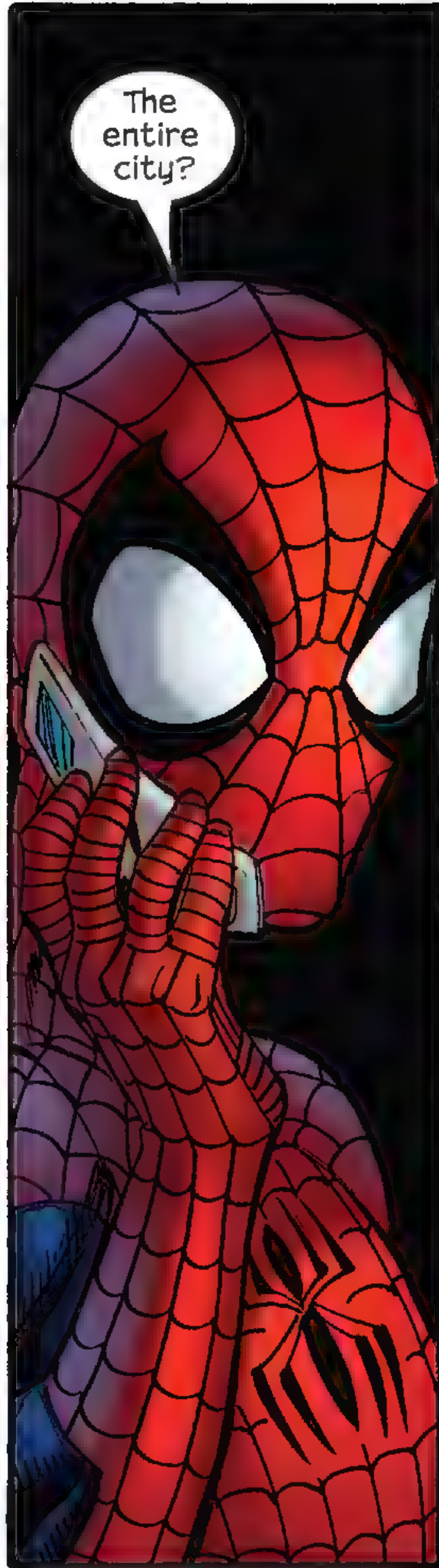


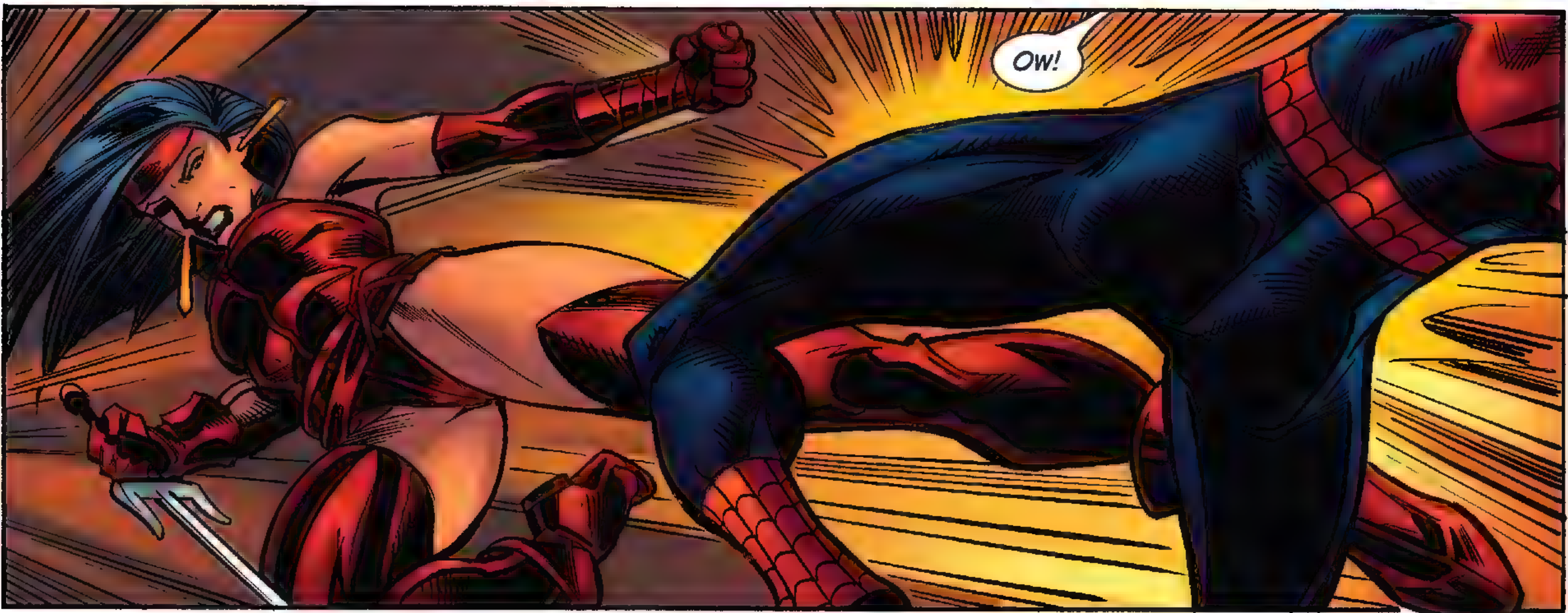
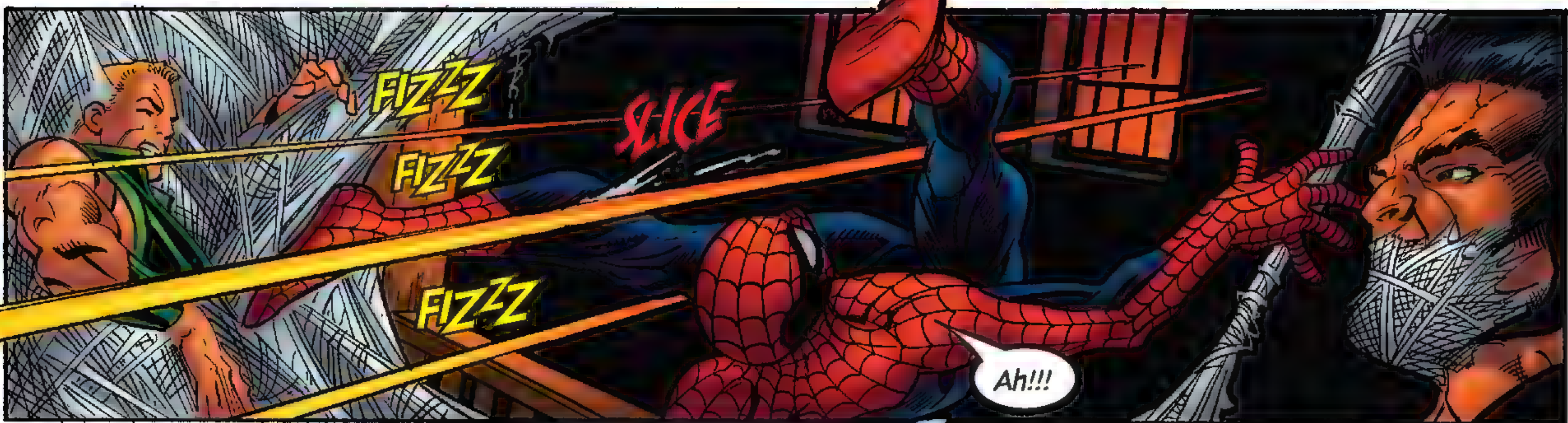
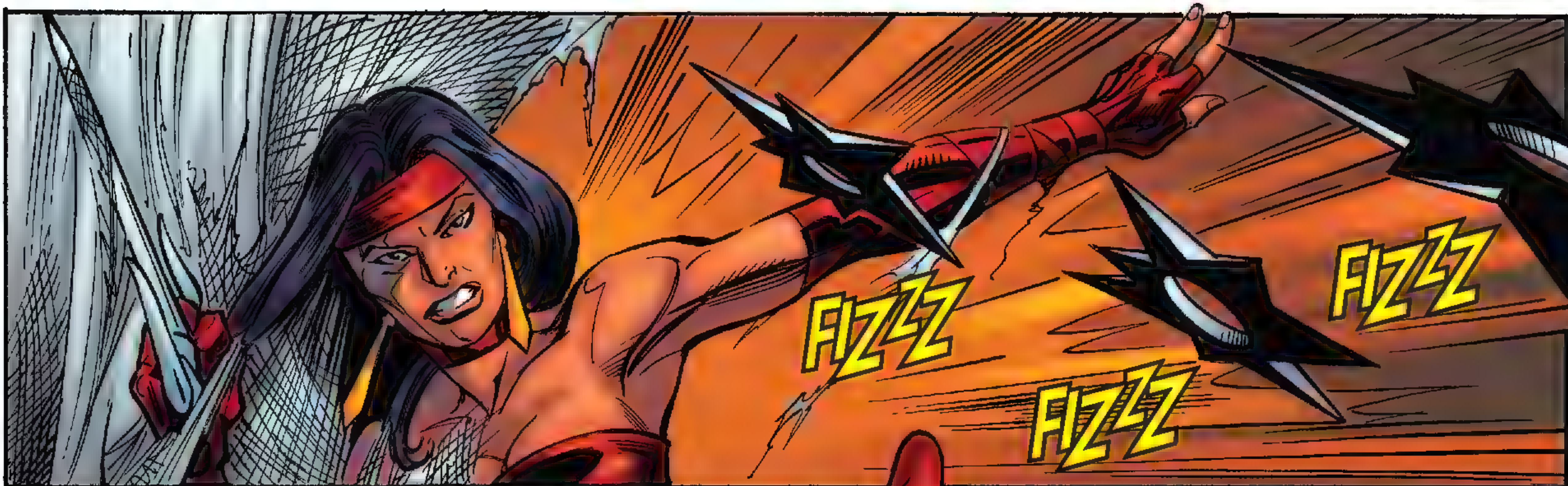


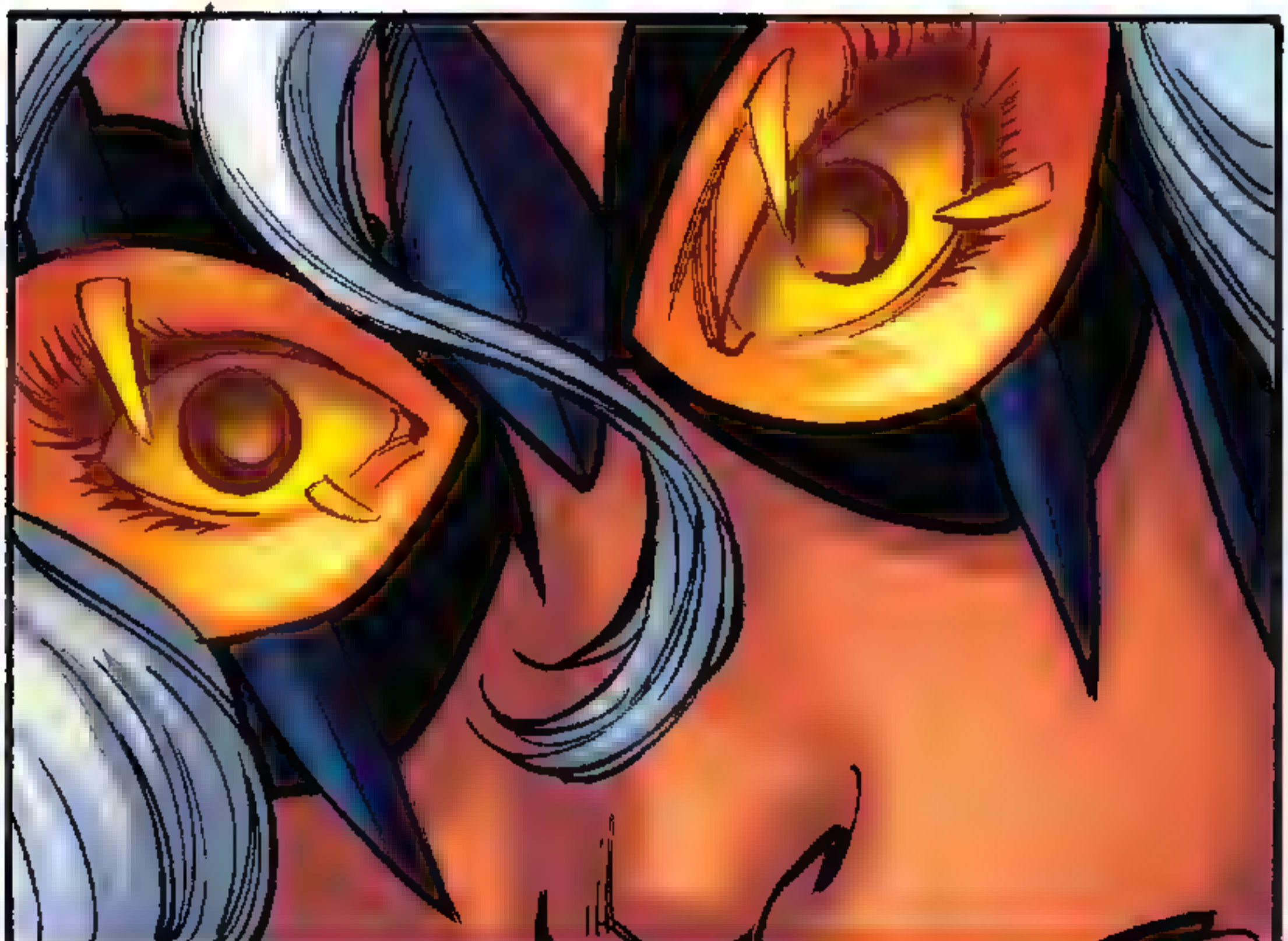
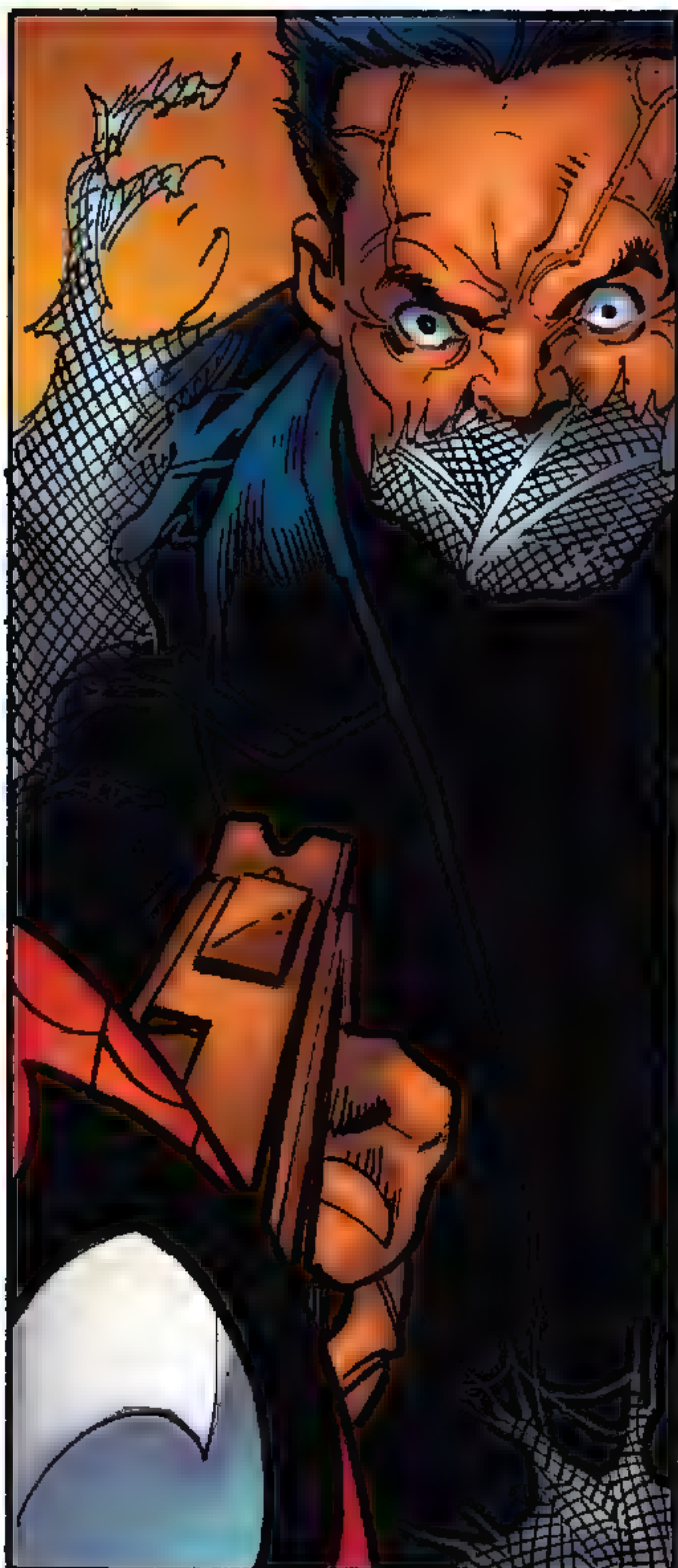
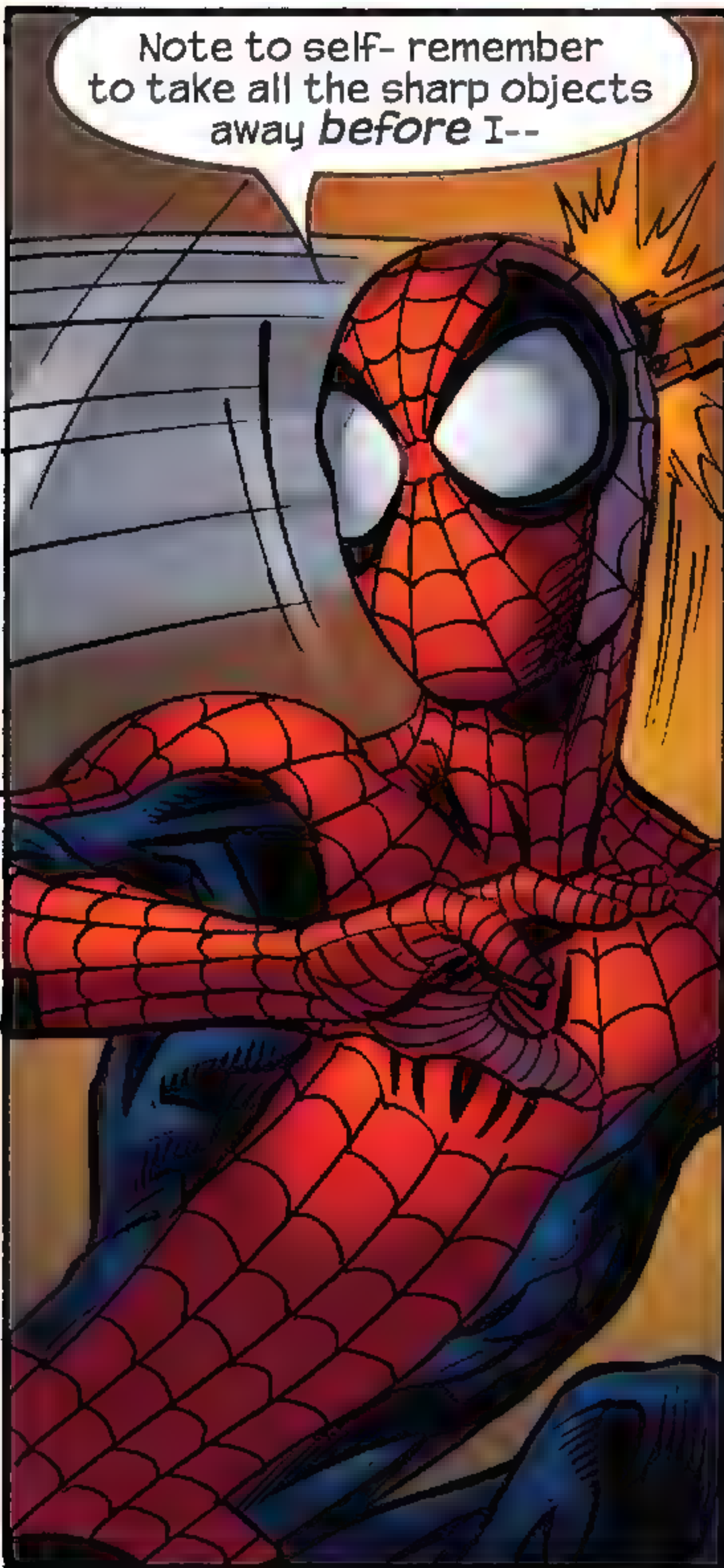
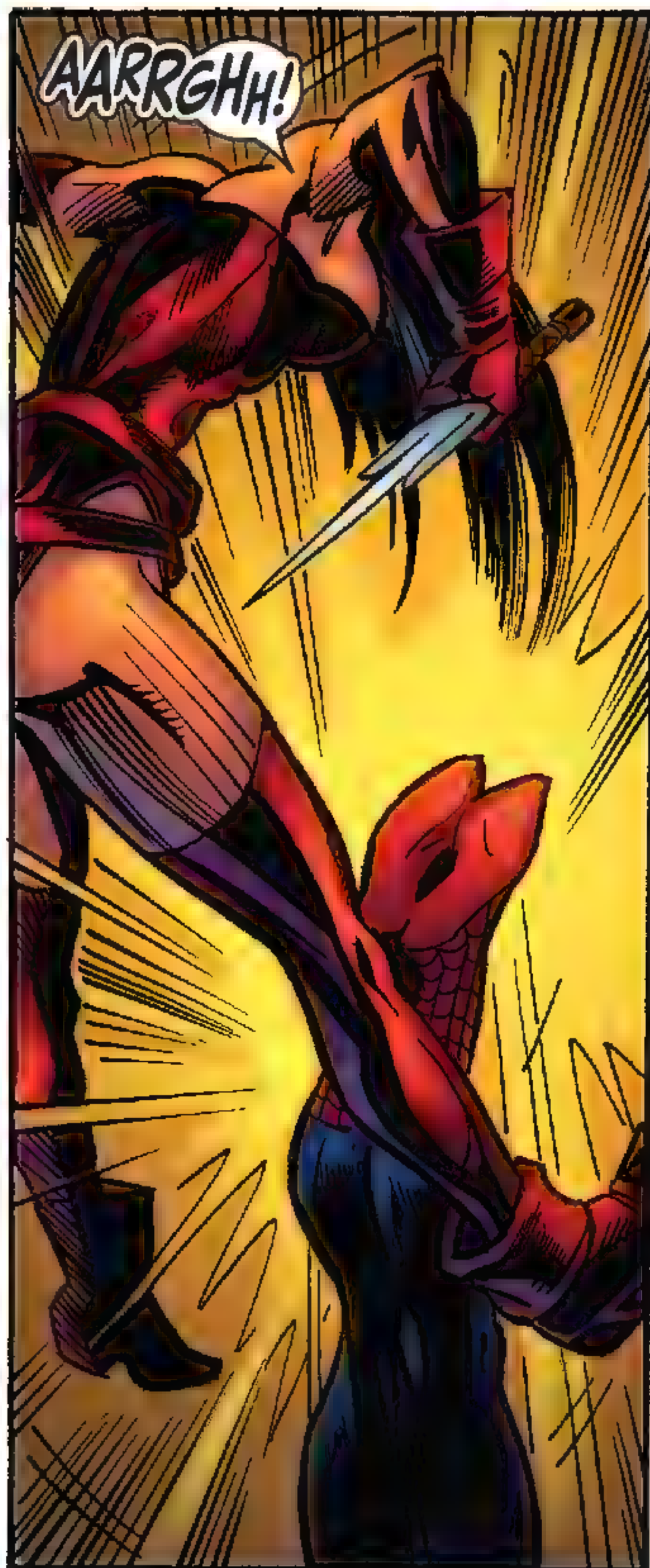


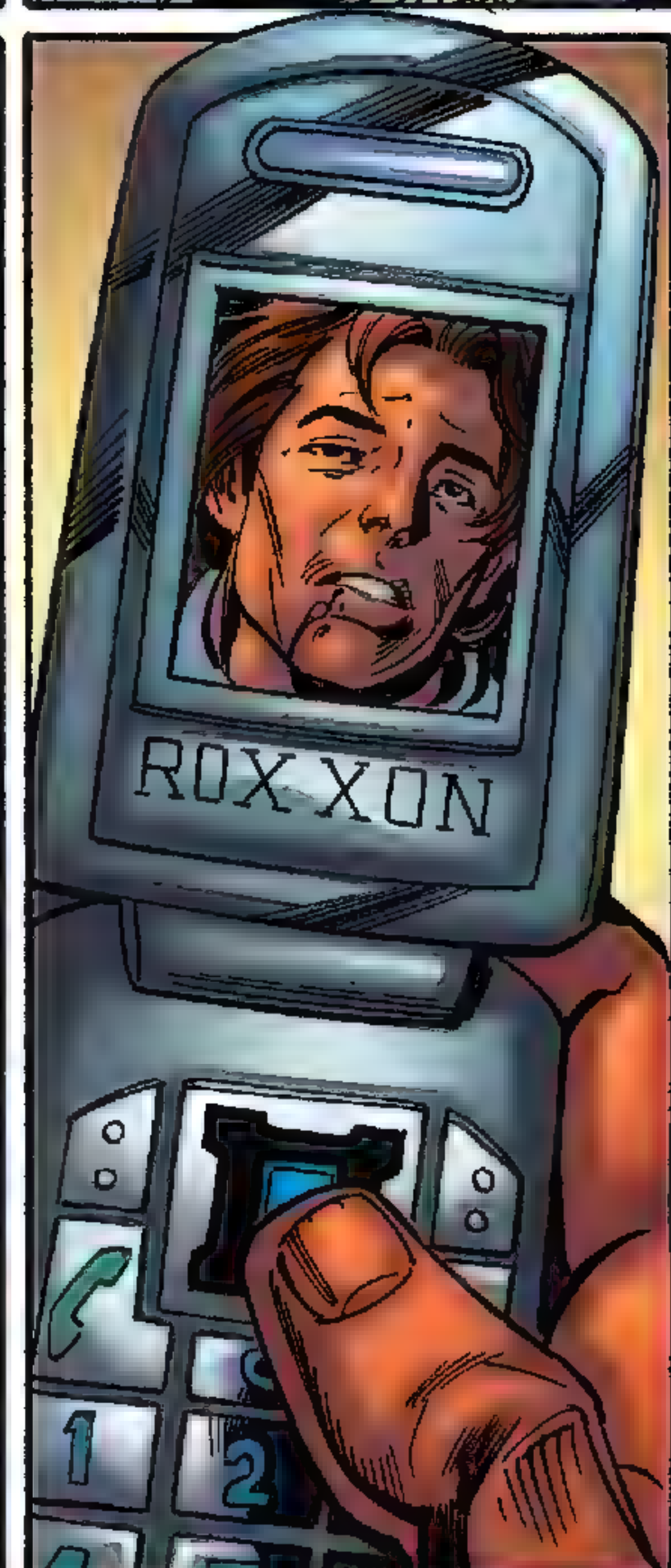


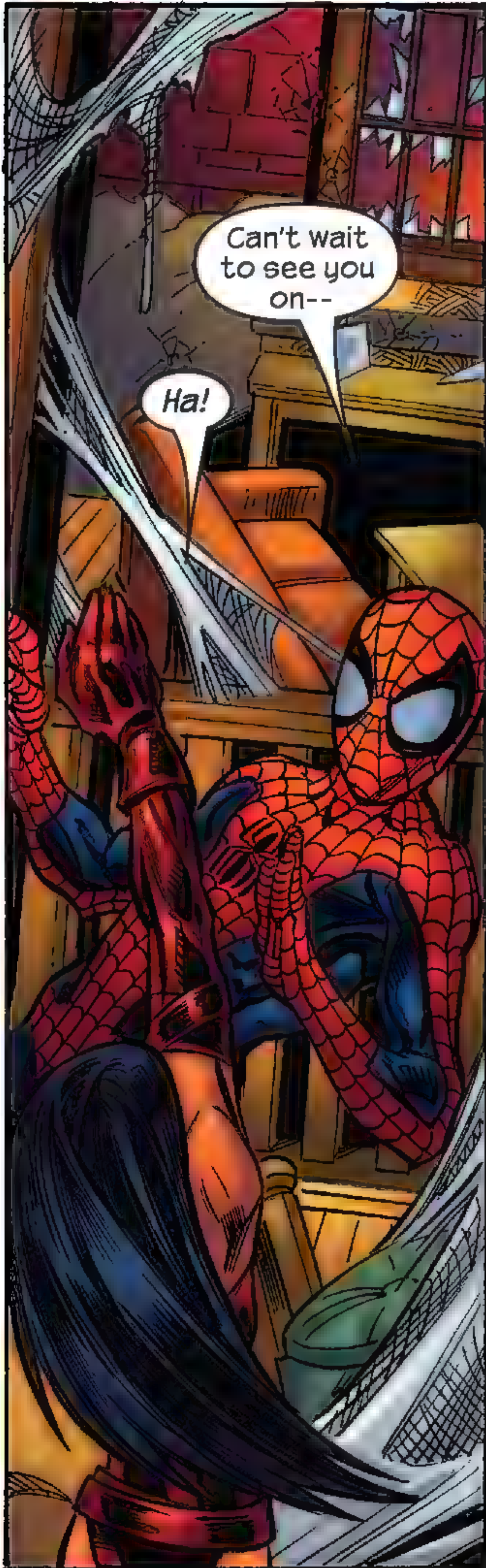


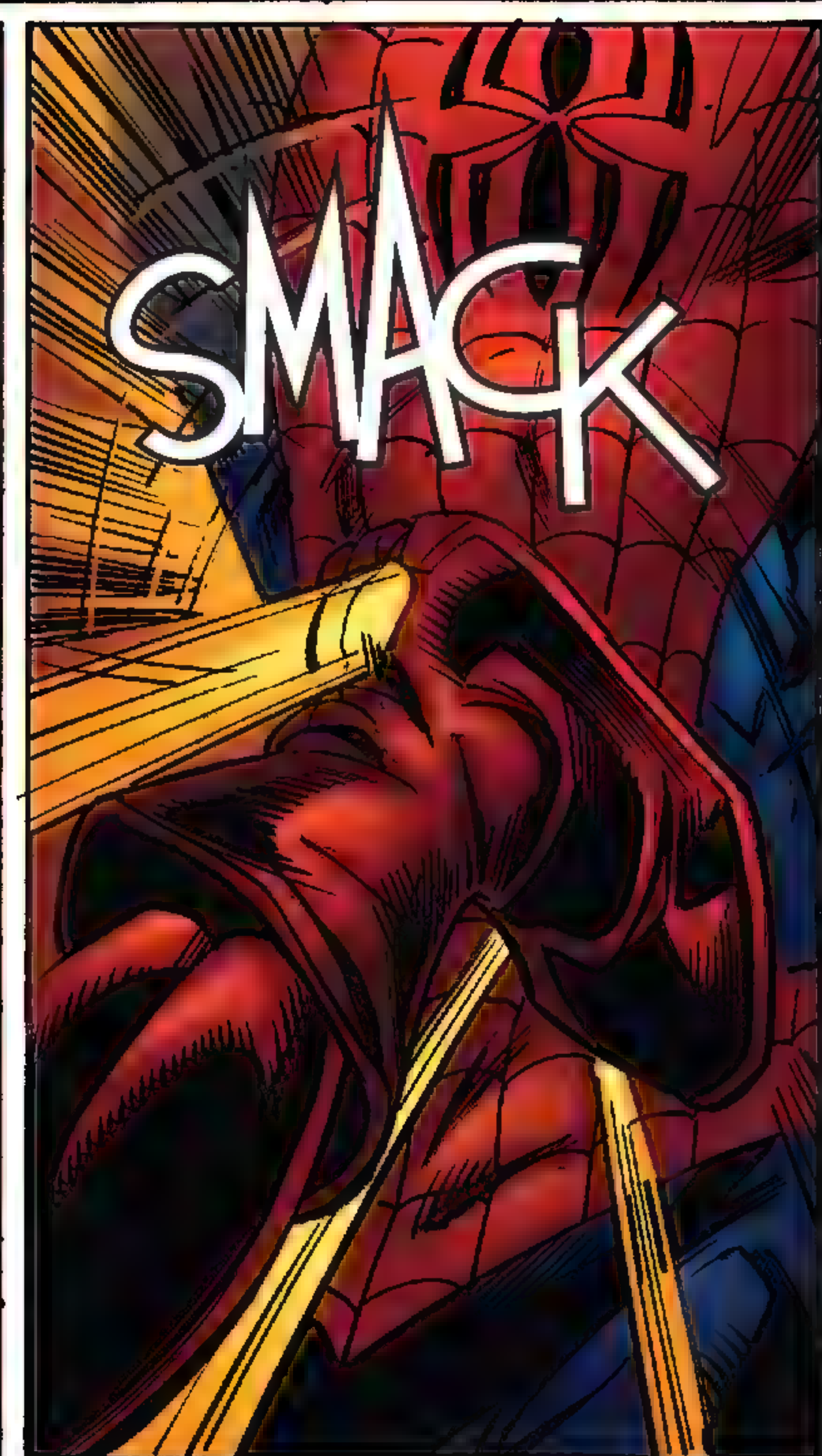










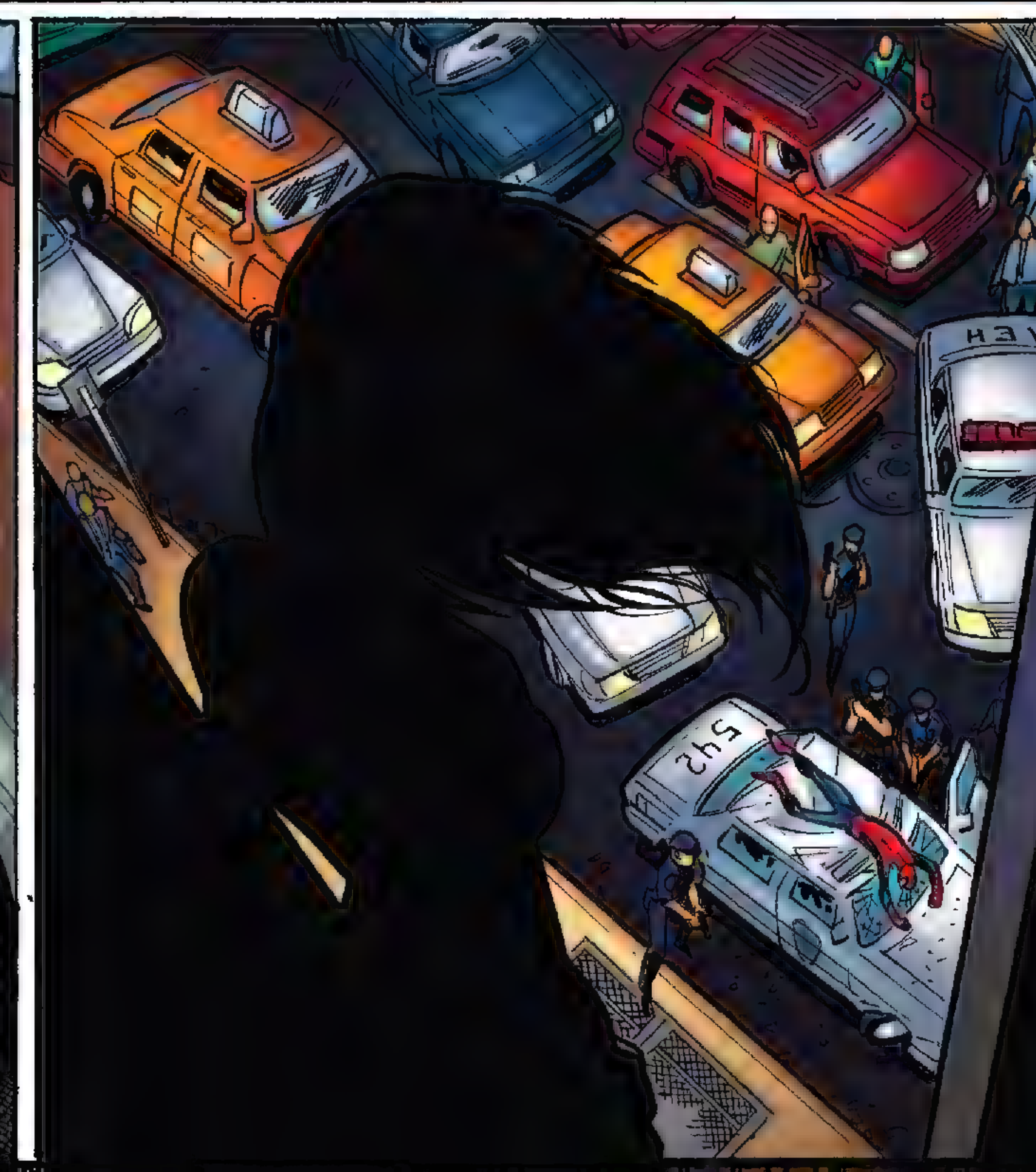








3/20/06
ISAAC JOVE





Mmffflektra!!



Pagh!
Damn it, this went bad. Cops really here?
Yes.
I gotta get outta the country. I can't get pinched.



No way!!
We wait for backup, because whatever did that to *him*...is going to do a lot worse to guys like--

Uh, guys...



Ugh--



Listen, toots, I got baggage.

The cops look into my file? There's trouble there I can't afford. Okay?

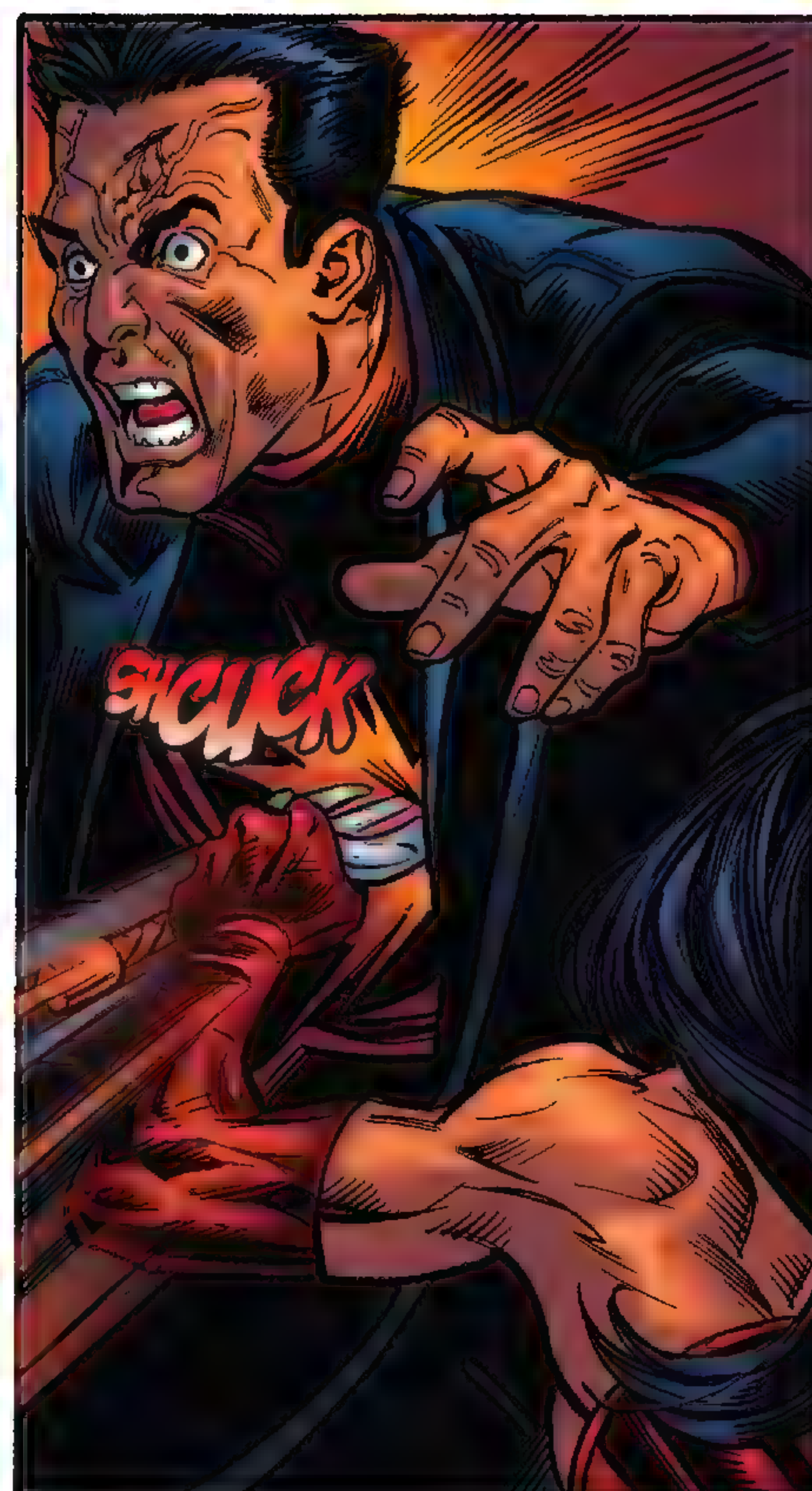
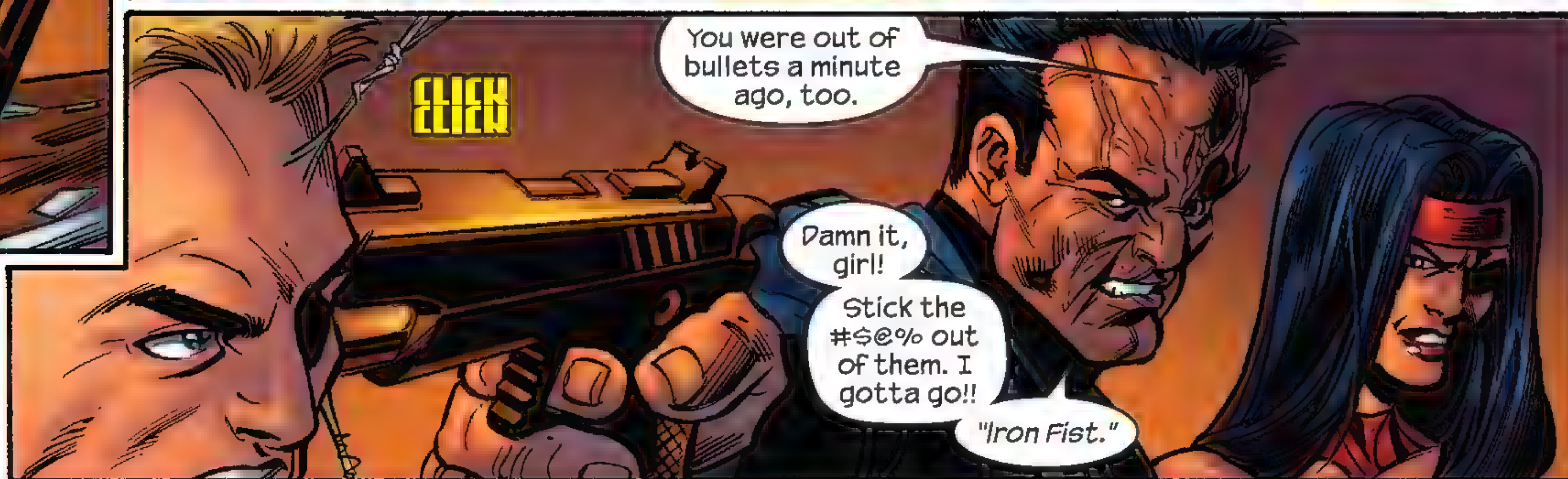
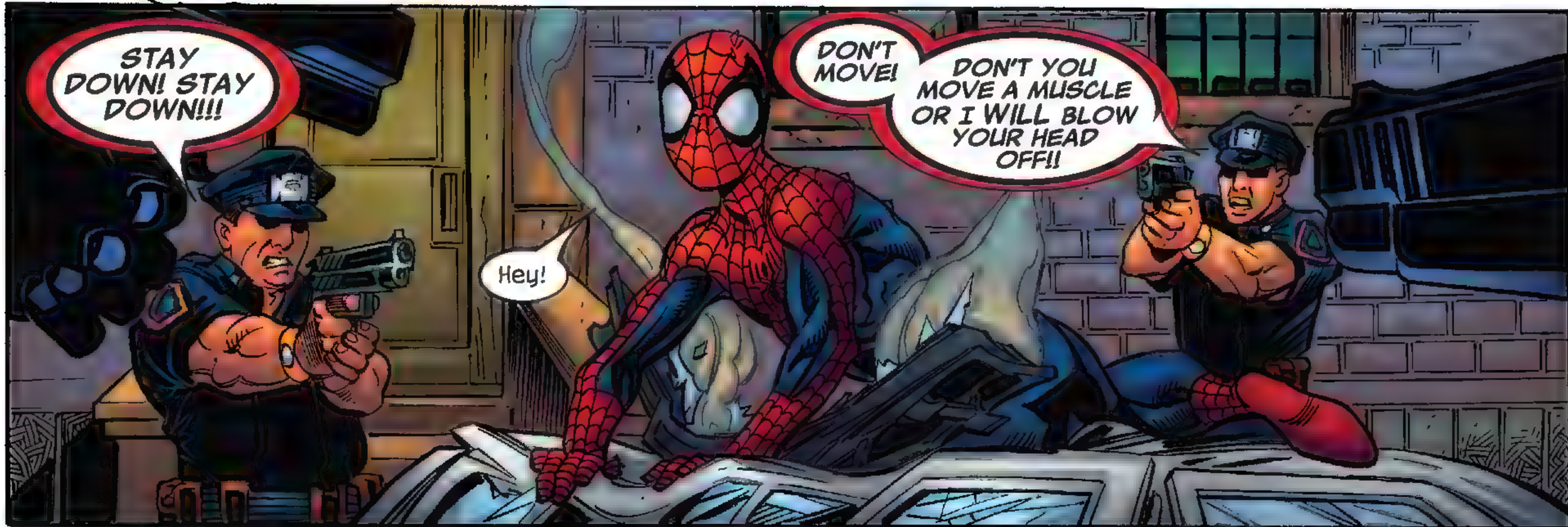
Before I got this Hammerhead, I had a whole 'nuther life I don't need to revisit in a court of law!

I gotta get out of the country.



So...

...my job offer's rescinded?





Did you set a perimeter?!! Did you call in for Emergency Services?

No! No??

There's a live crime scene in there and you're busy cuffing the only damn person who's doing the damn job you're supposed to!!

Go be cops before someone else gets hurt!!!



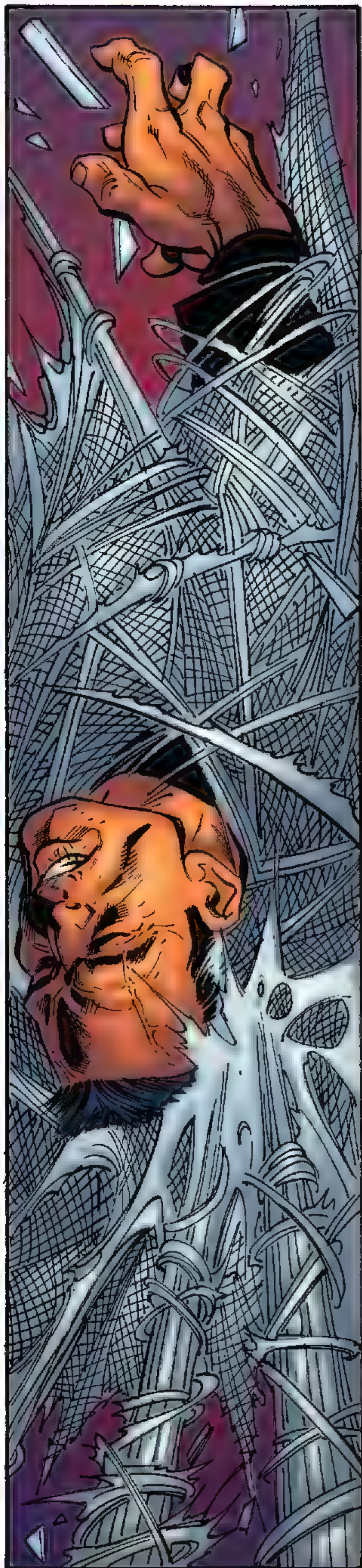
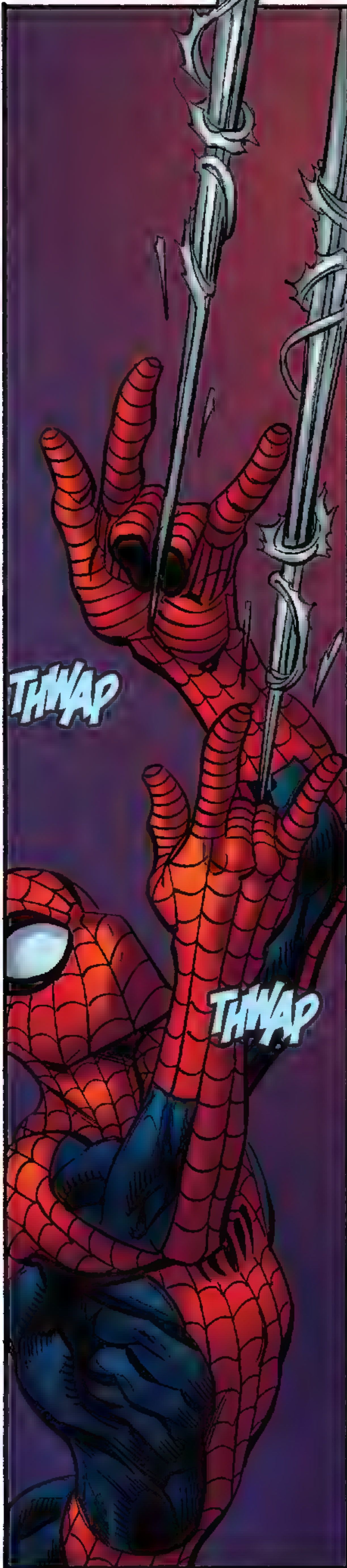
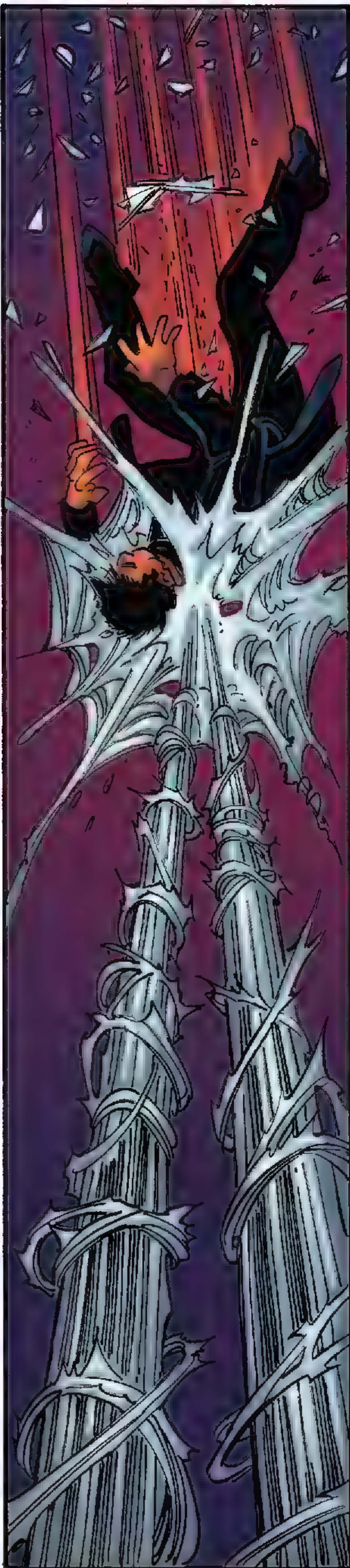
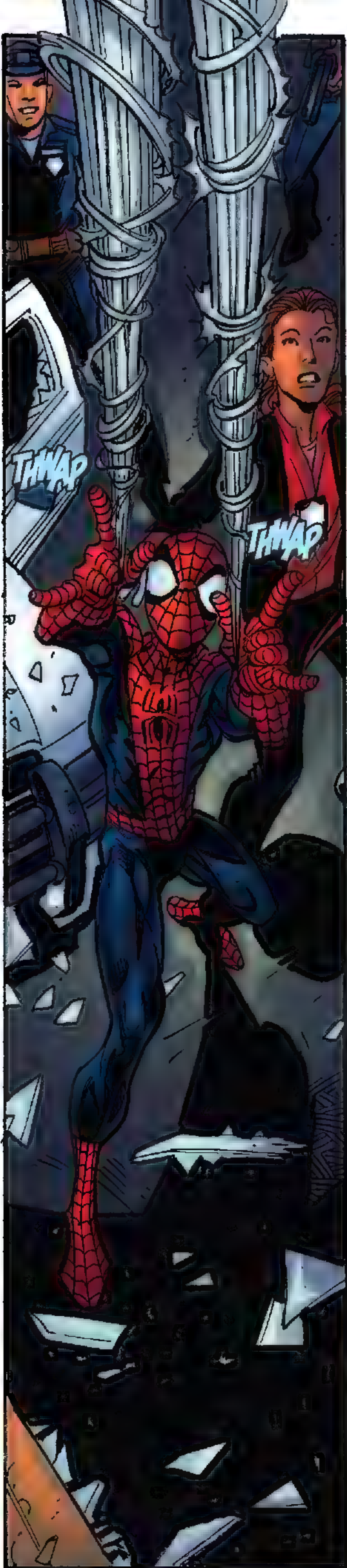
Are you all right? Can you talk?

Ha-Hammerhead...

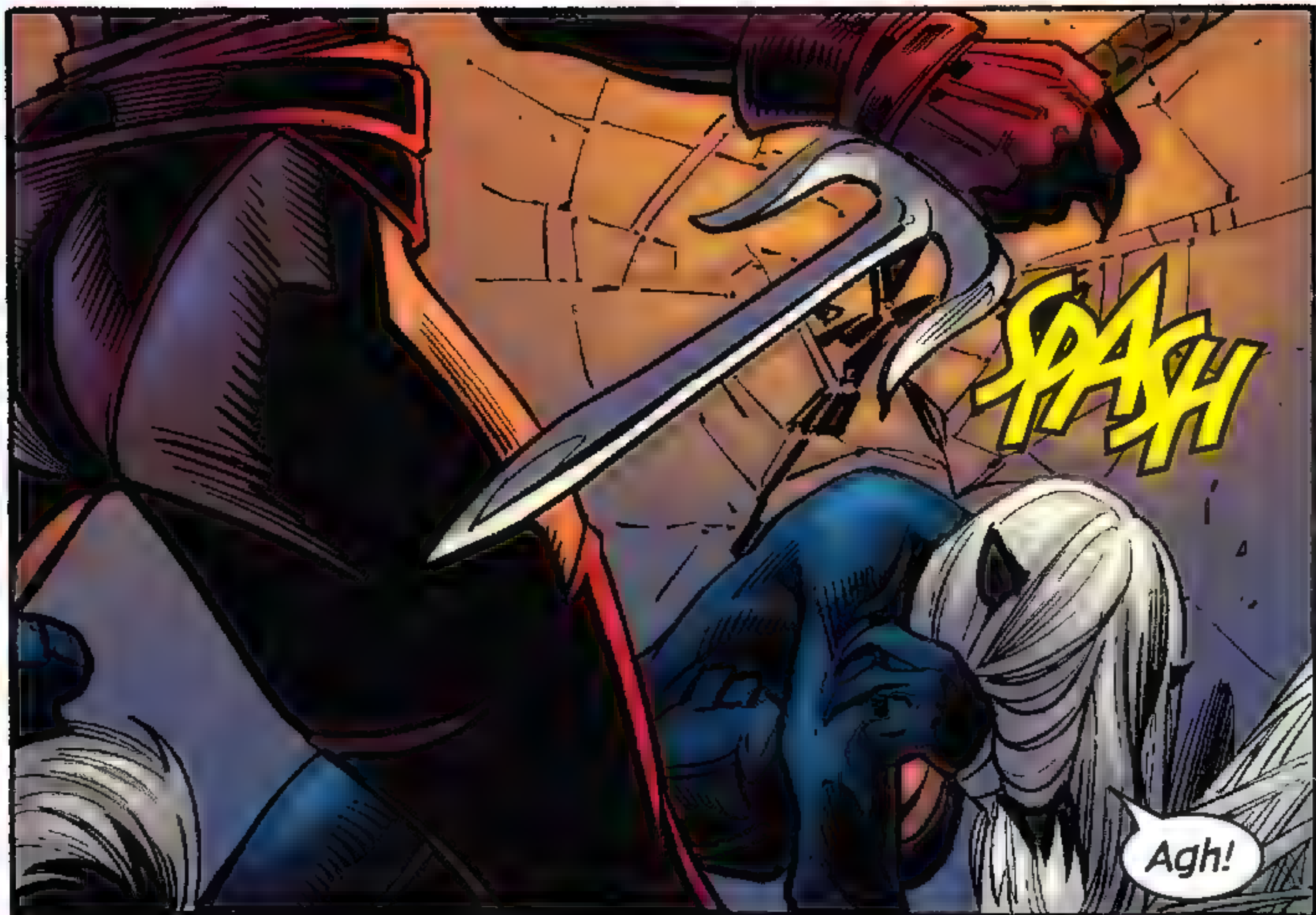
Where is he?

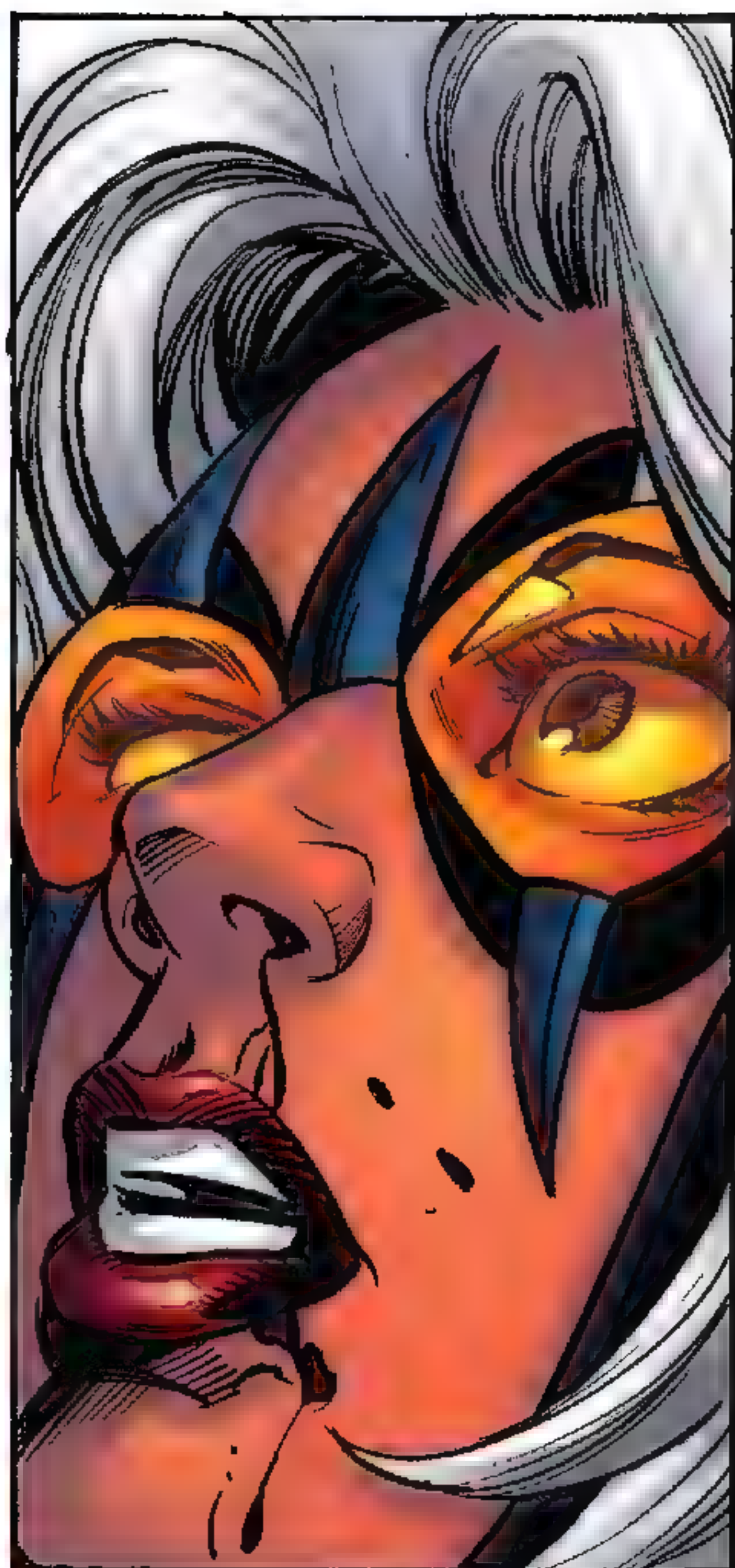
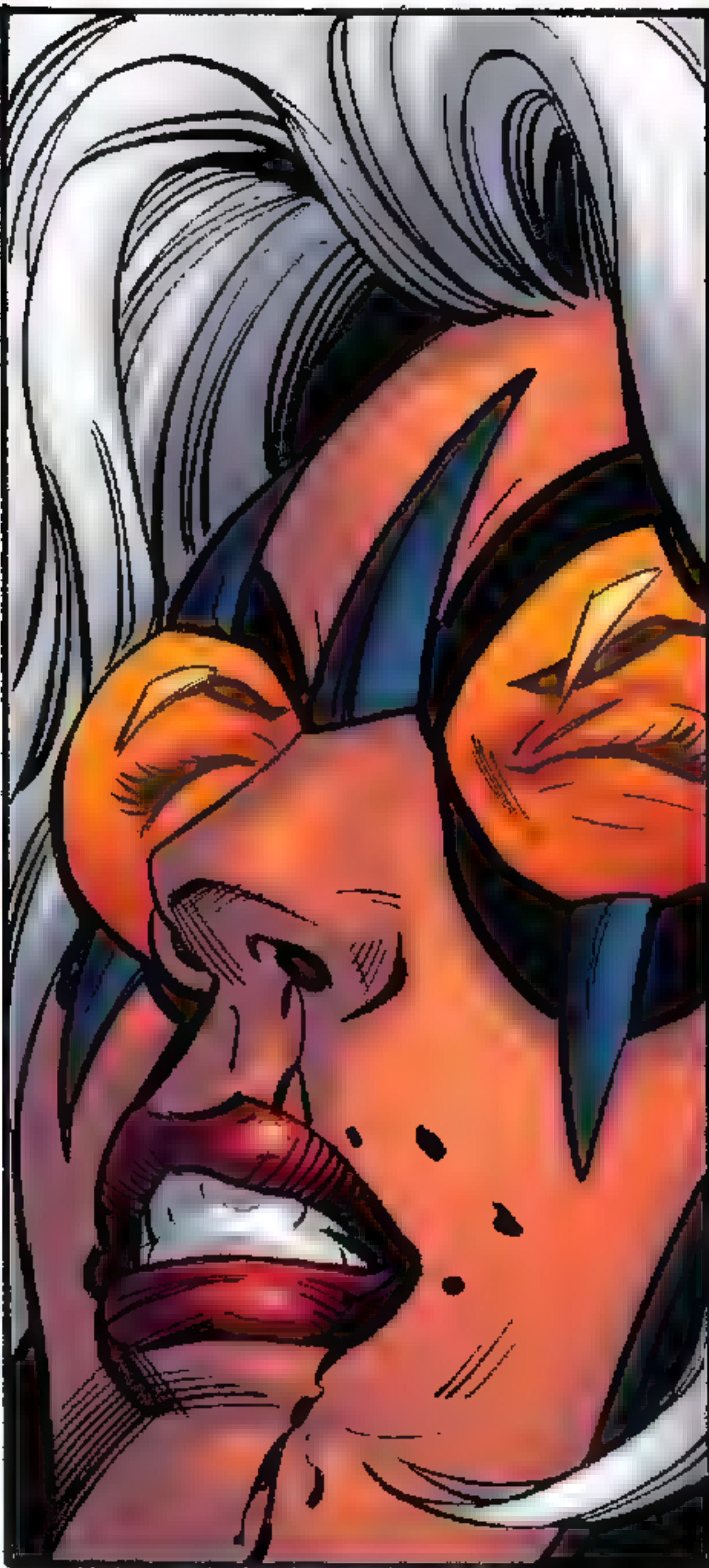
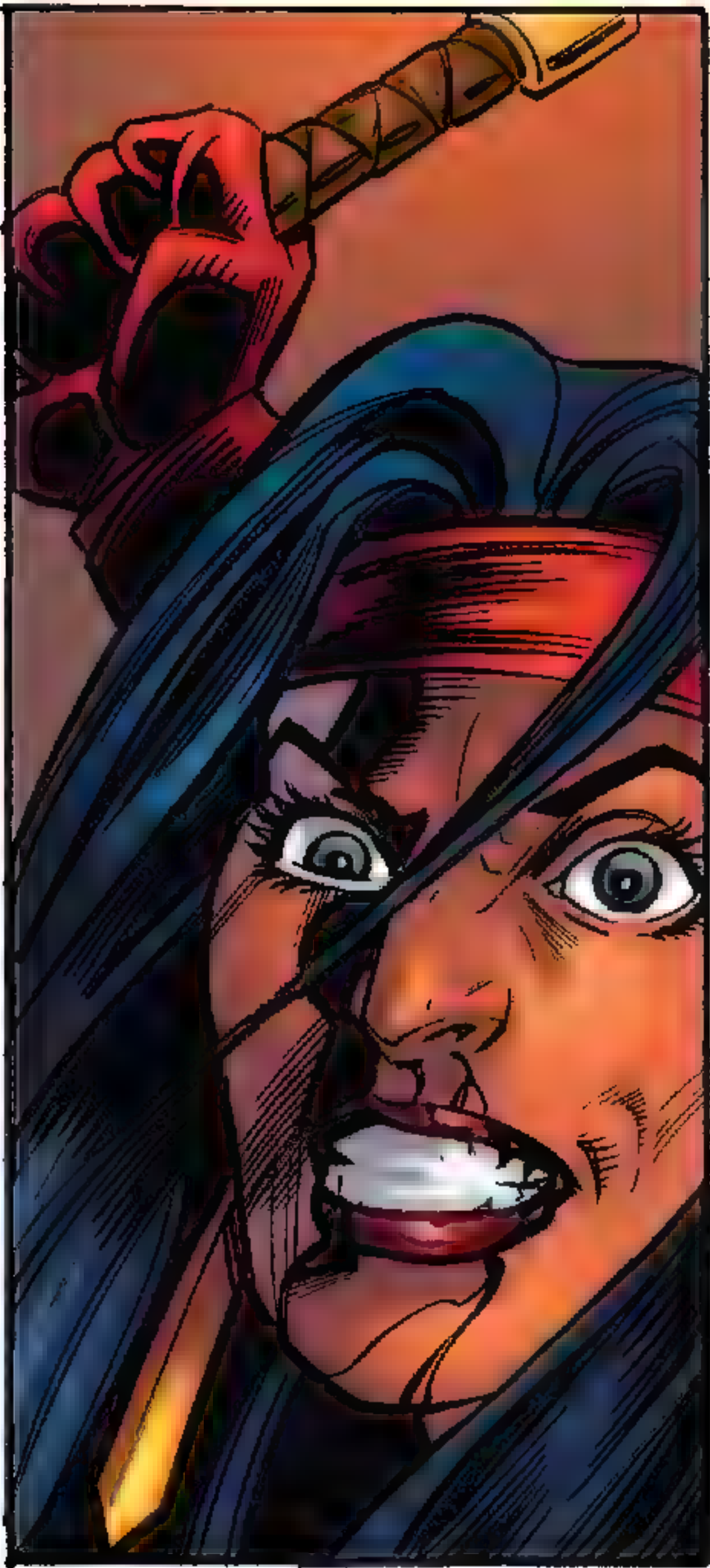


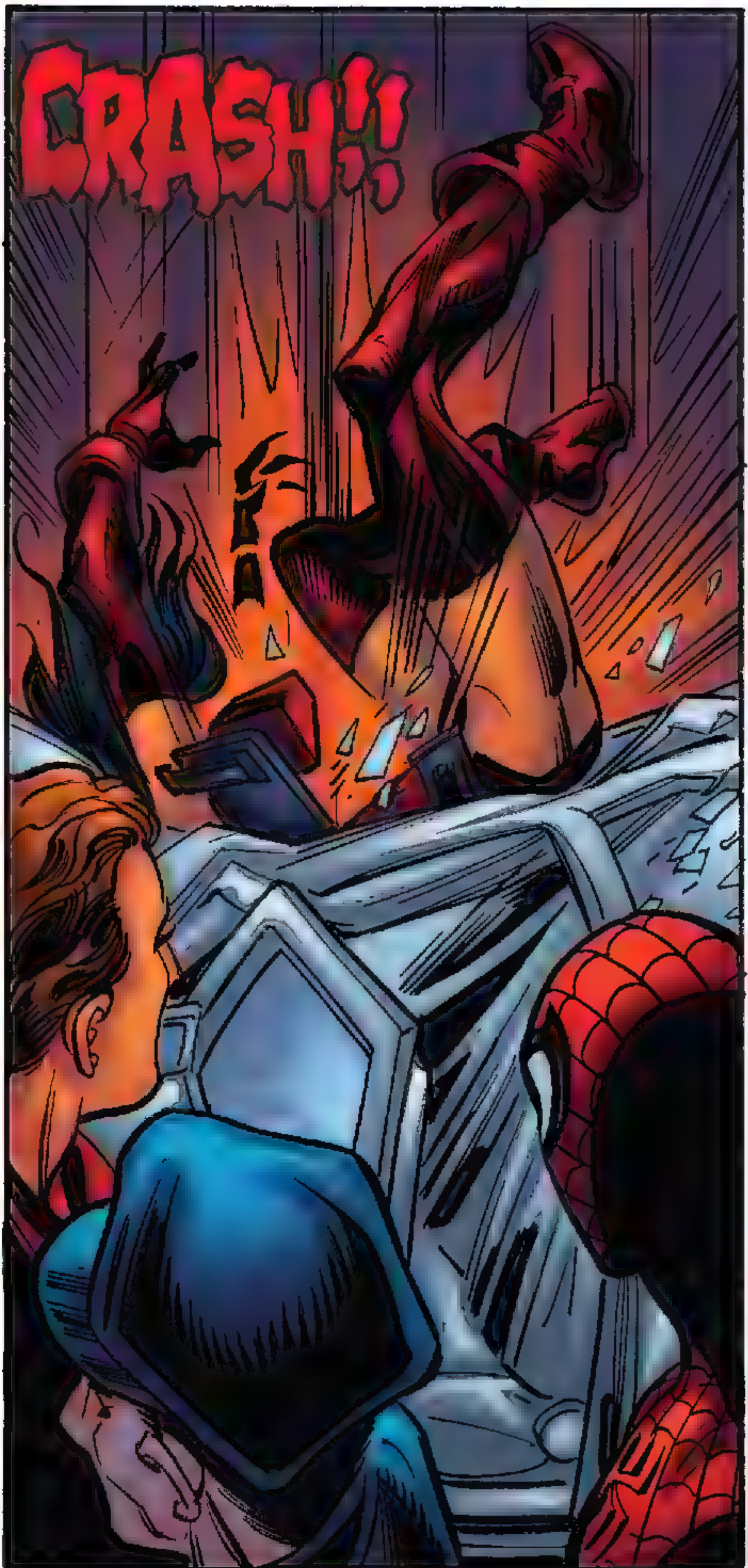
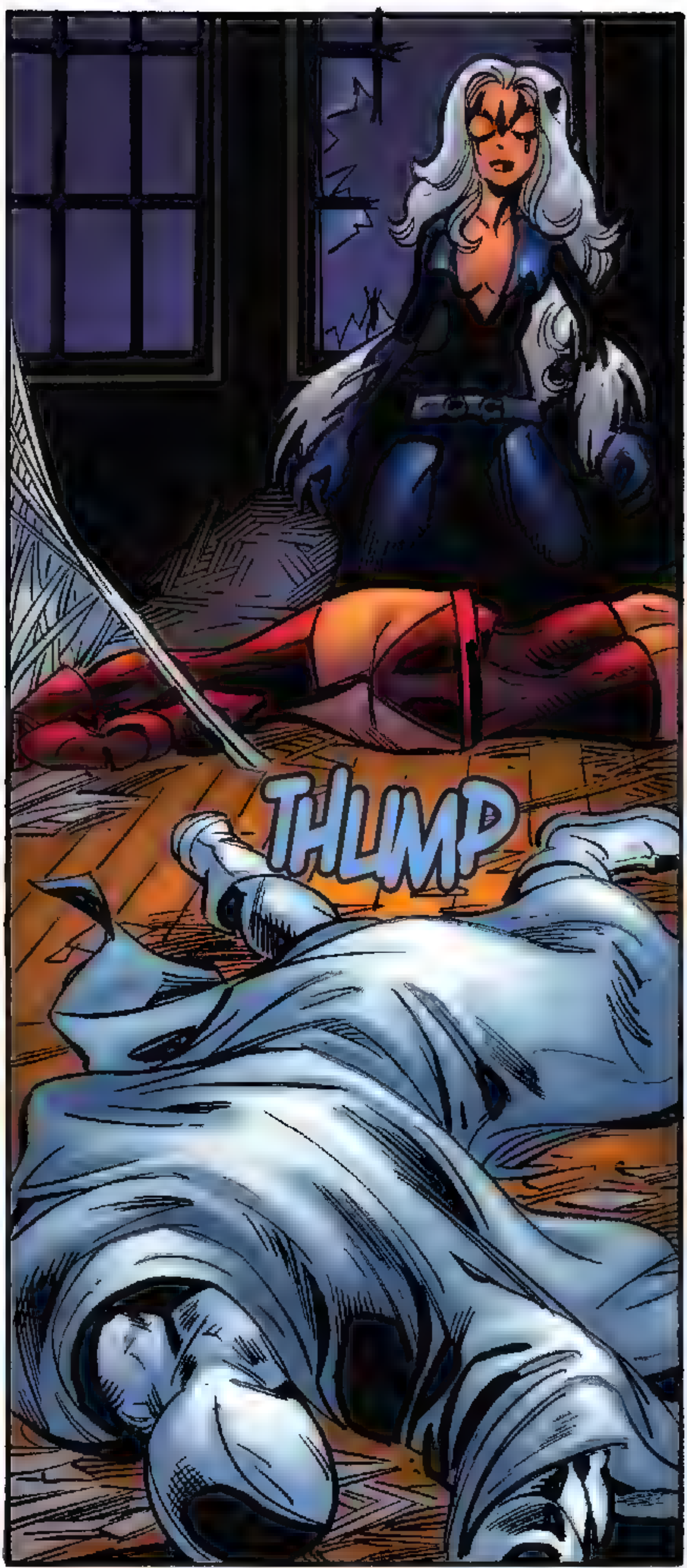
KRASH!!

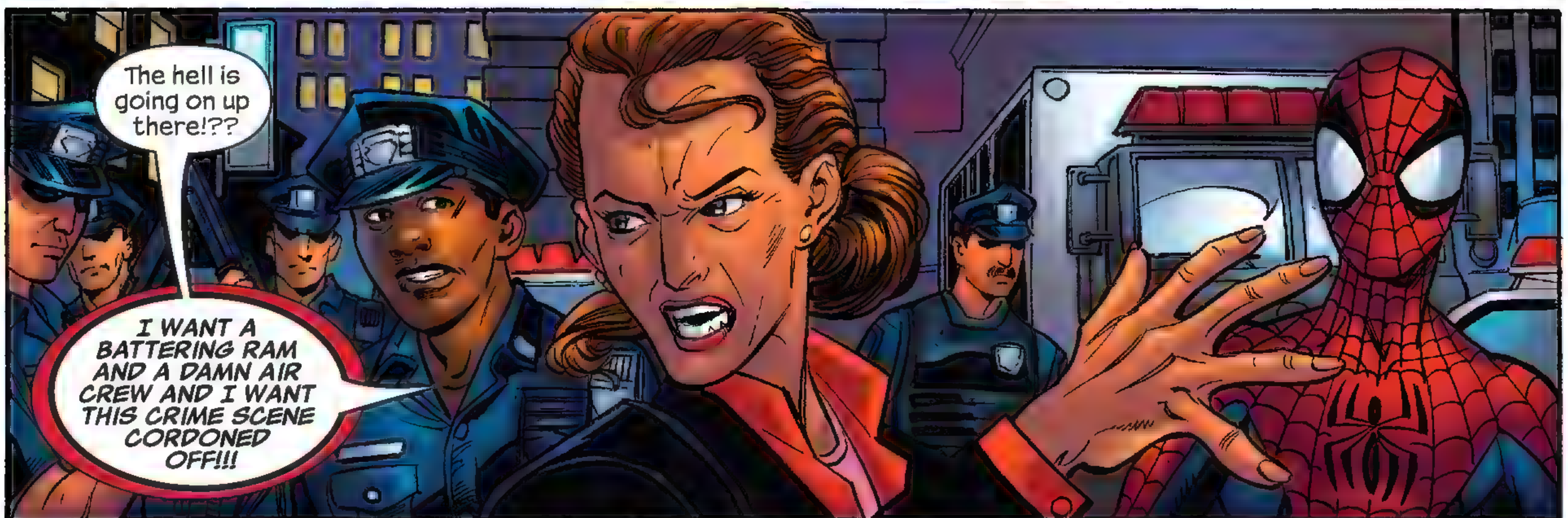
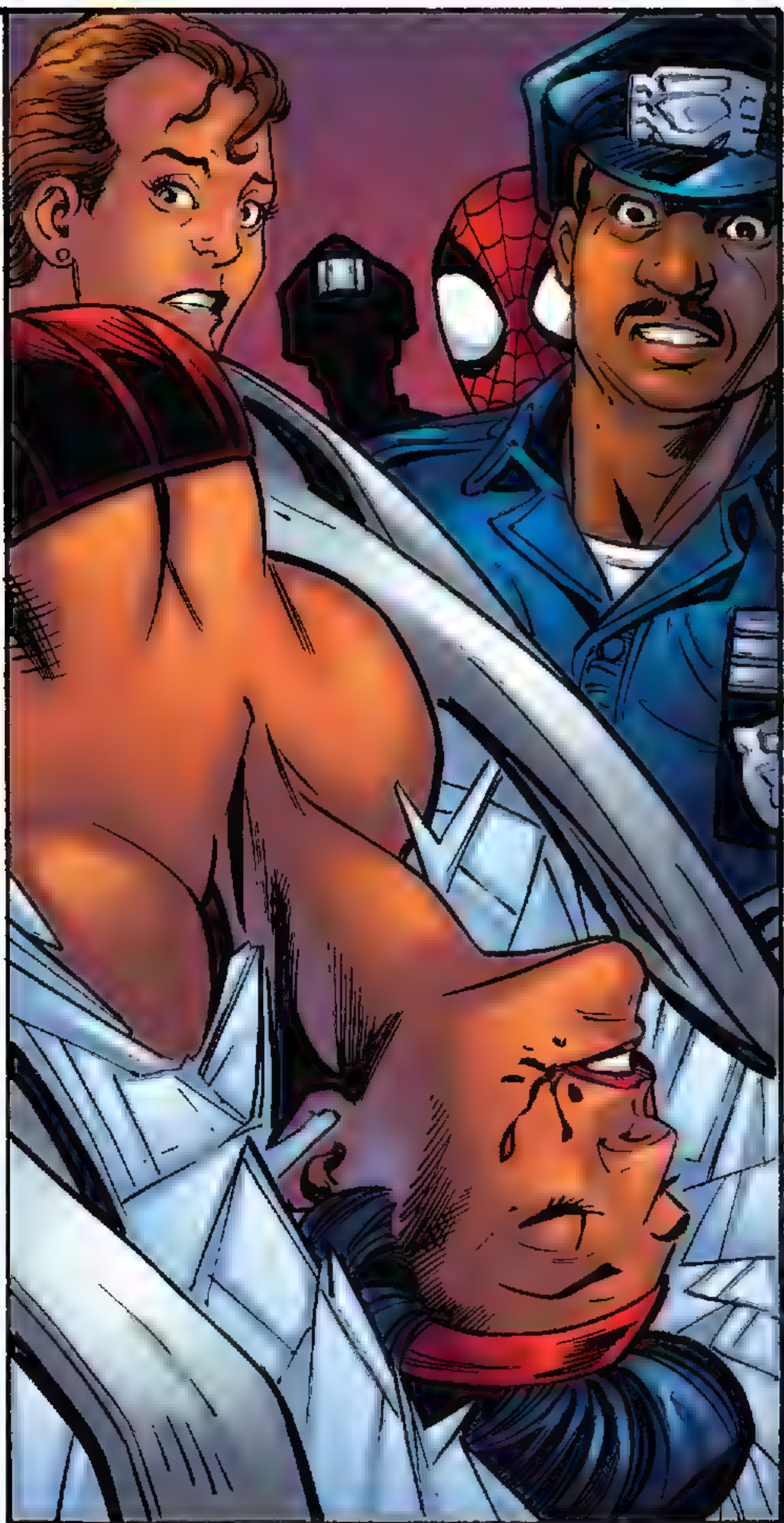


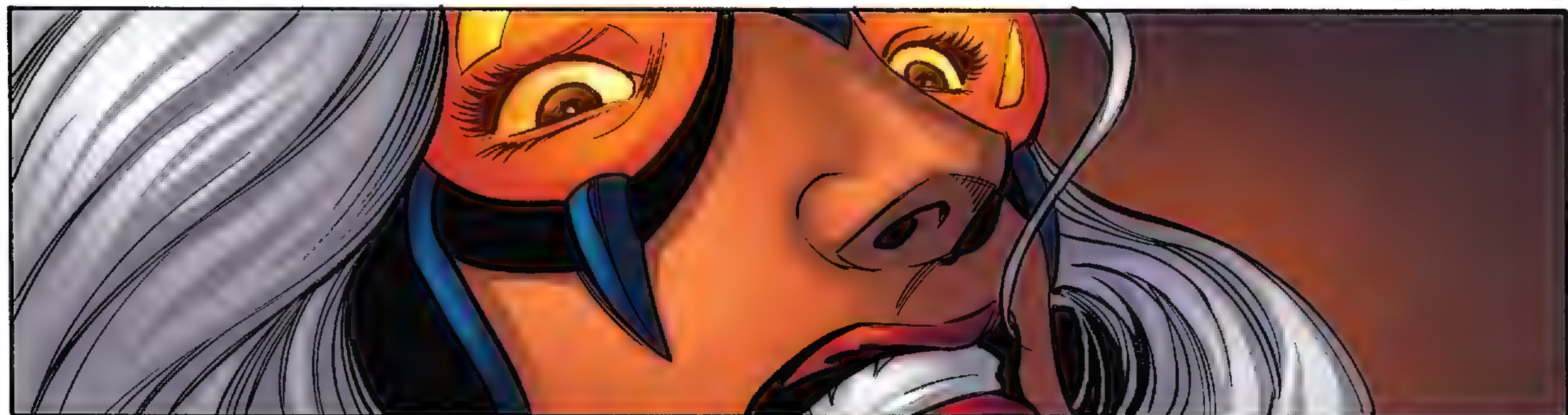
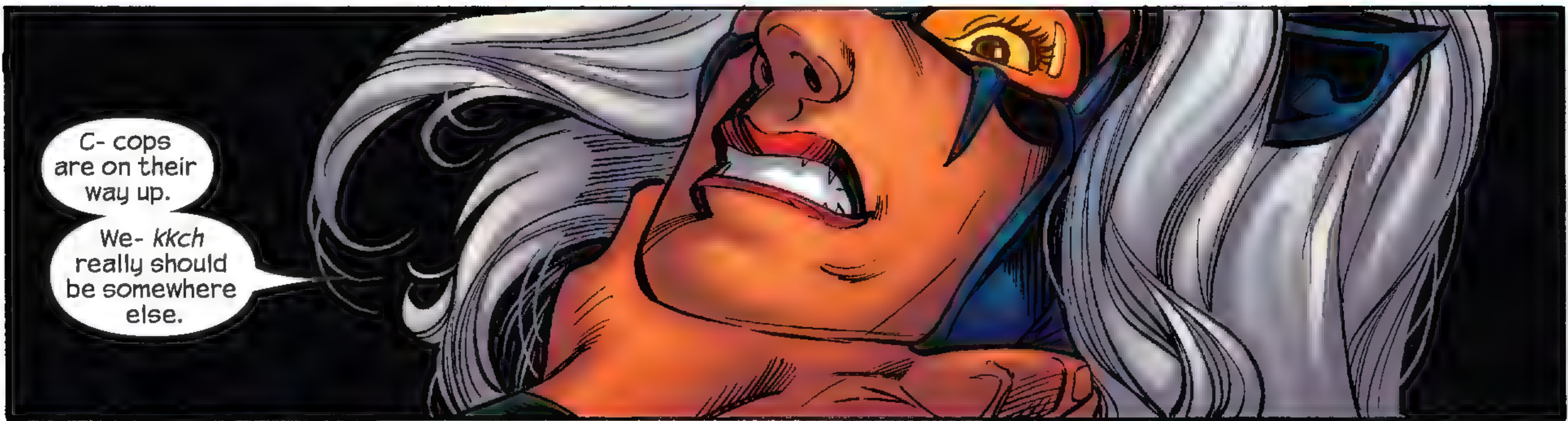


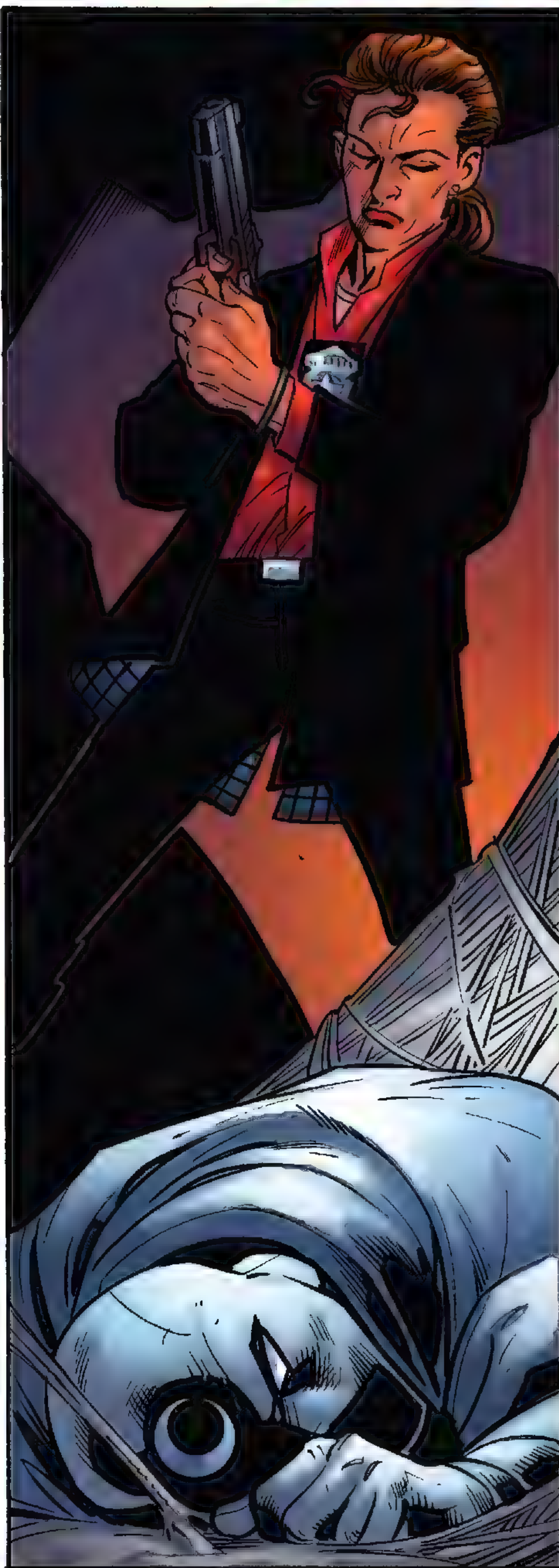














Idiot.

Ow.



Fell head first
into a car.

Lucky I still
have a *head*.

That was-
ow!

That was
disappointing
on so many
levels.



See? And *I*
had a damn good
day, all said
and--

Agh!



You know what,
Felicia? Seriously,
you suck.

I know.

That was so lame
of you siding with an
idiot like that.

I don't
disagree.

I was saying,
I think today
I had a--



You have *so* much going for
you, seriously!

You're stunning,
smart, you've got
some sort of low-
grade power,
right?

And this is *all* you
can think to do with it?
Screw with the Kingpin to
the point where you'll
side with guys just
as bad?



Kingpin *killed* my father. It
does stuff to you.

But you're right,
I know. I have to
do more.

I was half out
the door on that
fight and it *hit* me.
It felt wrong.

I *see*
that now. I have
responsibilities.

I was
wrong
today.

Okay?





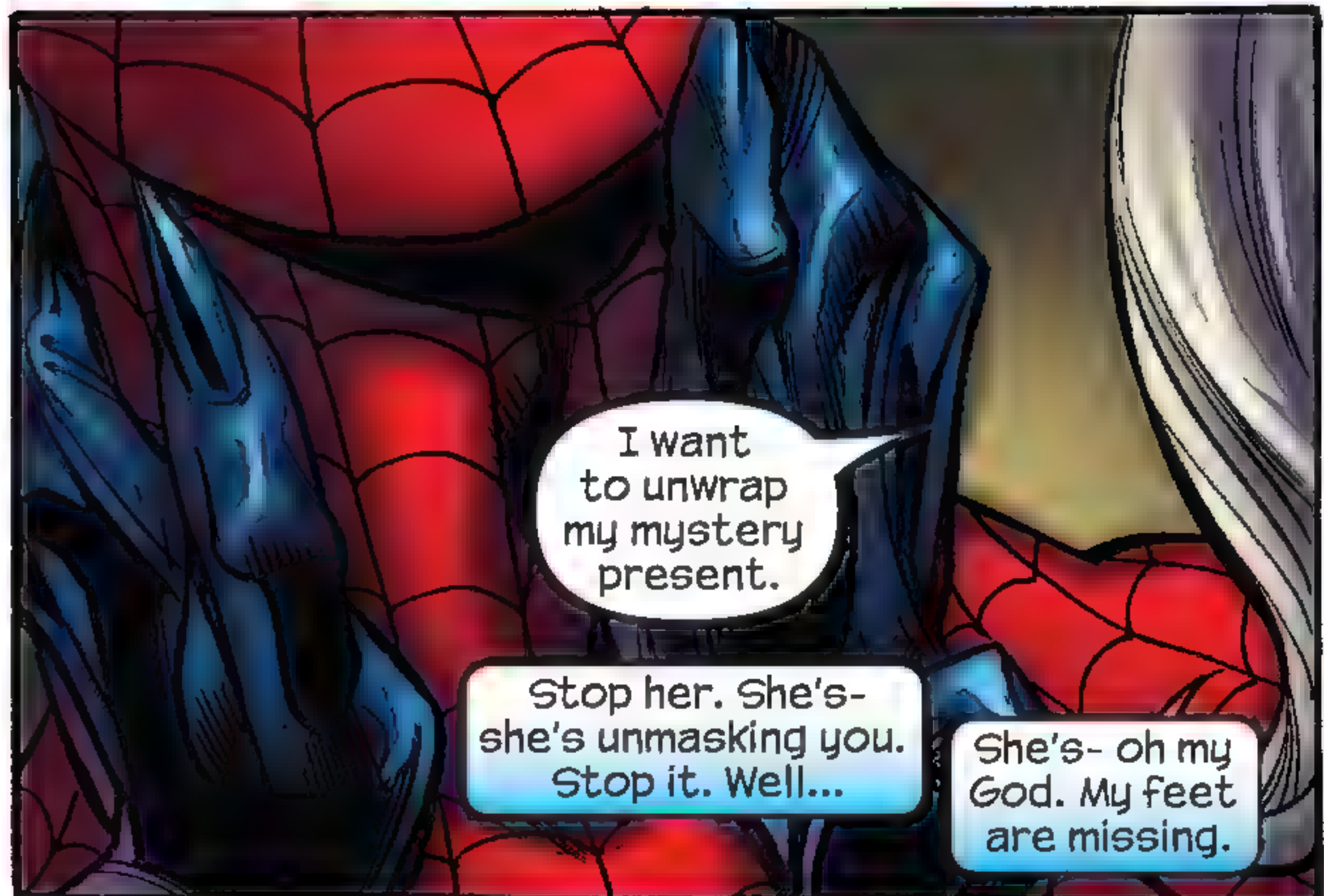
Uh... home.
Can I come with you?
Uh...
Can I?
No.
Do you want to kiss me?



Oh my God...
Little bit.
I can't move.
Let's do it.
What?



Right here right now. Kiss me.
Oh my God...
I think about this all the time... what's under this mask.
Who this mystery man in my life really is?
I want to see you. I want to kiss you. I'm ready.
Oh my God...
Right now.

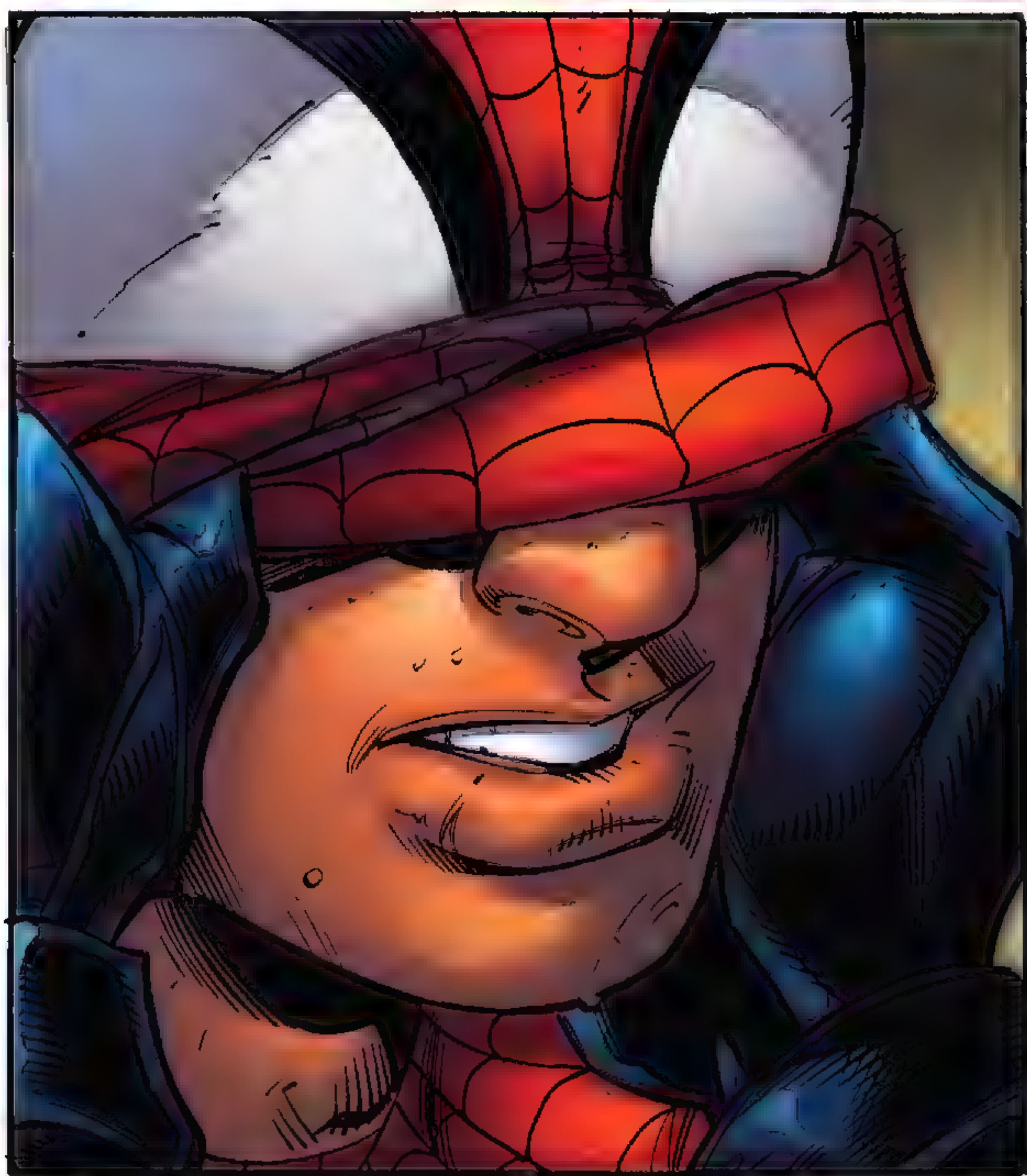


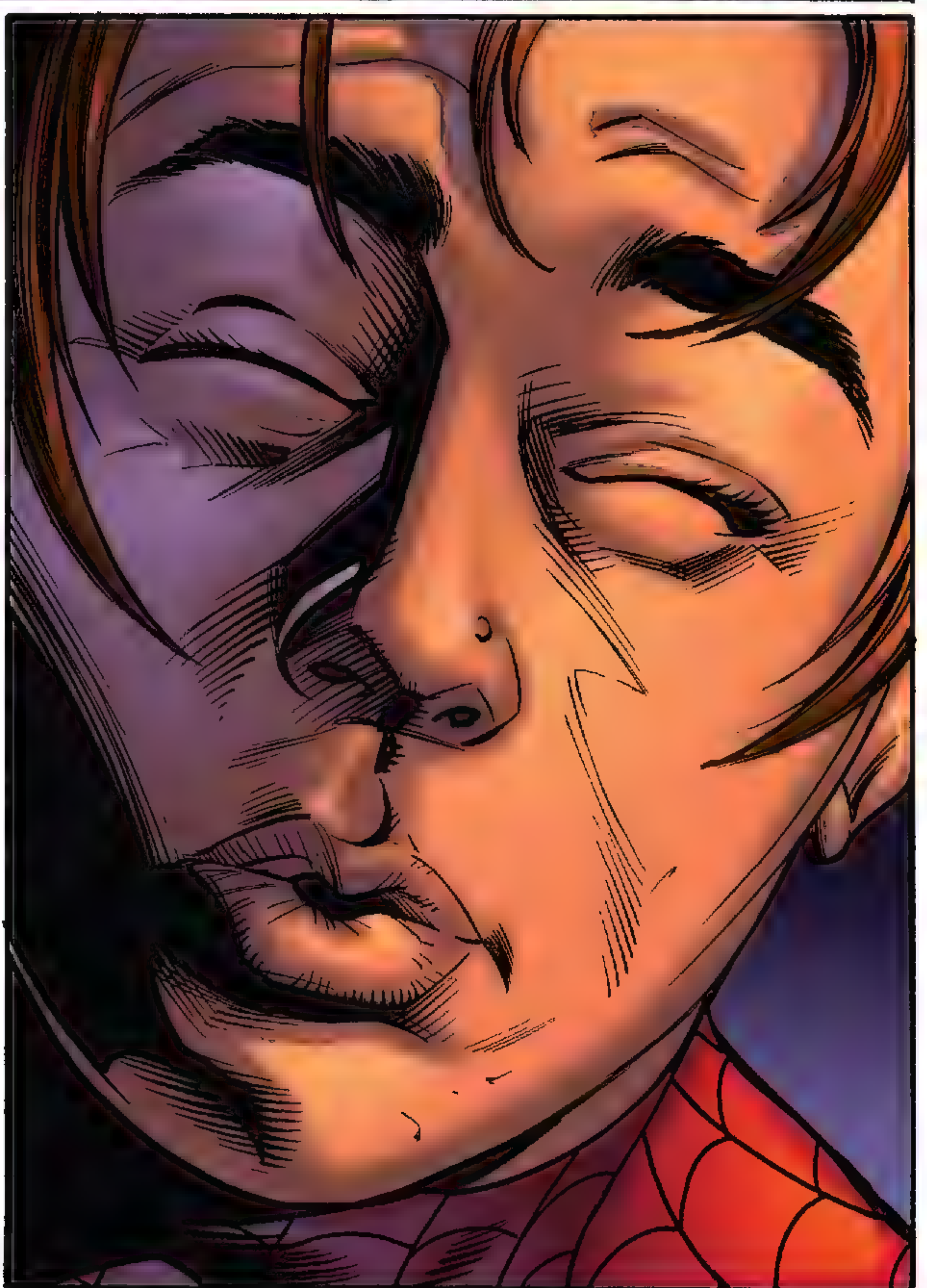
I want to unwrap my mystery present.
Stop her. She's- she's unmasking you. Stop it. Well...
She's- oh my God. My feet are missing.

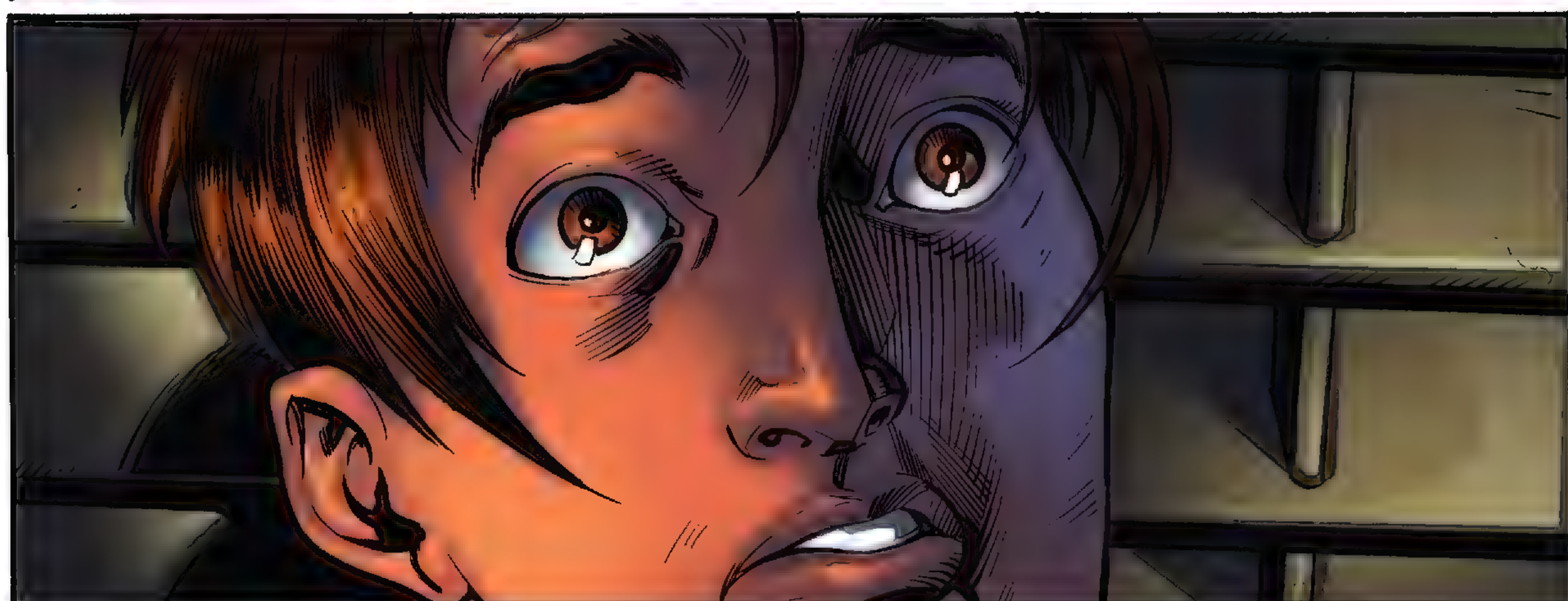


I'm going to do it, Spider-Man...
I'm going to take off this mask and I'm going to *kiss* you.

This is-- no! This is--









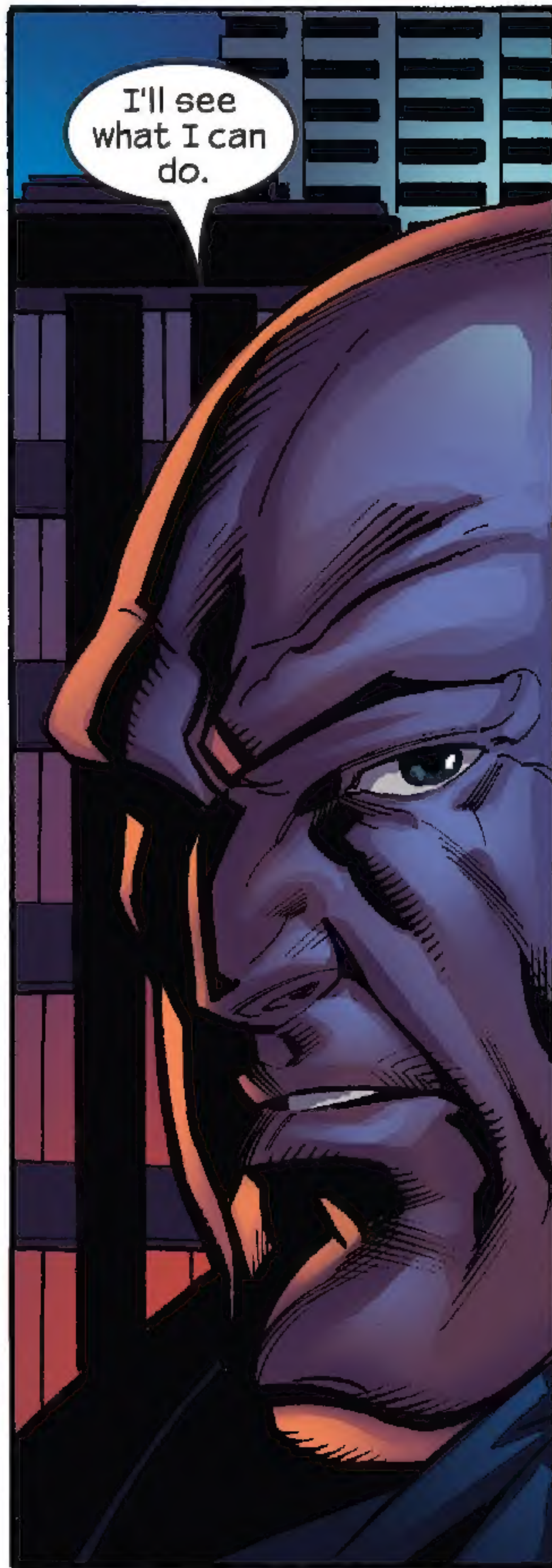
So?



If he survives the coma... feds are going to press charges on your little Hammerhead pal.

But the DA said none of it's going to stick. Hammerhead *was* attacked in his home.

He's going to walk unless some other evidence appears.



I'll see what I can do.



And, Wilson, I have to tell you...

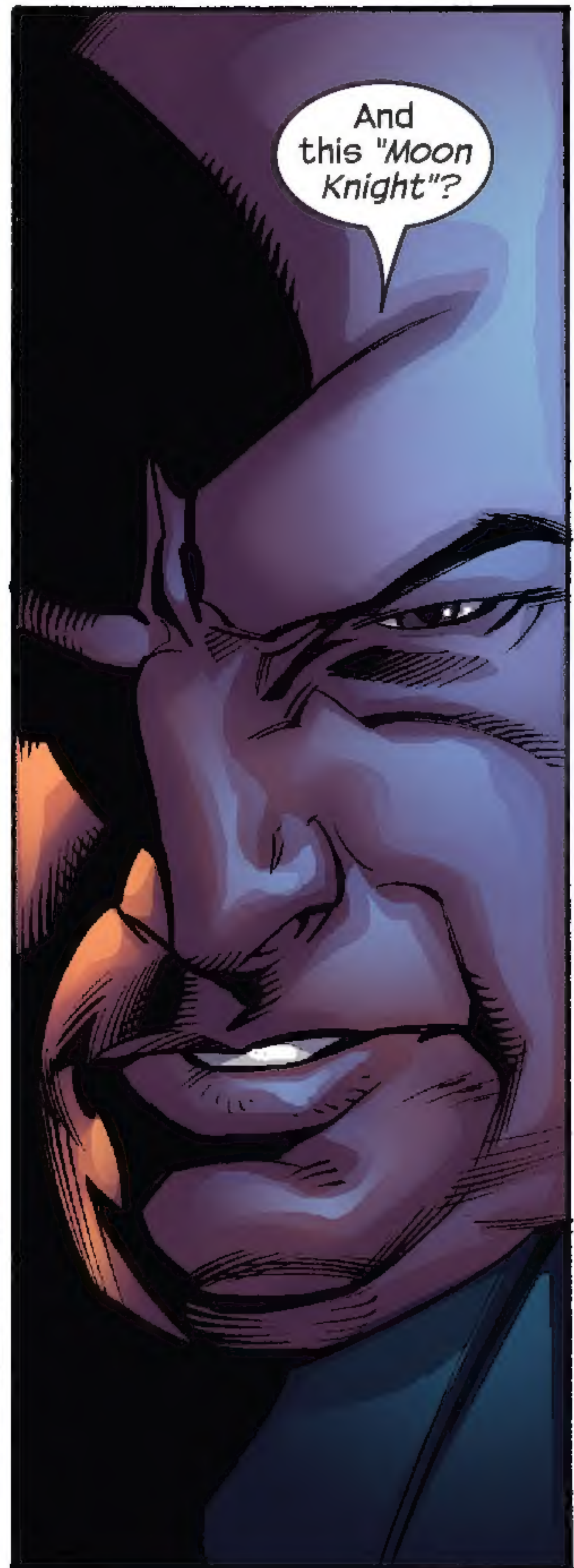
That Elektra of yours was willing to sell you out.

She switched sides during the fight then switched back when it didn't go Hammerhead's way.

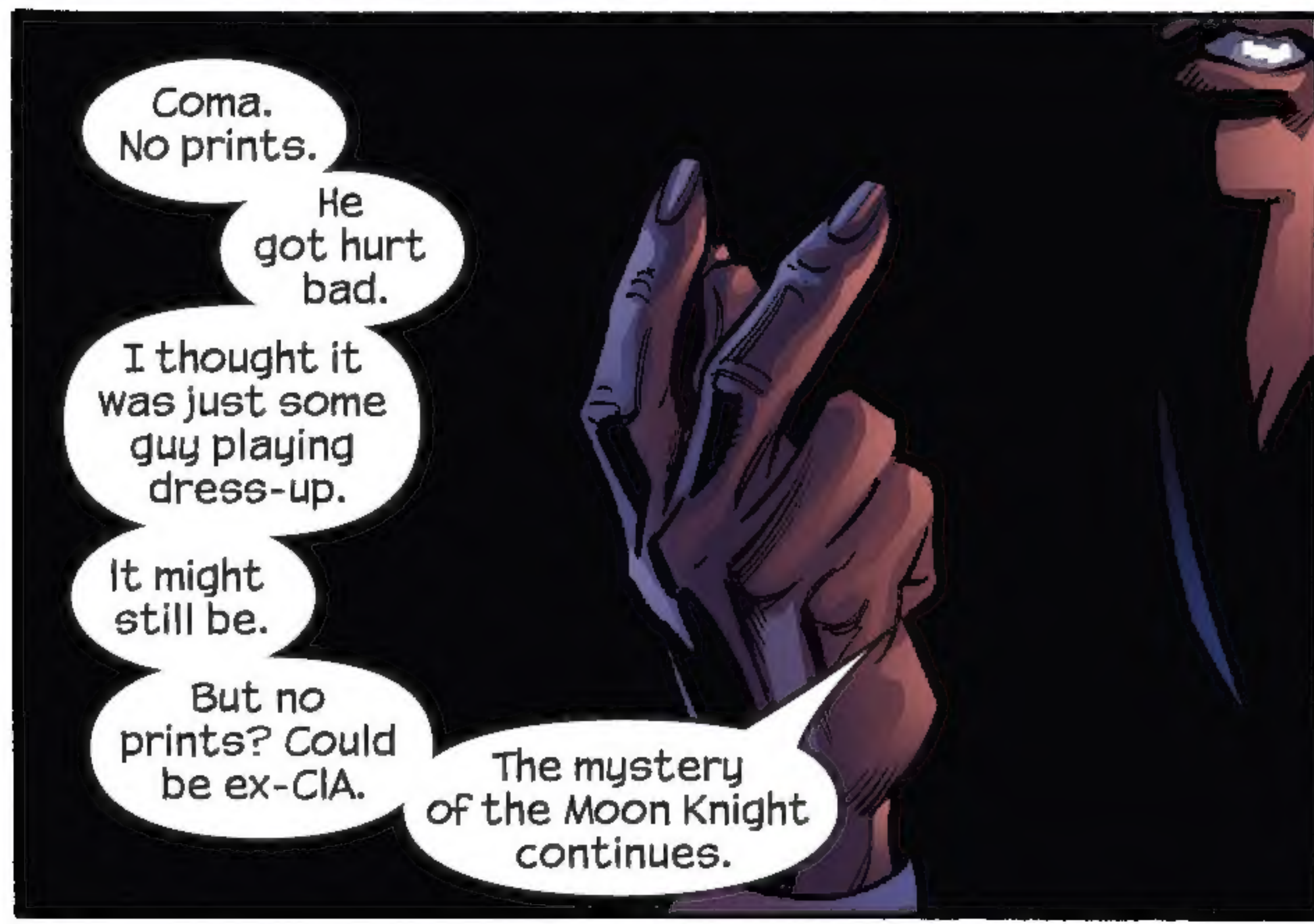
Just thought you'd want to know.

She is in bad shape.

Not much more you could do to her at this point.



And this "Moon Knight"?



Coma. No prints.

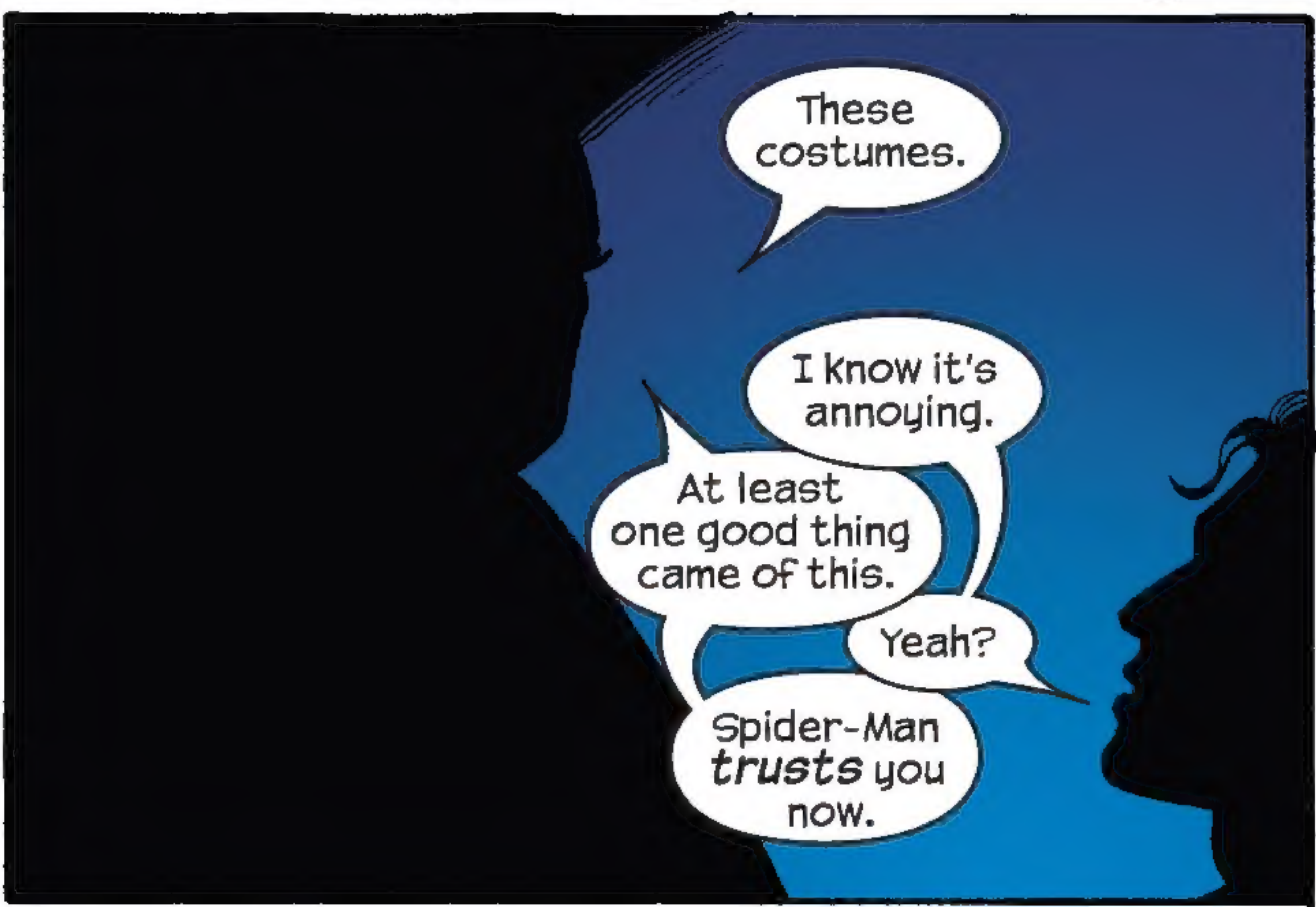
He got hurt bad.

I thought it was just some guy playing dress-up.

It might still be.

But no prints? Could be ex-CIA.

The mystery of the Moon Knight continues.



These costumes.

I know it's annoying.

At least one good thing came of this.

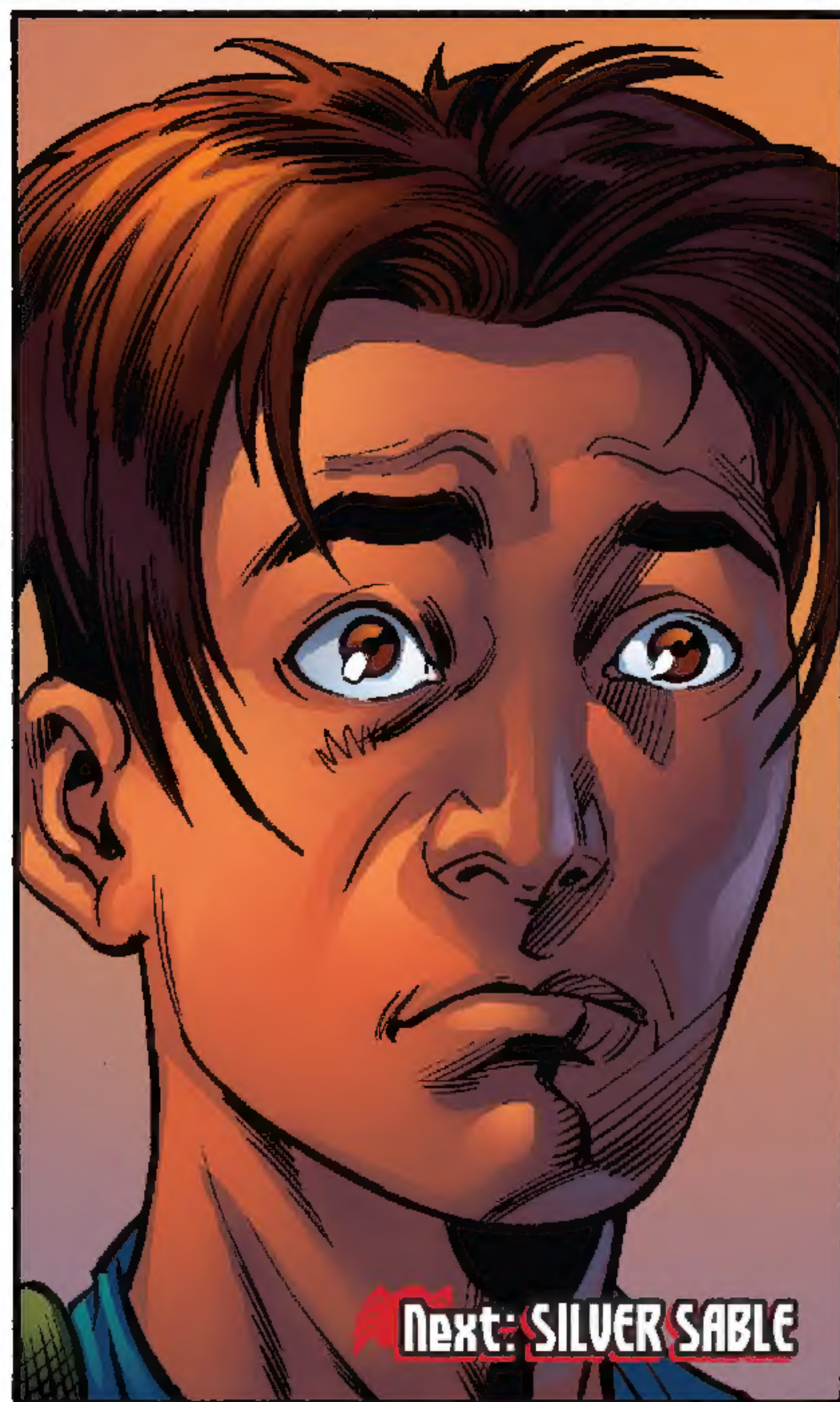
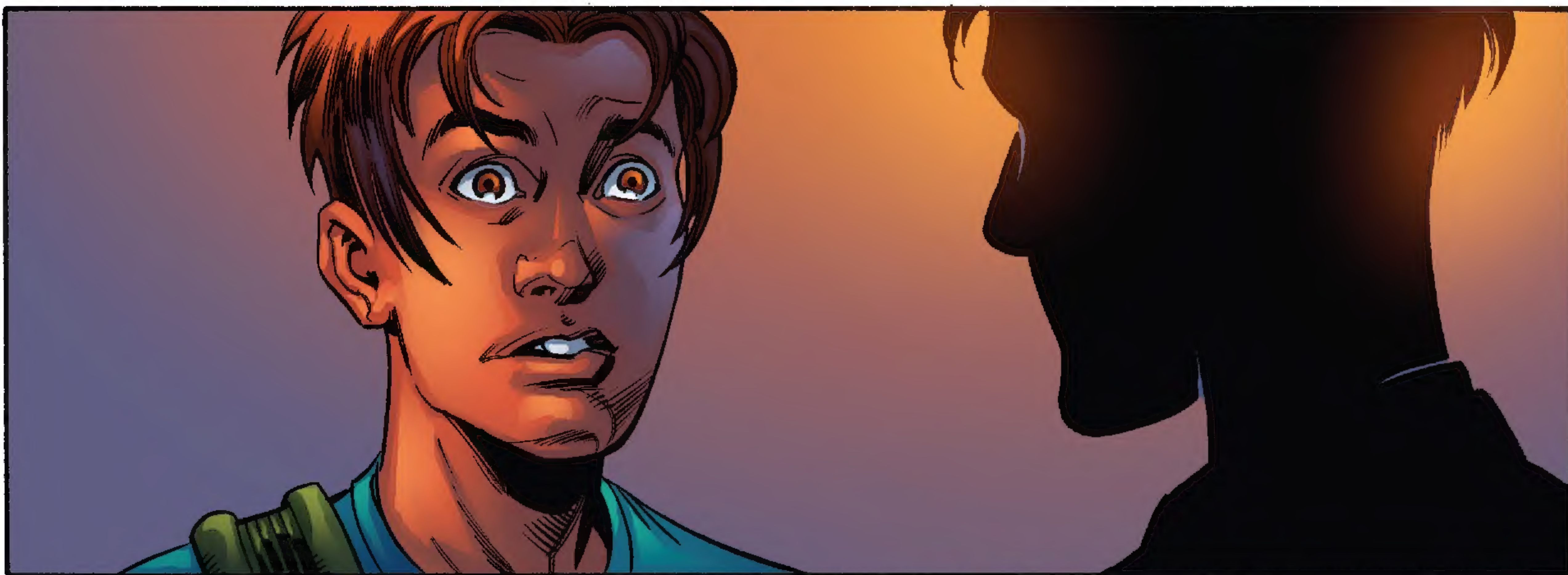
Yeah?

Spider-Man *trusts* you now.



Yeah,
guess he
does.

So, what do
you want me to
make him do
for you?



GANG WAR!



The Kingpin is in retreat — and that kind of a power vacuum won't last long. It's about to be filled by a figure of unabashed dread in the underworld: Hammerhead! Plus: the Ultimate debut of several Marvel characters, including Moon Knight! And Spidey thinks he's had trouble before...but nothing has ever made him declare, "Peter Parker no more!"

Collecting **Ultimate Spider-Man** #79-85, written by **Brian Michael Bendis** (*Uncanny X-Men*) and illustrated by **Mark Bagley** (*Fantastic Four*).

MARVEL